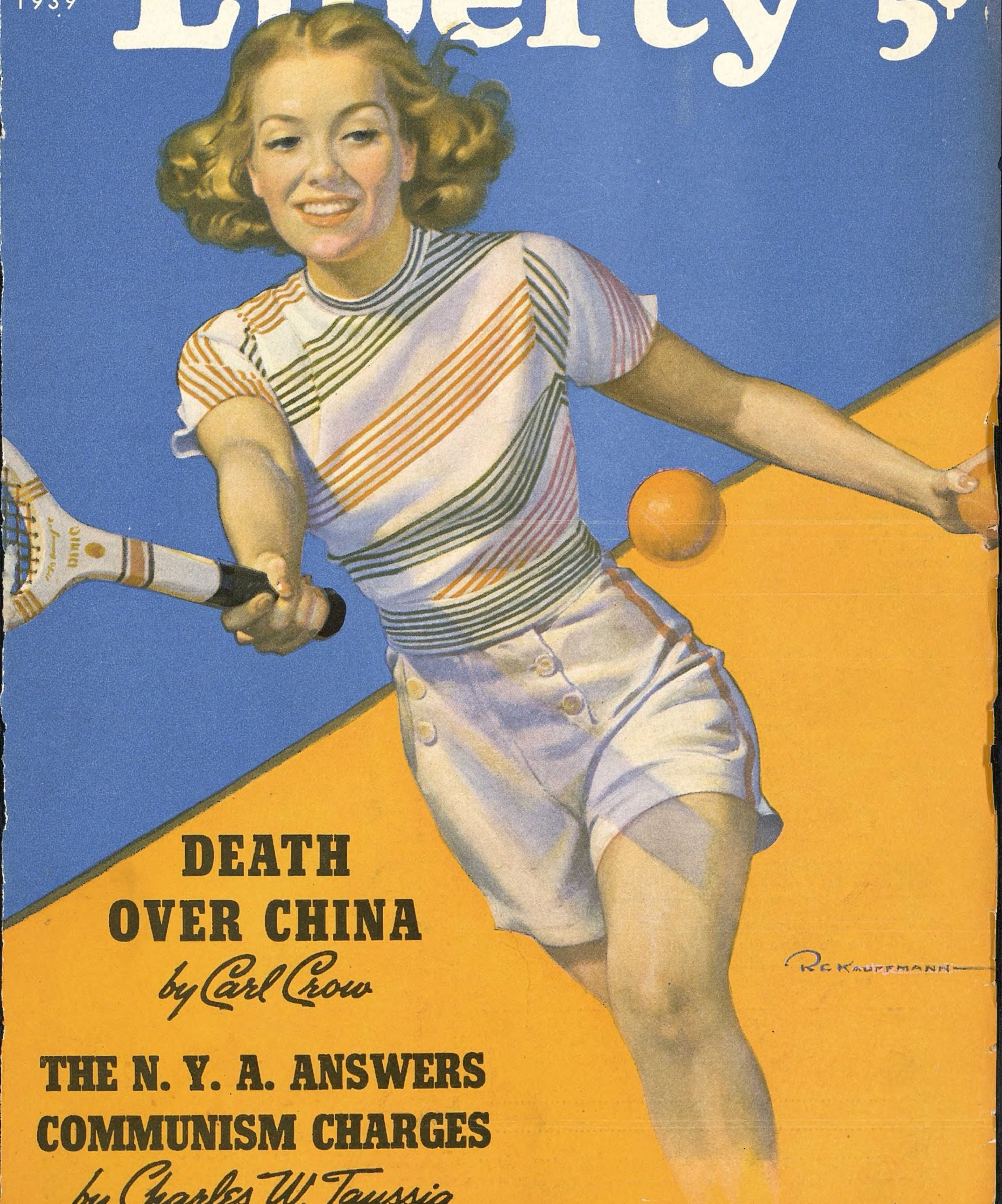
VE ARE STILL NOT PREPARED *by General R. L. Bullard*

AUG. 26,
1939

Liberty

5¢



DEATH OVER CHINA

by Carl Crow

THE N. Y. A. ANSWERS COMMUNISM CHARGES

by Charles W. Taussig

High-Test OXYDOL's New Jingle Jubilee

OXYDOL
GRANULATED FOR INSTANT SUDS
THE COMPLETE HOUSEHOLD SOAP
1000
$
August
SUN MON TUE WED THU FRI SAT
September
SUN MON TUE WED THU FRI SAT

FREE! $30,000.00 CASH PRIZES

$1,000.00 GRAND CASH PRIZE EVERY WEEK

plus EIGHT $100.00 CASH PRIZES EVERY DAY

AUGUST 14TH TO SEPTEMBER 22ND - EXCEPT SATURDAYS AND SUNDAYS

Just Make Up a Last Line for this Jingle

"High-Test OXYDOL'S a delight,"
Said a clever young housewife named Wright
"In my washing machine
It gets clothes so clean –
________________________"

(Use free entry blank in lower left-hand corner)

IT'S EASY! JUST DO THIS:—

Here's a New Contest so simple that even a child may enter and win. A contest that offers $30,000 in *weekly* and *daily* cash prizes!

Imagine! A grand prize of $1,000 cash EVERY WEEK, with eight additional $100.00 cash prizes EVERY DAY for six weeks! In other words, you have eight chances to win $100 every day—with an *extra prize* of $1,000 at the end of every week. (Weekly $1,000 prize winners will be picked from each week's group of daily $100 prize winners.)

What you do is simple as A, B, C. Just write a last line for the Jingle shown in the entry blank below.

In making up your last line, remember that new *High-Test* OXYDOL represents a revolutionary new advance in granulated soap. An advance so amazing that leading washing machine makers are switching to it as the soap they officially recommend.

Fortified by a New Miracle Ingredient, new *High-Test* OXYDOL does these amazing things:—**(1)** Gets white clothes up to 25% whiter than well-known soaps that lack its new ingredient. **(2)** Gives up to TWICE THE SUDS. **(3)** Soaks dirt out while the washer is running—gives you DOUBLE-ACTION wash! **(4)** Each cup goes up to ¼ again as far as the same amount of less efficient soap . . . SAFE for washable colors, hands.

Get busy now—and enter as many times as you wish. Ask for *High-Test* OXYDOL at your dealer's. Mail the free entry blank today! Procter & Gamble.

Helpful Hints ON HOW TO WIN!

To make up a winning last line, notice that Mrs. Wright used new *High-Test* OXYDOL in her washing machine. No doubt she switched to it on the advice of leading washing machine manufacturers who now urge this amazing new soap.

When Mrs. Wright tried new *High-Test* OXYDOL, she found that clothes came extra clean. What else did she discover? Were her white clothes *whiter*—and her colored clothes *brighter? Make the last word in your last line rhyme with the last word in the first two lines.* For example:—"They're really a marvelous sight"—or "That forever its merits I'll cite."

One of the best things to do is to write down all the words you can think of that rhyme with the name "Wright." Words such as "sight"—"white"—and "flight," etc. Then pick the ones that seem to fit best and build, your last line around them.

But the *main* thing is to get busy right away. Send in your last line right *now!*

WINNERS ANNOUNCED Over the radio on OXYDOL'S "Ma Perkins" and "The Goldbergs" and "The Man I Married." Tune in these programs for further details. See your newspaper for time of broadcast.

FREE ENTRY BLANK

THE WORDS YOU WRITE HERE MAY PROVE "WORTH THEIR WEIGHT IN GOLD!"

"*High-Test* OXYDOL'S a delight,"
Said a clever young housewife named Wright
"In my washing machine
It gets clothes so clean
________________________"

(Write plainly or print the last line which you want to enter here)

OXYDOL, Dept. BT, Box 25, Cincinnati, Ohio

Gentlemen:—Here is my entry. I am also enclosing an OXYDOL box-top (or facsimile).

Name..

Address..

City.. *State*..................

FOLLOW THESE EASY RULES

1. Write plainly or print your "last line," using sufficient words to complete the jingle. Your last line may state any idea you think completes the thought of the jingle just as long as the last word rhymes with "delight" or "Wright." Write on an entry blank or on an ordinary sheet of writing paper. Print or write your name and address. Send no extra letters, drawings, or photographs with your entry.

2. Enclose one box-top from any size package of OXYDOL (or facsimile) with each entry. Mail to OXYDOL, Dept. BT., Box 25, Cincinnati, Ohio. Please be sure to use sufficient postage.

3. There are 30 daily contests running from August 14 through September 22, 1939, inclusive (except Saturdays and Sundays). There will be eight daily prizes of $100 each. At the end of each week, the best entry from among that week's daily prize winners will be awarded a grand prize of $1,000.

4. Entries received any time before August 14 will be entered in the first day's contest. All entries received on any contest day will be entered in that day's contest. Entries received on Saturdays and Sundays will be automatically entered in the contest for the following Monday. The final (30th) contest on September 22 will include all entries received on that day and all entries postmarked not later than midnight of that day, provided they are received in Cincinnati not later than October 3.

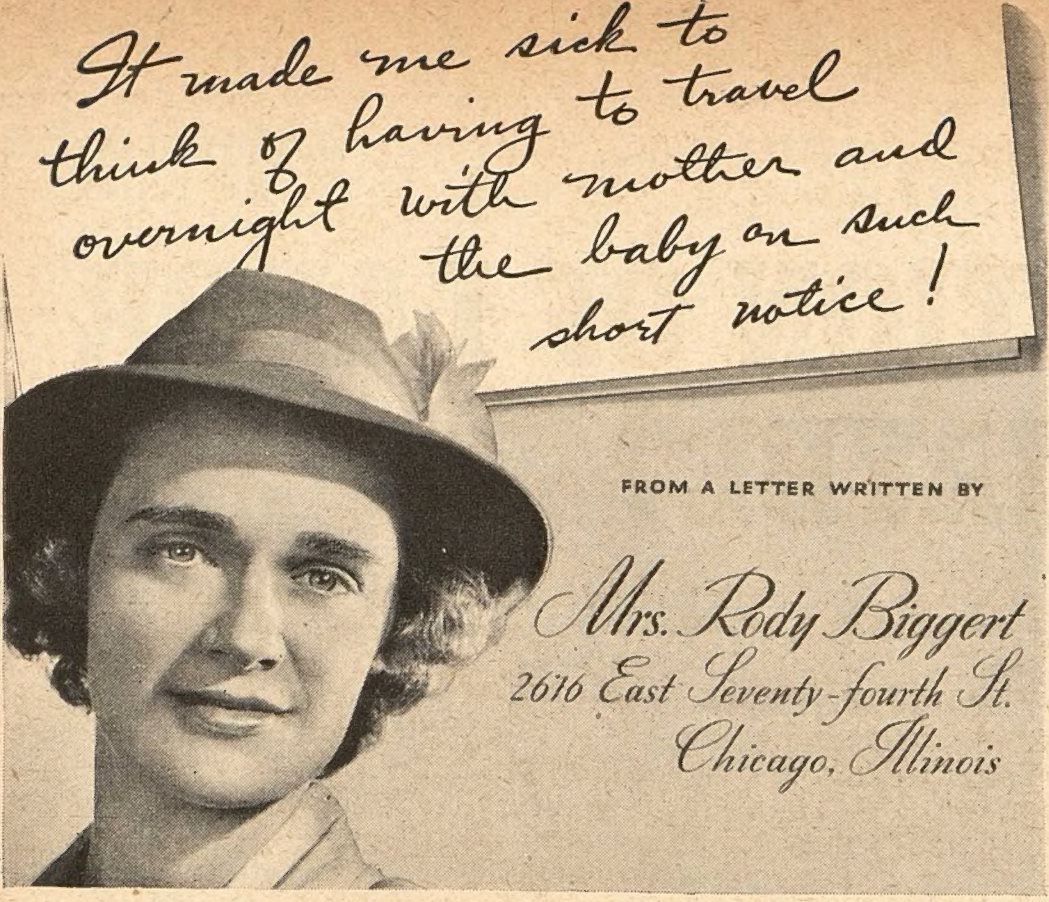
5. All entries will be judged for originality, suitability and aptness. The decision of the judges will be final. Fancy entries will not count extra. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties. No entries returned. Entries, contents, and ideas therein become the property of Procter & Gamble.

6. Anyone may enter the contests except employees of Procter & Gamble, their advertising agencies, and the families of these employees. These contests apply only to Continental United States, Canada, and Hawaii, and are subject to all Federal, State, and local laws and regulations. You can enter each day's contest and enter as often each day as you choose, but be sure to enclose the top of any size OXYDOL package (or facsimile) with each entry.

7. The daily winners will be announced each day starting Aug. 21 over OXYDOL'S Ma Perkins, The Goldbergs and The Man I Married radio programs. Grand prize winners will be announced over the same programs one week after the close of the last daily contest in each week. The daily winners for the final (30th) contest and the final week's grand prize winner will be announced on approximately Oct. 9. Cash prizes will be mailed to winners on the day their names are announced. **Complete printed lists of all winners will be sent to anyone writing to OXYDOL, Cincinnati, Ohio, after Oct. 15.**

Final Contest Closes at 12 midnight, Sept. 22, 1939

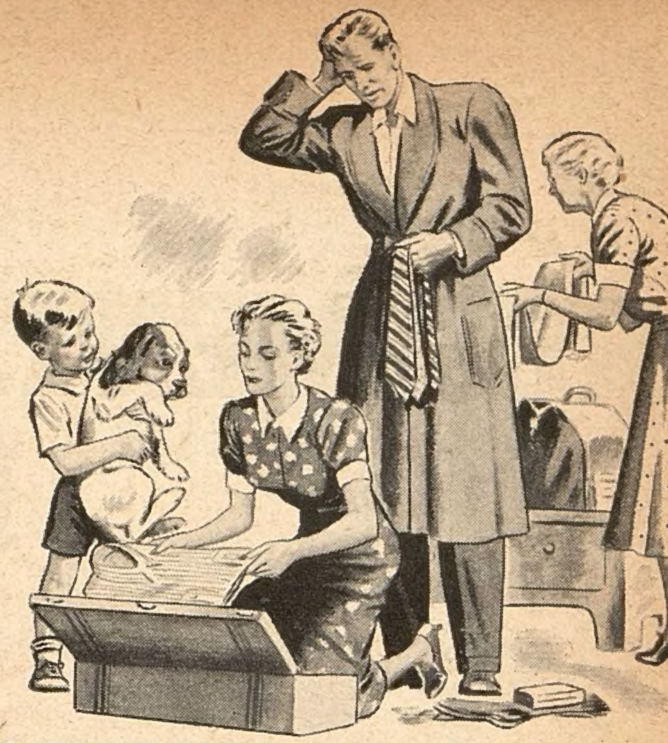
Leading washing machine manufacturers are now switching to New *High-Test* OXYDOL as the Laundry Soap they officially recommend



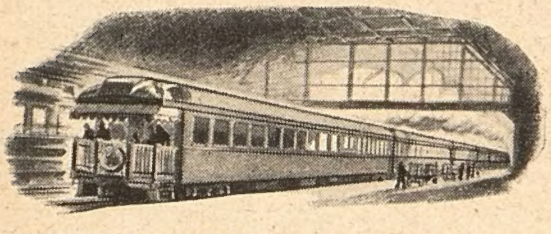
It made me sick to think of having to travel overnight with mother and the baby on such short notice!

FROM A LETTER WRITTEN BY

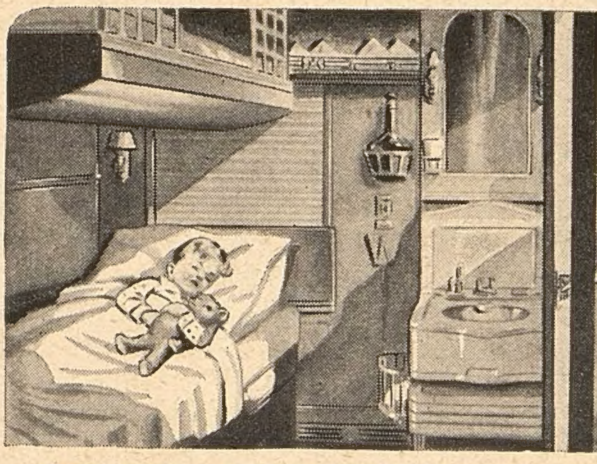
Mrs. Rody Biggert
2616 East Seventy-fourth St.
Chicago, Illinois



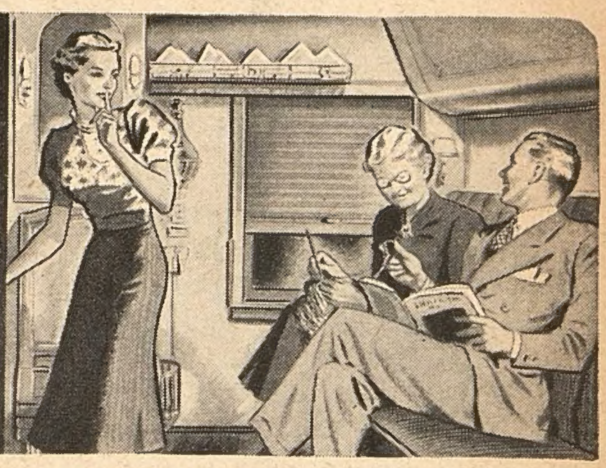
"A SUDDEN EMERGENCY TRIP recently presented my husband and me with a serious problem," writes Helen Biggert. "We had to get to Pittsburgh quickly and safely. And because we had to take our 3 year old son and his grandmother, comfort and convenience was a necessity. Frankly, it all seemed too much until we saw how Pullman could solve our problems.



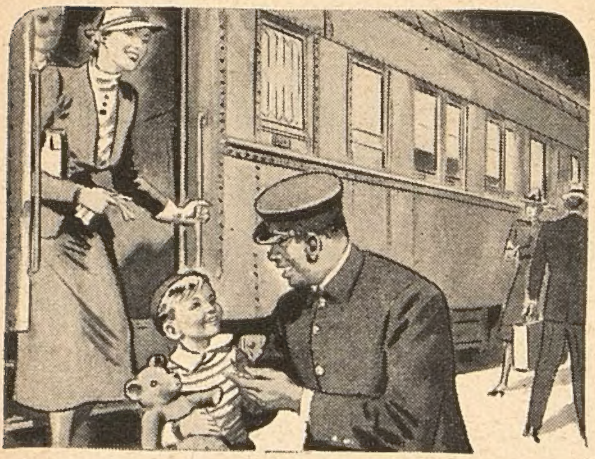
"WE LEFT CHICAGO early in the evening—which in itself was a great help, because it meant my husband lost no time from his business that day. And more important, it meant that Junior could be put to bed at a reasonable hour and get his full-night's sleep.



"THE THING I APPRECIATED MOST about our connecting bedrooms was that we could stay up in one of the rooms after Junior was put to sleep in the other—and so we were always close to him in case he awoke and wanted something. I can't think of any other way we could have gone that would have given us such convenience!



"AND WHAT A SURPRISE it was to learn that these two rooms with individual toilet facilities actually cost less than the price of four lower berths! When I think of the space and privacy of those clean, air-conditioned bedrooms, it certainly seems to me that Pullman offers an amazing amount of travel value for comparatively little money!



"BECAUSE OF THE EMERGENCY I had expected the trip to be a severe nervous strain on us. But when we arrived the next morning, I would say we were considerably more rested and relaxed than before we left Chicago! Naturally, we are grateful for your thoughtful and remarkably comfortable service!"

It Costs Surprisingly Little to Travel This Safest, Most Dependable Way in the World!

More comfort . . . more convenience . . . a way of smoothing out the usual, bothersome travel difficulties, whether overnight or for longer journeys . . . that's what Pullman service means to thousands who, like Mrs. Biggert, write us each year about their trips.

But regardless of why or where you go—nothing is more important than the secure, relaxed feeling that comes from knowing that rail and Pullman is the safest transportation in the world!

Although the value of this security can't be reckoned or compared in dollars and cents, you'll be glad to know that Pullman travel *is surprisingly inexpensive!* For example—on most overnight trips of 250 or 300 miles—your Pullman charge of $2.65 includes your lower berth . . . plus the use of a spacious dressing room and "lounge parlor"! Ask your ticket agent for details.

FREE! "LIFE ON A PULLMAN"—the new, fascinating word-and-picture story of what Pullman service is and how you can get the most enjoyment and comfort out of your next Pullman trip. For a free copy of this 16-page, illustrated book, write THE PULLMAN COMPANY, Dept. L8, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

Special Rates to Both Fairs...

Pullman's "Grand Circle" Tours are the comfortable, amazingly inexpensive way to visit *both* Fairs! Railroad fare $135, plus $45, for 1 or 2 passengers in a lower berth! Consult your ticket agent. Be sure you see the Pullman exhibits at both Fairs—and the pageant, "Railroads on Parade" at the New York Fair!

Go RAIL AND Pullman

THE COMFORTABLE AND SURE WAY TO GET THERE
. . . WITH ALL THE SPEED THAT'S SAFE!

Copyright 1939, The Pullman Company

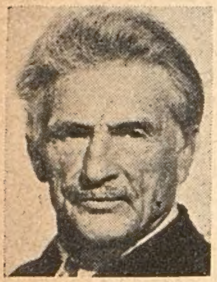
AUGUST 26, 1939 **Liberty** VOL. 16, NO. 34

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

HEYWORTH CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

REGIMENTATION OF LABOR—MAYBE?



BERNARR MACFADDEN

The workers of this country should now have a clear understanding of the administration's objective. There can be no mistake.

The President has cleared the atmosphere. He tells us, " You cannot strike against the government." There is no possible chance to misunderstand this statement.

A strike against industry or business is entirely legitimate apparently, even though intimidation, coercion, violence, or other lawlessness is associated with it. But a strike against the government . . . that's different!

And the workers who fail to see clearly the significance of all this must be mentally deaf, dumb, and blind. No one can misconstrue the past efforts of this administration to control business. The ill-fated NRA was created for that purpose, and that was just the beginning. The Wagner Act, the Wages and Hours Act, now a part of our legal records, were definitely labeled for that purpose.

We all know that if this administration is allowed complete control it will entirely dominate business and industry, a condition similar to that now the vogue in Germany, Italy, and Russia.

The workers of this country have been made to believe that when the government controls business they would have more freedom and more wages.

They acquired the same impression in Europe when the dictators over there were asking for labor's support, and their reward was the enslavement of regimentation . . . their liberties as free men stolen . . . after the dictators acquired the power they sought.

And if this government controls business of every kind, as has been done in various foreign countries, a strike of any kind will then be against the government . . . all strikes will then be barred out.

There is no misunderstanding the President's statement, " You cannot strike against the government," and many labor leaders have supported the effort of this administration to control business.

Why our workers fail to see the menace of complete government control of business is beyond my comprehension. The objective which the New Deal has in view is as plain as the noonday sun.

Administration officials condemn Fascism and Communism and they bitterly oppose the German system, but at the same time many of the laws they have promoted are but a move in the direction of similar control to that which has been passed on to Stalin, Hitler, and Mussolini.

The economic situation is so serious at the present time in Germany that the people of that country are on rations of such a rigid nature that under similar conditions the average American workers would fear starvation. The heads of all households are furnished with cards which allow them to buy merchandise at one store. Each member of the family is allowed an eighth of a pound of coffee a week, a third of a pound of butter. . . . Other staple articles, such as meat, are controlled in similar fashion. Eggs are very difficult, and usually impossible, to secure. The people can secure vegetables in season . . . and are allowed to purchase fruit weekly.

We certainly hope that such restrictive measures will never face our citizens, but with the trend toward control of everything by government officials—with the scandalous incompetence, waste, and spending of the present administration—it would be difficult to predict future eventualities.

It should indeed be a source of untold satisfaction to every clear-minded worker to have the administration come out with such a clear statement, " You cannot strike against the government." That statement might be converted into a slogan. It should be emblazoned in the sky in letters of fire a mile high, so that no worker could possibly misunderstand its significance. It should be memorized and reiterated so often that it cannot be forgotten. It should be placed on the walls of every factory, every industry, and every business, and if the government finally secures control of all our financial organizations, acquired entirely by adhering to the tried and true old-time American system, the workers will then probably have an opportunity to realize the disaster they have brought upon themselves.

This administration while pretending to act in the interest of labor is really forging the chains that will enslave labor similar to the regimentation installed by foreign dictators.

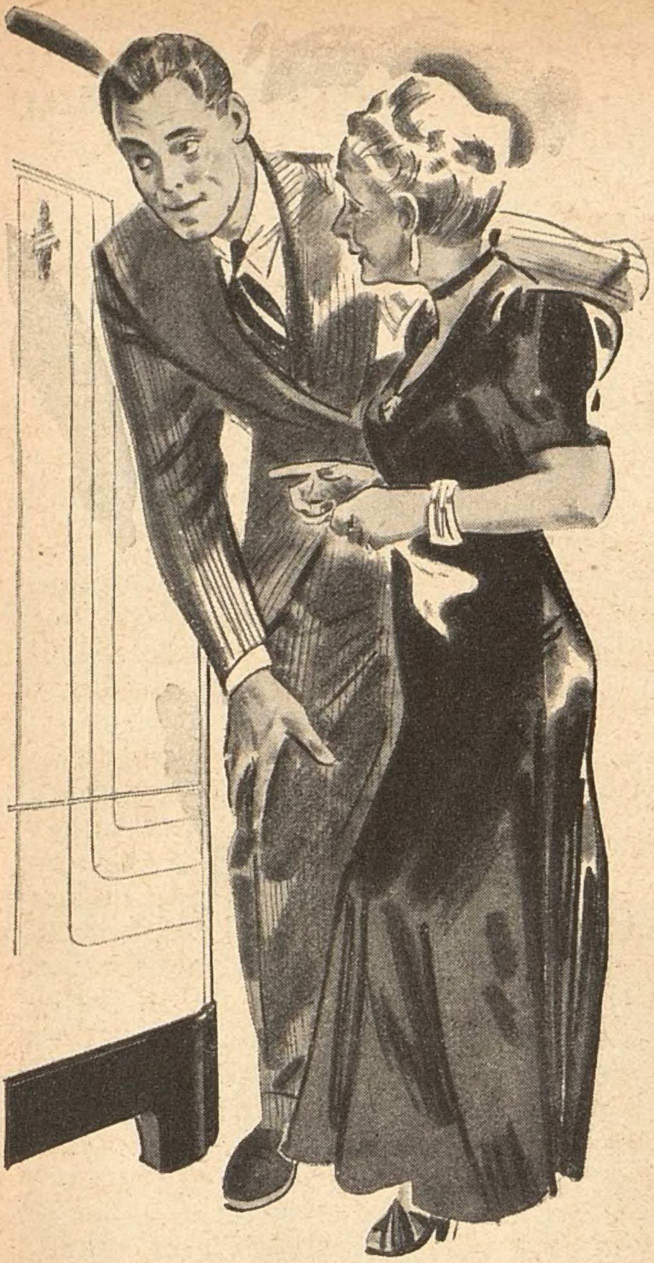
Bernarr Macfadden

TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 62

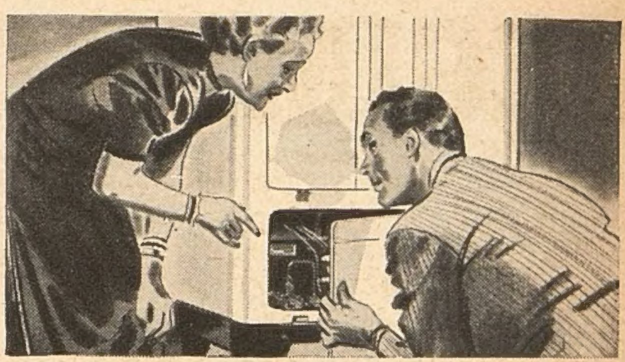
Published weekly by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, 205 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Editorial and Advertising Offices, Chanin Building, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Bernarr Macfadden, President; Wesley F. Pape, Secretary; Irene T. Kennedy, Treasurer. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. In the United States, Canada, Newfoundland, and Labrador, 5c a copy, $2.00 a year. In U. S. territories, possessions, also Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana, $2.50 a year. In all other countries, $4.50 a year. In entering a new or renewal subscription for Liberty please allow thirty (30) days from the time you send us the subscription and the time when you can expect the first copy. A request for change of address must also reach us at least thirty (30) days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by sufficient first-class postage and explicit name and address), but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed.

Copyright, 1939, by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, in the United States, Great Britain, and Canada. Registro Nacional de la Propiedad Intelectual. All rights reserved.

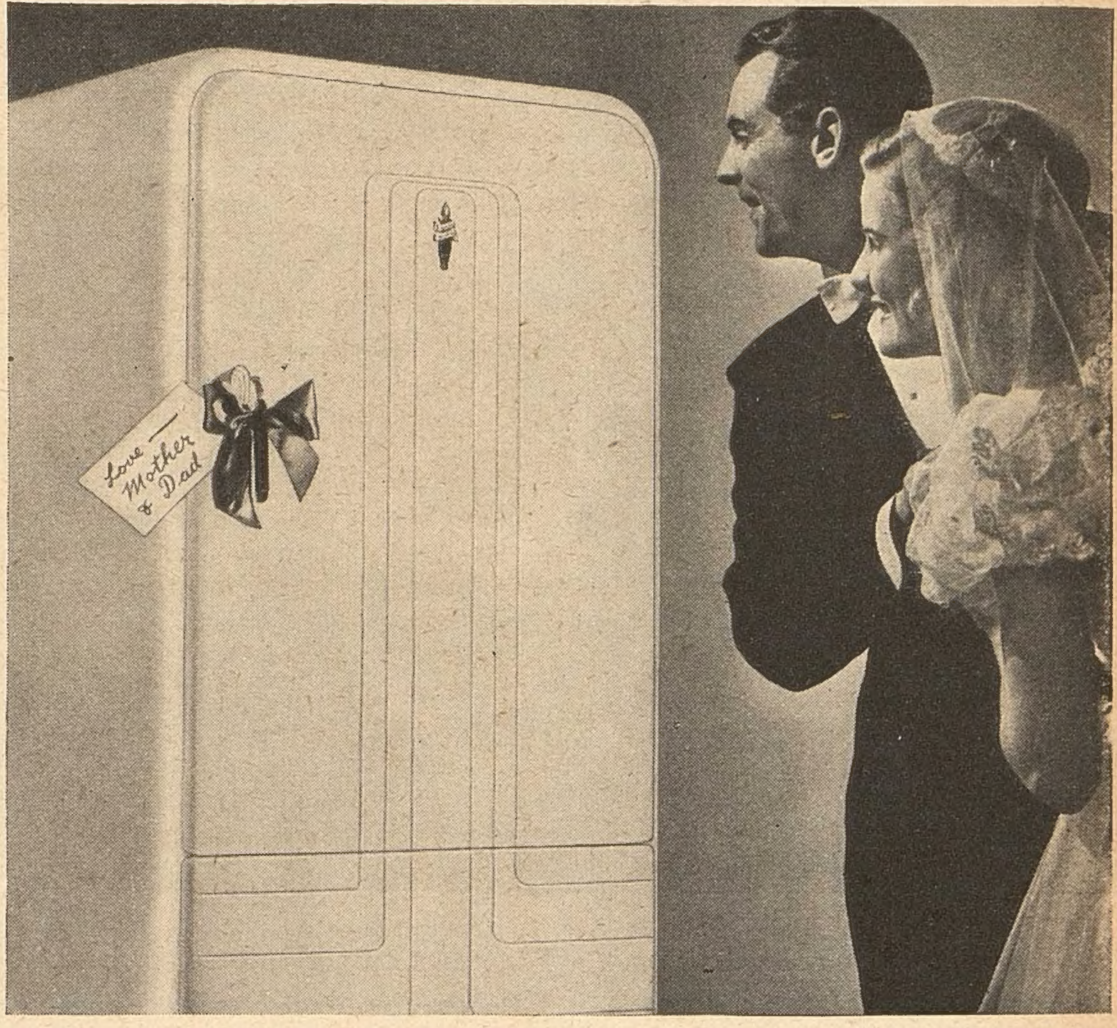
"Listen to this one..." says my intended Mother-in-law

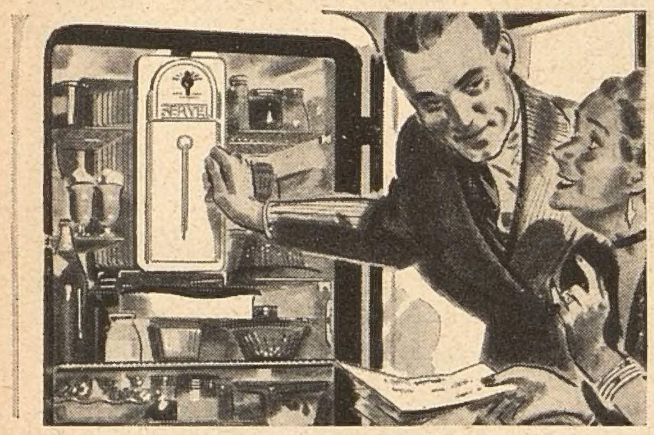


"—and I'll tell you why you should start married life with the refrigerator that freezes silently with **NO MOVING PARTS**"



1 "YOU SEE, IT CAN'T MAKE A NOISE," she begins. "You don't hear anything now—and you never will. There's no machinery. I don't pretend to know a great deal about such things, but Dad says that tiny gas flame takes the place of moving parts. So, there's nothing to wear!





2 "YES—AND NO WEAR MEANS SAVINGS," she adds. "I can vouch for *that.* Our Servel runs for just a few cents a day year in year out. Now, if *I* were starting in, like you and Jane, I wouldn't have anything but . . . " and then she stops and looks at me as though she has an idea.

3 "WERE WE SURPRISED! You could have whisked us over with a daisy when we walked into the kitchen of our new home. Think of it—a silent, money-saving Servel for a wedding present. Boy! I guess I know how to pick a mother-in-law, eh?"

4 NEWLYWEDS AREN'T THE ONLY ONES who can appreciate the big advantages that only Servel offers!

Today, more and more families with old and worn-out refrigerators are replacing them with the *one* automatic refrigerator that freezes with no moving parts. For Servel Electrolux is silent . . . and *stays* silent. And it saves you more for more years, too.

See Servel at your gas company or neighborhood dealer's—this week! Get all the facts. Remember,, your own gas company offers prompt service facilities for every one it installs.

FAMILIES WHO'VE HAD EXPERIENCE ARE CHANGING TO

... the refrigerator you hear about—but never hear!

"Our experience with another type refrigerator decided us on a Servel this time. Friends told us that it couldn't make noise because of the simpler way it works. And they were right."
—Mrs. C. Huntzinger, 2328 S. 32nd Ave., Omaha, Neb.

The
SERVEL
ELECTROLUX
Gas Refrigerator

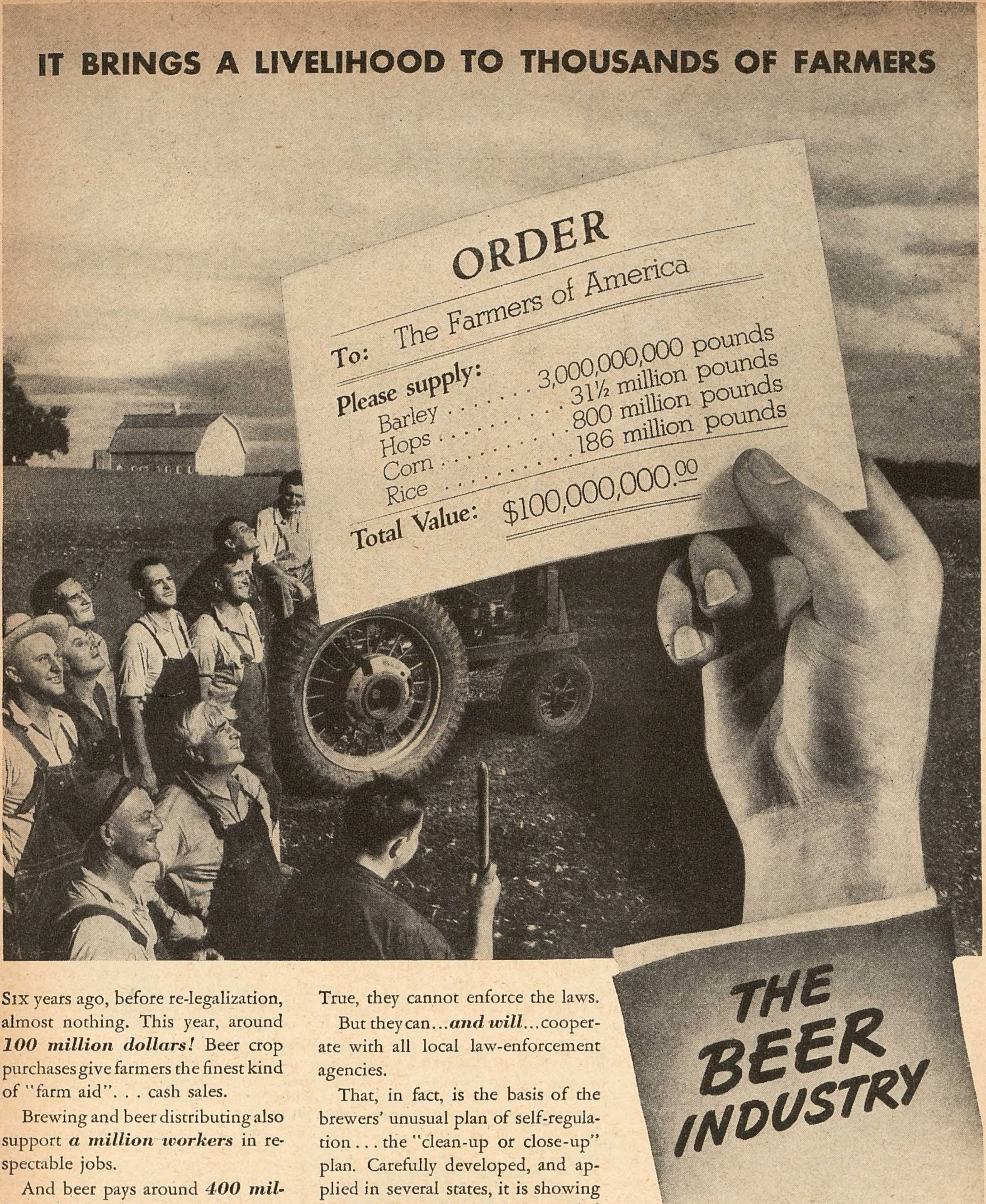
For Suburban and Rural Homes, Models Run On

BOTTLED GAS, TANK GAS OR KEROSENE

Write for details to
SERVEL, INC., EVANSVILLE, INDIANA

SEE SERVEL'S "MAGIC CAVES OF ICE" AT NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR—SEE SERVEL AT THE GAS INDUSTRY EXHIBIT AT THE GOLDEN GATE INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION

IT BRINGS A LIVELIHOOD TO THOUSANDS OF FARMERS



ORDER

To: The Farmers of America

Please supply:

Barley . . . . 3,000,000,000 pounds
Hops . . . . 31½ million pounds
Corn . . . . .800 million pounds
Rice . . . . .186 million pounds

Total Value: $100,000,000.00

SIX years ago, before re-legalization, almost nothing. This year, around ***100 million dollars!*** Beer crop purchases give farmers the finest kind of "farm aid". . . cash sales.

Brewing and beer distributing also support ***a million workers*** in respectable jobs.

And beer pays around ***400 million dollars in taxes*** a year . . . what a help to tax-payers and government treasuries!

How can we keep these benefits . . . for you and for us? Brewers realize this depends on keeping beer retailing as wholesome as beer itself. True, they cannot enforce the laws.

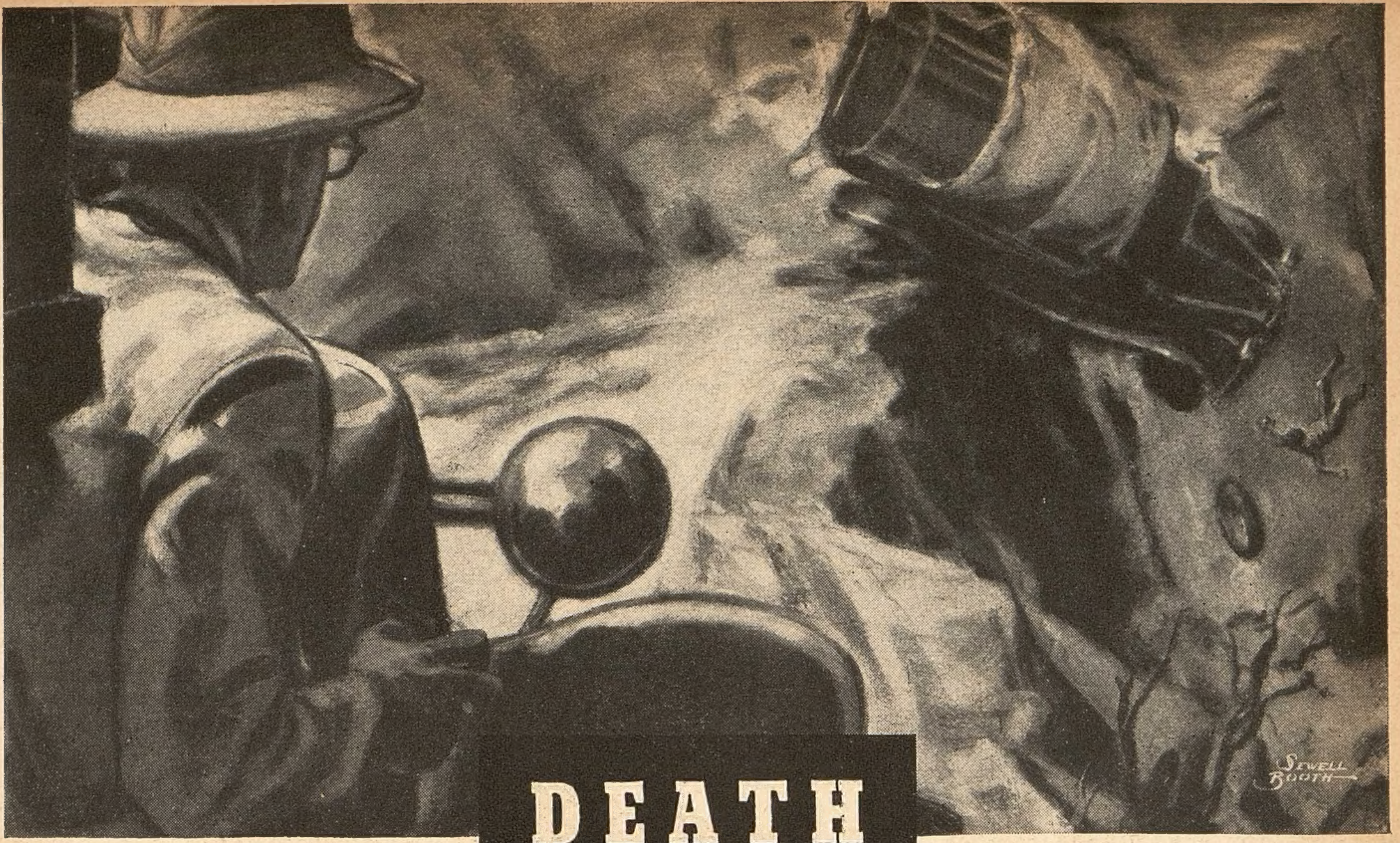
But they can . . . ***and will*** . . . cooperate with all local law-enforcement agencies.

That, in fact, is the basis of the brewers' unusual plan of self-regulation . . . the "clean-up or close-up" plan. Carefully developed, and applied in several states, it is showing tangible gains. It will be extended into a few more states this year, even more next year.

Brewers cannot usurp legal responsibility, but they are creating, within their own industry, a strict code of social responsibility.

FREE BOOKLET, *describing details of this plan, will be sent you on request. Address: United Brewers Industrial Foundation, Dept. C6, 21 East 40th Street, New York, N. Y.*

BEER . . . A BEVERAGE OF MODERATION FOR THE NATION



An ammunition truck toppled down a ravine and smashed against the rocks.

DEATH OVER CHINA

BY CARL CROW

Ourreporterin an American truck follows the munitions trail toward the war front

READING TIME ● 15 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

China fights on!

After two years of unavowed war, her entire seacoast is within the strangle hold of the Japanese. Her people have withdrawn to the bleak interior round about Chungking, provisional capital and military base of their steadfast Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek. Against her is Japan's efficient military machine. With her, in any practical sense, is nobody, for Russia is an unpredictable onlooker and, as this issue of Liberty goes to press, there comes news of an Anglo-Japanese agreement which, rightly or wrongly, is interpreted everywhere as a surrender to Japan of Britain's old prestige in the Far East.

And still China fights on! How can she? Besides bravery and endurance, what accounts for it? The answer is an overland supply of munitions, largely from Burma—munitions brought 2,000 miles, over mountains, by a tortuous, hazardous, ridge-and-ledge motor road that the Chinese have built with little more than their bare hands.

What does all this look like and feel like? Liberty wanted to find out for you—and, by good fortune, the best possible reporter was available. Mr. Crow, the author of Four Hundred Million Customers, lived in China nearly thirty years. He had gone there as a newspaperman, had stayed to build up an advertising business. The Japanese invasion drove him out. Now Liberty has sent him back. He has been in Chungking; went, with death at his elbow, over that new road, which he saw completed. He knows what is going on, and how it feels to be among the targets of Japan's bombers.

He knows, and in these articles he is telling you. China fights on—and Carl Crow has just been there to see it!

THERE is a papaya tree full of ripe fruit just outside my window. It is not quite so full as it was yesterday, for I have just had one for breakfast. The walls around the palace are of sun-dried brick neatly whitewashed and covered with tiles which are supposed to represent the scales of a dragon. Every eight or ten feet, blocks of stone are set into the wall—blocks in which a narrow slit has been carved just large enough to pass and sight a rifle. The palace itself is an unpainted wooden building of one and a half stories set high off the ground with steps of huge granite blocks.

This is one of the many palaces of the Sawbwa of Manshih, wealthiest and most powerful of the numerous petty kings who are monarchs of the Shan States in the western part of China. His family has ruled this state for thirty generations—ever since it was awarded to an ancestor as an independent kingdom. This part of the country was too remote to be ruled by the emperor in Peking.

All about the palace are narrow muddy streets and small huts of sun-dried brick roofed with tile or thatch. Only the palaces and temples are large and well constructed. Hidden away in the mountains, this place was—before the building of the China-Burma highway over which I am traveling—several months' journey from Peking, and the king was seldom interfered with by the Chinese authorities.

Now the centuries of isolation have been broken and the king has bought an American radio set so that he can listen to what the world is saying. For this place, time has moved forward a half dozen centuries in the space of a few years.

I left Rangoon a week ago and am still only a hundred miles inside the Chinese border. The first day of the journey was by rail to Lashio, but that was not so simple as it sounds. On the Burma railway, as on most of the railways in India, passengers are carried literally as human freight. All the railway contracts to do is to transport you from one point to another, and this it does with great efficiency over an excellent roadbed and with well equipped trains. There is a cushioned seat on which you can sleep, but you must bring your own bedding. There is a washbasin and running water for your use, but you must carry your own soap and towels. If you want anything to drink on the way, even a glass of water, you must bring it with you, also your own glass.

Except that the cars have electric lights and fans and toilet accommodations, traveling in them is a good deal like setting up housekeeping in a box car. I was the only first-class passenger on the train, so I had a compartment for six all to myself, and never saw my fellow passengers except when the stops were made at stations.

My English friends in Rangoon had insisted that I must take a servant with me, and so Dass, the coal-black Hindu I had employed in Rangoon, accompanied me as my personal Pullman porter and redcap. His wages were fifty cents a day, in addition to a food allowance of thirty-five cents.

I thought it was silly to take a servant, but as matters developed, I would have missed my train and lost my baggage if I had not.

For the first part of the journey we followed the road to Mandalay, which we reached at six in the morning. It was delightfully cool then but had been 110 in the shade at noon the day before. From Mandalay we climbed steadily until we arrived at Lashio, the end of the rail trip, located in what might be called the Berkshires of Burma. It is in one of the Shan States. I saw little of it, for we got in after dark and were up at six the following morning, ready to start on the long motorcar journey to Chungking.

WE were supposed to start at nine, but it was not until an hour after noon that we actually got away. I did not know it, but I was going out with the first of the American trucks which had been assembled in Rangoon and were being sent over the new highway for the use of the Chinese army. There are hundreds of other trucks making daily trips carrying supplies and munitions, but they belong to private contractors.

All the drivers and mechanics in our caravan, about two hundred, were Chinese from Malaya, the first of a lot of about two thousand who have volunteered for service for China. All are the sons of Chinese immigrants, and except for the Chinese official who had been sent to accompany me, I was the only one in the long caravan who had ever been to China. All spoke English—some with a decided British accent—and they asked me innumerable questions about China and the war with Japan.

One of the crew on my truck was as black as my Hindu servant, which was about as black as any one could possibly be, but he insisted that he was Chinese. He wasn't quite sure where he was born, except that it was some place in Africa. When he was very young, he had been sold as a slave to a Chinese couple in Selangor, and as they were childless, they adopted him as a son. This made him a Chinese, and as he was an expert battery repairman he had volunteered for service with the rest. He was one of the youngest of the lot and appeared to be a kind of mascot for the party.

For several hours we traveled through the jungle. Then we began to climb. The road had been carved out of the mountainside and there were few parts of it in which there was not an almost sheer drop on one side or the other. Sometimes this was varied by short stretches over knife edges of the mountain, with sheer drops on both sides—and no white-painted posts to warn you of danger.

The Chinese drivers were marvelous. Their only previous experience had been driving trucks in Malaya, but they had been given a special training course in Lashio and subjected to very rigorous tests. There was never a moment when the steering wheel was not being twisted one way or the other to keep the truck on the corkscrew curves. I am naming no names and pointing no finger, but I wouldn't trust myself on this road if many of my friends in America were driving.

What is the real state of affairs within war-scourged China? Carl Crow is the man to tell you! He knows China by heart—lived there for years—and now has just been back in the interior to see for himself and for Liberty. Don't miss his article in next week's issue!

We had no serious accident, but others were not so fortunate. Just a few minutes before we passed a particularly dangerous piece of road, an empty ammunition truck toppled down a ravine and smashed against some rocks a hundred feet below. There was only one fatality because there was only one occupant of the car—the Mohammedan driver.

There must be many fatalities on this road, though no one will talk about them.

In midafternoon we stopped for a quarter of an hour in a Burmese market town. My box of provisions was at the bottom of a heap of baggage, but I had with me a quart of good strong tea, an orange, a box of rye biscuits, and a can of cigarettes. I fully understood now, for the first time, why the Chinese look on tea as a life-giving elixir. With a few swallows of strong tea, one forgets the pangs of hunger and feels a new strength.

From the village, huge mountains towered in the distance. Our road led in their direction. We began climbing again and the trucks had trouble with their carburetors. All the repair experts were in my truck. We were held up a half dozen times while adjustments were made. Suddenly I noticed that there were no more mountains to be seen. The sky line had disappeared from our view because we were a part of it. The late afternoon sun beat down on us, and it was cruelly hot except when we passed through the shade of clumps of trees and then we shivered with the cold.

We traveled for an hour over a vast treeless upland plain with no cultivation and no habitation in sight. In fact, we had seen no one since leaving the village except some of the strange hill tribes, each man carrying a long sword. They looked too mild and shy to use it, but I wouldn't take a chance with one of them on a dark night. They are a curious people about whom little is known. I'd like to know them better.

Darkness came on before we crossed the upland plain, and we had sixty miles to travel before we reached Chefong, where we were to spend the night. Then there were more mountains with sharp turns and zigzags. We could not see the chasms over which we drove. I could not help thinking that if it was fate for that poor Mohammedan to die today, I was glad he had met with his fatal accident just before we came along, because it made our drivers doubly careful.

The lights of dozens of trucks made strange sights on the mountain roads, throwing the spotlight on some new object at each turn. Once our driver threw on his brakes with a jam as a huge animal jumped in front of us. It looked as big as an elephant in the glare of the lights, but it was only a water buffalo. He turned and stood for a moment as if he intended to charge us, then thought better of it and crashed away through the trees.

Other trucks began to pass us now, ammunition trucks of the fleet maintained by Greek contractors. They go over this road every day and their Indian drivers know all of its treacherous curves. We were traveling over it for the first time and so they had us at a disadvantage. They knew that there was a suspension bridge just ahead over which cars could pass very slowly, one at a time. We were too polite. We should have hogged the road and paid no attention to their honking. We let them pass, and by the time we reached the bridge there were twenty cars lined up ahead of us.

THE bridge is an ancient structure built for pack trains and bullock carts, and it is pure chance that it can be used for motor trucks. But all the trucks designed for use over the highway had to be built according to specifications which would fit this bridge. The leeway is so small that as each truck crosses at dead slow speed, some one walks backward in front of it, signaling to the driver.

Car No. 27 in our caravan had been giving us trouble all the way. First it was the carburetor, and then it was something else, and now it broke down again. It was pitch dark—too dark for repairs—and so it was decided to tow it in for the remaining ten miles. The towrope broke several times and had to be spliced. We were afraid it might break again and be too short for splicing, so at difficult places every one got out and pushed.

A half hour past midnight we reached a wretched Burmese village ninety-one miles from Lashio. It consisted of twenty or thirty houses built along each side of the road. Once you stepped off the highway, you were in a sea of mud. Several foul-smelling restaurants were doing a roaring business selling tea and Chinese bread to the truck drivers. The proprietor of one offered to let me sleep in his restaurant as soon as he closed shop, and when I insisted that I couldn't wait, offered to let me sleep in his house across the street. I didn't mind the fact that it had a dirt floor, but on the floor were a sow and a litter of pigs.

There was no other available house in the village and it began to look as if I would have to set up my bed in the road. Then I thought of the nice comfortable seat in the truck. By good luck I found my bedding roll in the dark and fished out a blanket. The seat was a little too short and there was some difficulty about getting my legs under the steering wheel, but I slept soundly and was only awakened at daybreak by the tinkle of the bells of pack mules.

I should have caught cold and been sore and stiff and covered with the bites of malaria mosquitoes, but nothing happened to me. I never felt better in my life, and I made a hearty breakfast off sardines and biscuits.

The sun threw its spotlight on the miserableness of the village, but it was full of interest. A band of Lolos, the gypsies of the Shan States, was camped near by and they came down to look at the trucks. There were a few unmarried girls among them wearing their wedding dowries on their jackets in the form of buttons made of rupees or eight-anna pieces. No deception here, boys! This handsome black-haired lass, with legs as sturdy and strong as those of a pack mule, is worth no less than five rupees eight annas. You'll have to work diligently and save your money to match that!

BEFORE ten o'clock we were at the last Burmese border station and the engine numbers of the cars were checked off so that the Chinese government could get a refund on the import duty which had been paid when the cars were brought into Rangoon. The refund amounts to not quite one per cent of the duty, but these imports are so great that the Chinese government is now the largest single contributor to the revenues of Burma. As soon as these formalities were over with, we drove a half mile, crossed an insignificant bridge over a small stream, and were on Chinese soil. We passed a little fenced-off garden of flowers and drew up at the frontier police station.

Purely by accident I had arrived on the very first of the thousands of army trucks which the Chinese government is bringing in by way of Rangoon, where the warehouses are full of them and more arriving with every American ship. I started to explain to the Chinese official that my passport was in a truck behind us.

"Never mind about that, Mr. Crow," he said. "You don't need a passport to enter China!"

A very hearty and flattering welcome was followed by biscuits and a pot of cocoa. From where I sat I could see the ruins of the Chinese customhouse which was burned down (and all of the officers killed) soon after the highway was opened. The common belief is that this was done by a band of sword-wearing Shans from the hills—an outlaw tribe—and that they were richly rewarded with funds from the Japanese secret agents. The Chinese did not rebuild the station but established another one about twenty miles away, at Chefong, which we reached about noon. This is the point to which the Greek contractors are hauling munitions with all possible speed. Every vacant house in the place has been requisitioned for storage, and many additional sheds of bamboo framework, roofed with galvanized iron, are being built.

Mr. Crow, who lost 50 pounds or more during his strenuous, perilous trip.

The Chinese authorities dread the coming of the monsoon, just as the Burmese look forward to it. The new highway has not yet had to undergo this test of being deluged by millions of tons of water. There is no question about its being damaged—only about how extensive the damage will be. But they know that if the ammunition is on the Chinese side of the border, they will find some way to carry it forward to the fighting lines. The monsoon was due to break in a week or ten days, and all along the line workmen were being assembled so as to be ready for emergency repairs.

On the other hand, the Chinese fear that if the Burma end of the road is washed out, there will be no incentive for the government of Burma to make any heroic effort at repairs. So mountains of ammunition are piled up at Chefong. I have no official figures as to the quantity, and I would not aid Japan by publishing them if I had, but I can assure the readers of Liberty that China has enough ammunition to carry on her defense against Japan for a long time. And if the Burma end of the road should be washed out, I feel sure that it will be repaired with all possible speed. British officials in Burma wholeheartedly support China.

It was in Chefong that I made my first acquaintance with a Shan palace, for the headquarters of the Chinese government transportation company was in the executive palace of the local king, an old and rambling Chinese structure of two stories, which gave no indication of any repairs having been made or any cleaning done for several generations. As the king was on a visit to Rangoon, I slept in his bed. The room looked more like an arsenal than a bedroom. There were a half dozen each of shotguns, rifles, and revolvers, and a whole side of the room was covered with swords. I was prepared to repel all invaders, but none came.

After a Chinese breakfast of rice, dried beans, and dried mushrooms, we set off for Paoshan in bright clear weather under a cloudless sky. My hosts had decided that I should travel more comfortably than was possible in a Chinese army truck, and so with regret I left my friends, the Malaya drivers and mechanics. Each one of them must have taken a Boy Scout pledge to do a kind act every day, for they had smothered me with attention. When a can of British biscuits had refused to open in the orthodox way, one of them had showed me what a stout fellow he was by seizing an edge of the tin cover in his teeth and ripping it off.

THE bus made much better time than the army truck, in spite of the fact that there were eleven passengers in seats for eight. The driver had been over the road many times and knew just how fast he could hit the bumps without actually breaking the car in pieces. It was like what I think riding a bucking bronco would be like. Thank heaven for the rubber air pillow, and pray that it doesn't spring a leak, for there are no cushions on the seat.

We had traveled about an hour when we were stopped by a caravan of eight or ten passenger cars and trucks, and His Excellency Chang Chia-Ngau, the Chinese Minister of Communications, stepped out of the leading car. He knew that I was on the road and had been looking out for me to welcome me to China and see about my transportation. He said he had heard in Chungking about the articles I was going to write for Liberty. I assured him that I was perfectly comfortable in the bus, but he made a personal inspection and decided that I was too crowded. Then he called his secretary, and in a few minutes it was arranged that I should stop here at Manshih and wait a day for the director of the highway to return and then travel with him in his big passenger car to Kunming.

That is the reason I am stopping in the palace of the king of Manshih and drinking His Majesty's German beer. I have traveled only five hundred miles in seven days, but that is not bad for an amateur hitchhiker.

THE END

LORD LOTHIAN COMES TO WASHINGTON

Before taking his position the new British Ambassador gives his views

BY RENÉ KRAUS

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

AMERICA should wish France and England to fight successfully for themselves if involved in a new war.

This is the message that the Most Hon. the Marquess of Lothian, the newly appointed British Ambassador to the United States, gives me for America before he lands on these shores himself. He will assume his duties presumably in the middle of September. The exact time, he says, depends—like everything else in the world—on the weather and Mr. Hitler. If the Fuehrer starts new trouble, or the summer heat ends early, he may come a little sooner.

Lord Lothian comes by no means as a stranger. "For thirty years I have been visiting the States regularly," he told me. "Since the World War I have been there almost every year. I know forty-four of the forty-eight states from personal observation." Like the liberal with common sense that he is, he belongs, as he specially emphasizes, among the regular readers of Liberty on all his American visits.

The new representative of the British King to the American people is a young man of fifty-seven who looks forty, scarcely more. He is tall, almost more than life-size, broad-shouldered—an athletic figure. His face is sharp-cut, smooth-shaven, charged with energy. His high forehead is conspicuous; his bushy eyebrows stand out over unusually alert eyes. He is certain shortly to bear the label: Washington's most eligible bachelor.

"I feel at home in the States even before starting my mission," Lord Lothian said to me. "Counting all my trips together, I have already spent nearly three years there. I like the people and the country. I like America's social climate, the freedom of relations between its individuals. I am extremely interested in its tremendous problems. The mixture of vitality, idealism, and practical sense that distinguishes the Americans means, I think, an immense contribution toward the solution of all our world problems. All the major questions of our times are being fought out in this great caldron, containing all the races of Europe but fusing them. The United States is in many ways the most interesting country in the world, and her President, I am sure, is one of the world's outstanding leaders."

While still Philip Kerr, Lord Lothian was for a few decisive years—1916 to 1921—Lloyd George's secretary. President Roosevelt, he says, reminds him vividly of the great Welshman when the latter was at his best. He takes the greatest interest in Roosevelt's social reform work. Of course he will no longer express this interest in words. He will not talk at all, at least not in public. As British Ambassador he is subject from now on to the rule of silence for diplomats.

Before the curtain of silence falls on him, Liberty has a last opportunity to bring the American people a message from the man who will have decisive influence on British-American relations from now on. It is by no means an official diplomatic statement. It is a private opinion. At his London office, Seymour House, Waterloo Place, Lord Lothian received me for a long and unusually interesting conversation. This cannot be regarded as an interview in the ordinary sense. The Ambassador of His Majesty the King gives no interviews. But the most intimate friend that America has among the European statesmen here offers to Liberty some ideas that he formulated just before his recent official appointment.

NOW LORD LOTHIAN TAKES THE FLOOR

Because the United States has lived remote from Europe for more than a hundred and fifty years, it is extremely difficult for any European to understand the way in which the United States looks at affairs outside itself.

The entry of the United States into the World War, I think, surprised all those who knew her best. Nobody could have prophesied it when the war began in 1914. But when American intervention took place in 1917, it was completely decisive.

In 1920, however, the United States reversed the great decision of 1917 and retired into isolation. For the following eighteen years, it never altered that decision of political non-co-operation, though it soon came back to co-operation in economic and noncontroversial matters. The American public's decision not to co-operate is to be explained, in the first place, on the ground of the defects of the Treaty of Versailles.

In the second place, the unreasonable French policy toward the German Republic, and especially the invasion of the Ruhr, made France extremely unpopular in the ten years after the war, although few Americans realized that it was their own rejection of the Anglo-American Treaty of Guaranty to France which largely drove France to that policy.

In the third place, the war debts played a very considerable part in alienating popular American sympathy.

Finally, the continual confusion and controversy in Europe itself and the increasing failure of efforts to maintain the peace and to establish a successful League convinced the United States that, whatever difference it might have made if she had joined the League in 1920, she could not put Europe straight by joining it many years later. Throughout this period the political contribution of the United States to international affairs was based on two quite simple ideas, the advocacy of disarmament and the Kellogg Pact, which was a general declaration against the use of war as an instrument of national policy.

But when totalitarian rearmament began and the risk of war reappeared, the United States developed its famous neutrality policy. There was practically no opposition to neutrality, as defined in the Act, until it became clear that it assisted the aggressor in China and Spain and until after the Munich crisis.

This Munich crisis produced a prodigious effect in the United States. Public opinion suddenly awoke to the fact that this was but another of a series of crises, each one of which had disclosed the growing weakness of the democracies and the growing unlikelihood of the United States being able to keep out of war, if war took place, however much it wanted to do so.

There is no country in the world, I believe, in which the public today is more interested in foreign affairs or more universally informed by broadcast and press. The amount of news that reaches the United States from Europe and Asia is greater than that reaching any other country.

One effect of the crisis on American opinion is undoubtedly that Great Britain has fallen off its old pedestal. I think, personally, that this is rather a good thing. Being on a pedestal is a lonely and rather expensive position, and just as bad for the nations which shelter behind the pedestal as for the nation which stands upon it. In the long run, it will help Anglo-American understanding that some of

Says Lord Lothian: "The more we talk over international problems frankly, the better. We may begin to understand one another without suspicion."

the laurels that encircled our brow in American eyes are no longer there.

The second effect of the crisis on American opinion, and by far the most important effect, is that in their bones the American people now realize that —at any rate, as long as the world stays at all as it is at present— the Neutrality Act will not achieve its primary purpose of keeping the United States out of war. In the minds of a good many Americans, another question is insistently rising: What would happen to the United States if the British Empire disappeared or the British navy ceased to function as it used to do? If the British navy ceased to patrol the seas, what would take its place? You cannot have a vacuum on the high seas. At this moment the answer would be the Fascist Powers, except in so far as the United States itself would take over the task. Further, what would be the strategical consequences to the United States and to the Monroe Doctrine if Spain and her islands and colonies were controlled by Italy or Germany or both together?

A very distinguished American said to me that if a poll had been taken two or three years ago as to the attitude of the United States if Japan were to invade Australia or New Zealand, a large majority would probably have held the view that it would be too bad, but that it was not the business of the United States. Today, he said, the answer would almost certainly be that the United States could not afford to allow Australia or New Zealand to fall under the control of Japan.

A third consequence of the events of the last few years is that public opinion in the United States has become violently anti-dictator, and especially anti-Nazi. Privately every one is anti-Hitler, partly because dictatorship is a challenge to democracy, partly because of the brutal character of the Nazi repression.

The immediate practical consequence of the crisis is, in the United States, a large rearmament program. There was practically no opposition to this at all. It is a program the purpose of which is to increase the security of North America and the power of the United States to defend the Monroe Doctrine.

There is, I think, an overwhelming sentiment today for the view that in America's interest, as well as in the interests of democracy, France and Great Britain should be allowed to buy in the United States all the armament they need in order to strengthen their own defenses, because the stronger they are, the less likely is war, and, if war comes, the smaller will be the contribution which the United States will need to make if it wants the democracies to win.

There is no doubt whatever where the President's own sympathies lie. There is no doubt about his opinion that it is impossible for the United States to ignore the issue that is arising, and that it must make up its mind what to do to avert a catastrophe. Again, you get an utterance like that of Mr. Hoover, supposed to be a strong isolationist and strongly pacifist, who, in making a general plea in Chicago in favor of non-entanglement, said that if the dictatorships began bombing London or Paris, the anger of the people of the United States would be so strong that they could not be restrained from action.

But there is a good deal to be said on the other side, too. America regards George Washington's warning against entanglements in Europe as the first article of its foreign policy. The United States today is still fundamentally isolationist; it is quite confident that if the rest of the world is drawn into a war, its own business is to keep out if possible, because no good can come of wars. But seven out of ten Americans would also say that if world war did come, there is no possible means by which the United States could keep out, and that if it had to go in, it would certainly go in on the side of the democracies.

The strongest feeling in the United States is, I believe, the determination to keep the issue of peace or war in the unfettered hands of the people of the United States themselves.

In the past the British people made their islands an invulnerable base by maintaining an invincible fleet with naval bases all over the world. Thus they established the Pax Britannica, behind which took place the greatest expansion of freedom ever known in history. Behind it the United States was left to develop its own country and its own institutions, free from any serious international wars or burdens. In this century the United States has inherited our old position. It has the invulnerable base. It has sea power. It is going, I hope, to encourage England and France to struggle for their own security, because as long as they and other nations do so successfully, the United States will be secure, and any wars will be fought three thousand miles away.

Britain's position has changed in two vital respects. We are no longer invulnerable, because we are liable to attacks from the air; and today we may have to encounter three naval opponents in different parts of the world. That is the difficulty which confronts us as long as the anti-Comintern pact is effective. I believe the thinking people in the United States are rapidly coming to realize this changing situation.

But the United States will not for these reasons enter into any form of alliance with Great Britain, any more than we in our period of splendid isolation were willing to make alliances with any of the nations in Europe—until one of them became so powerful that we had to enter the lists on the one side or the other in order to maintain the balance. That situation has not yet arisen as far as the United States is concerned.

The moral I draw from that is that the less we talk about Anglo-American co-operation and the more we talk over international problems frankly, the better. Then we may begin to understand one another's point of view without suspicion.

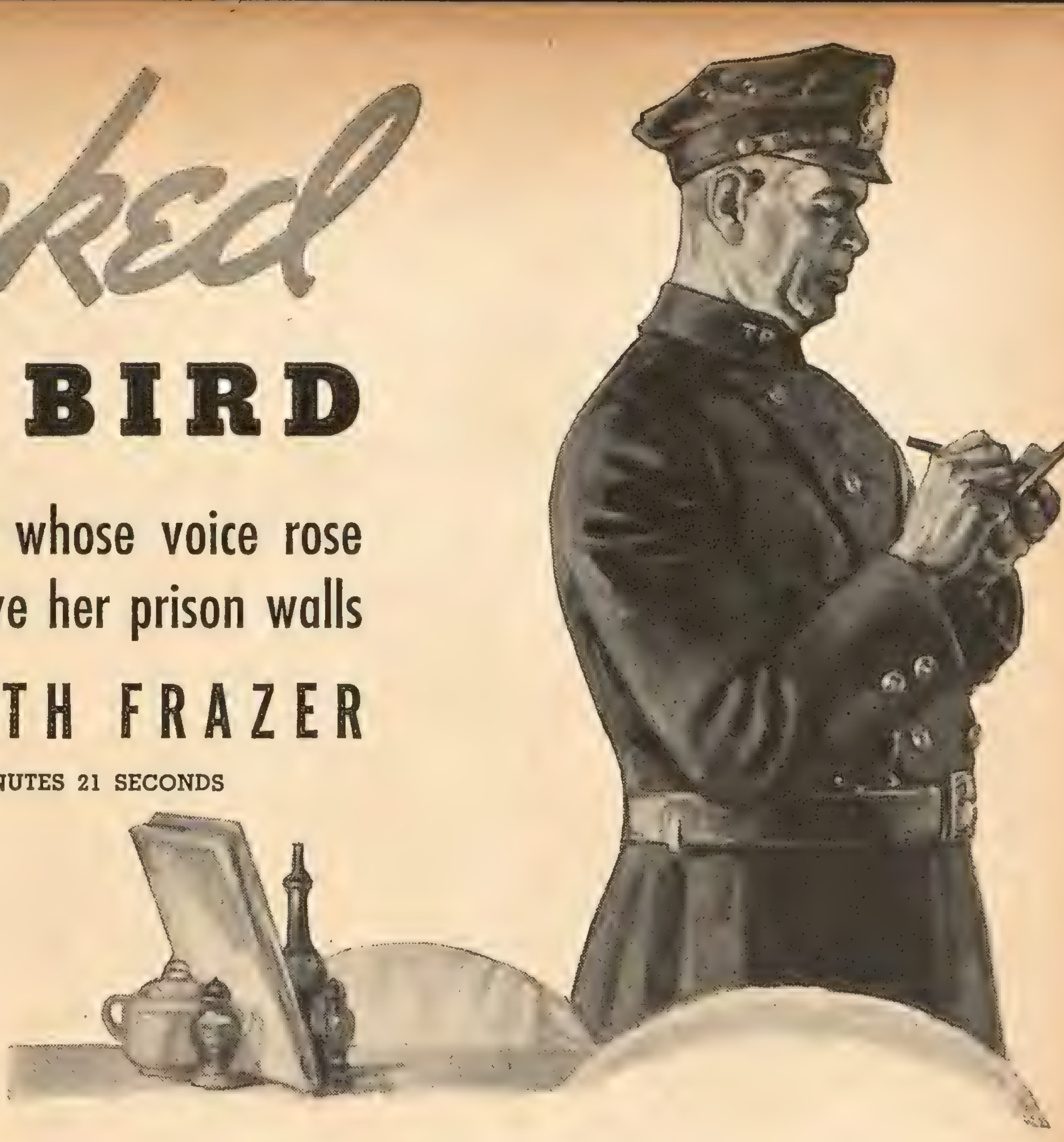
THE END

THE *Wicked* SONG BIRD

The story of a girl whose voice rose clear and true above her prison walls

BY ELIZABETH FRAZER

READING TIME ● 20 MINUTES 21 SECONDS



ROSA TRUSKA slipped her sleek head and angular young shoulders through the opening of the blue serge dress she had made in the reformatory for her departure, under the supervision of Miss Taylor, the sewing teacher. Tears streamed in two steady rivulets down her cheeks, welling up from an inexhaustible dark fountain of something worse than grief. She was returning to Momma Truska and Poppa Truska. Not on parole. She was pardoned. Free.

Her mouth twisted as she zipped up her dress and, turning, stared about the room. It was a small room, spotlessly clean, with a yellow spread on the green-painted single bed, and yellow curtains at the unbarred window which gave on a broad stretch of lawn dotted with trees in their first feathery green. And over behind the administration buildings, framed by her window, rose the still blue peace of a mountain.

Rosa wiped her eyes to take a last good-by view. She was a slim dark girl of fourteen, tall for her age, with Slavic cheekbones, brooding wide-set eyes which lightened or deepened according to her mood, and a large, somewhat heavy mouth.

A robin flew up into a near-by tree and flirted his tail at her.

"Hullo," said Rosa huskily. And suddenly the dark tide swept irresistibly over her again. The robin had brought it all back.

YES, ma'am," said the sheriff as he delivered his manacled charge at the medical door of Highland Farm, the state reformatory, five miles back in the hills from the railway station, "she's tough! Ain't had a tougher case this year. Bit my hand and scratched and clawed. Had to put the irons on. And look at that black eye!"

The admission nurse glanced casually at the new arrival. A swollen and discolored eye and bruised lip gave an air of sullen ferocity to the heavy scowling face; the flimsy print dress, torn in a scuffle with the law, exposed a bare shoulder and skinny chest; the fettered hands twisted nervously.

"Take off the handcuffs," directed the nurse, "and after you've signed the delivery papers the infirmary will see to your hand. Come in, Rosa." And turning her back, she rustled into the cool linoleumed hall.

Her hands released, the girl followed, stepping warily, like an animal approaching a trap, her breath coming in shallow gasps. She was in jail! What would they do to her for fighting the cop? Put her in a cage, like Momma Truska said? She felt her bruised eye gingerly. Momma Truska had given her that souvenir for stealing so clumsily that she was caught; for Momma Truska was an accomplished shoplifter and she was irked that her neophyte had fumbled so grossly in the first attempt.

To the thorough clean-up process, the physical examination and tests, the fresh garments, the soothing lotion for her eye, Rosa submitted in stolid silence, waiting for punishment to follow.

Her quarantine room was small, with a big window, the single bed comfortable, the sheets and blankets scrupulously clean. And Rosa was clean—cleaner than she had ever been in her thirteen years of life.

For the first few days she slept almost continuously, her body twitching, her dreams a wild nightmare welter of the trial: the judge in a black nightgown; the thin-lipped store detective; Poppa Truska, who kept a still in the basement, sitting stiff and straight, his eyes on the inside of his hat, which he turned round and round; Momma Truska with a borrowed baby, weeping profusely as she testified she didn't know how Rosy come to do such a thing; but she didn't mention the trunkful of stolen goods she sat on with spread skirts when the cop came to take Rosa away.

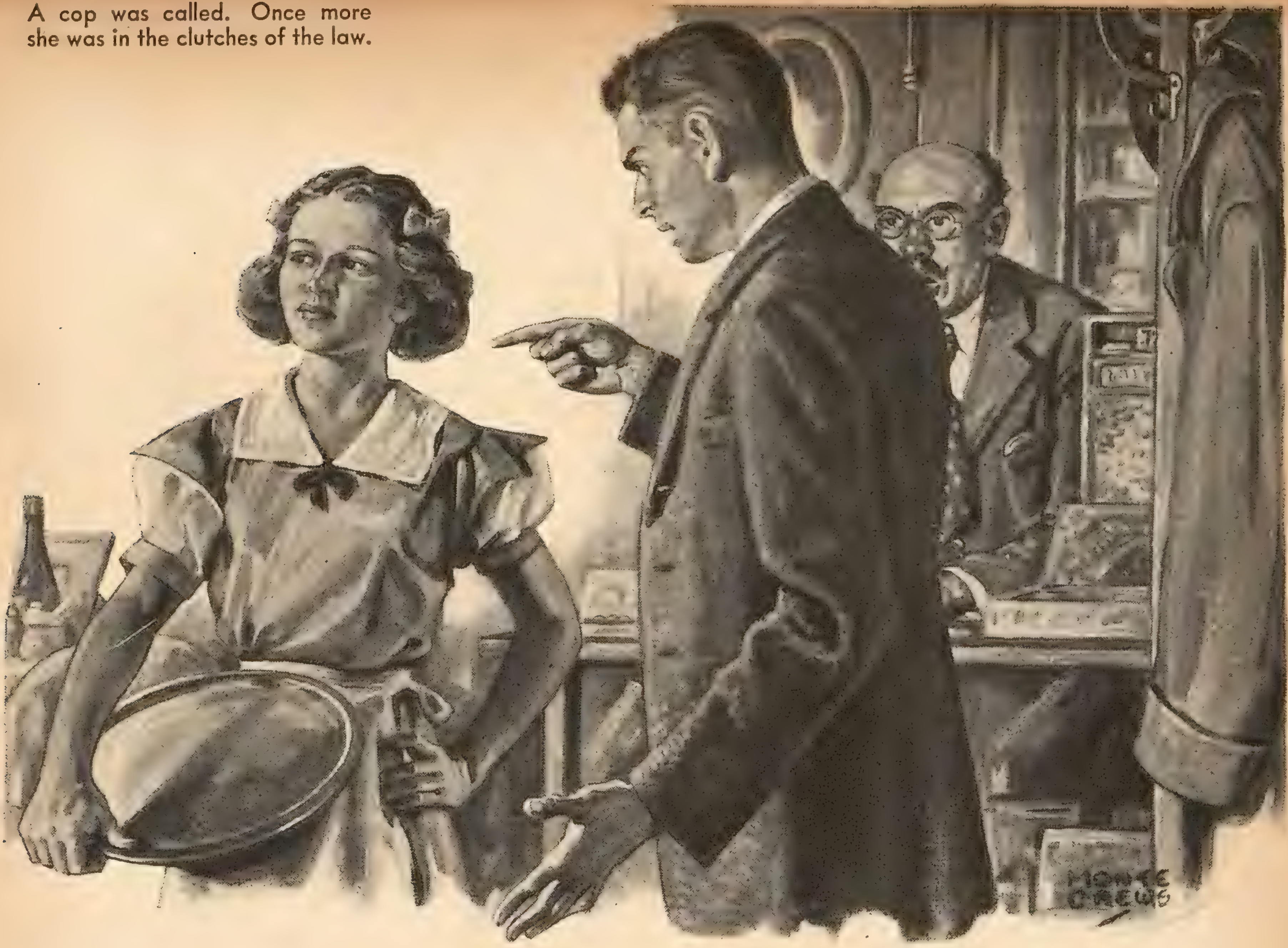
The blue-eyed nurse who brought Rosa's food chatted casually. Except at mealtimes, Rosa was left to herself.

The big sunny window gave on a smooth broad lawn like a park. It was crisscrossed with paths on which groups of bareheaded girls passed and repassed, chattering and laughing. Sometimes they had books under their arms. They wore different-colored dresses, pink and blue and green and tan. She decided they'd already been punished or they wouldn't laugh like that.

One glittering bright morning, after a heavy storm, she saw them squoshing along in rubber boots; they had shovels and worked on the road which ran close to her window. She liked the boots. She wished she could open the window, but it was the kind that didn't open. The air came in from a ventilator high over the door.

It was on that morning she saw the

A cop was called. Once more she was in the clutches of the law.



robin. It flew up on the branch of a near-by tree and flirted its tail at her.

"Hullo," said Rosa. But the bird flew away.

Later, a woman in a blue dress and sweater, with curly gray hair blown by the wind, came along the road and stopped to talk to the girls in boots. She said something that made them laugh. Then she saw Rosa at the window and waved. Rosa darted back into the room, her heart pounding with terror.

That day, after her tray lunch was finished, she turned to the nurse.

"What you gonna do to me?" she demanded sullenly.

"Well, first of all, we're going to fatten you up. You're too thin. It's necessary for you to stay two weeks in quarantine to make sure you haven't any contagious disease. That's to protect the other girls. As soon as it's safe, you'll have a room to yourself in a cottage and start to classes. You see, this is a school."

Rosa looked at her stolidly. She was lying. It was a jail.

"Who's that woman in a blue dress? She's got gray hair."

The nurse knitted her brows. "Oh, you mean Dr. Ross? She's the superintendent."

At her first meeting with Dr. Ross, her legs trembled so she could scarcely walk across to the next building with the blue-eyed nurse.

Dr. Ross said, "We're glad to have you with us, Rosa." Her eyes were bluer than the nurse's, with a kind of light in them. "I expect you feel nervous," she went on. "That's natural. The girls always are at first."

Rosa said, "What you gonna do to me? I hit that cop."

Dr. Ross nodded. "We'll forget about that. We're going to forget everything that happened before you came." She stepped to a blackboard and erased some figures. At the top of the board she wrote, "Rosa Truska."

"Now," she said, "you're going to start in all over again, and let's see what you can do."

And when Rosa had met the matron of her cottage, Mrs. Lane, and her teachers, Dr. Ross said, "Rosa, during quarantine, you looked out of the window a good deal. Did you see anything that you'd specially like to do?"

Rosa gasped, "Boots!"

Everybody laughed. "We've already assigned you to farm work. You'll have rubber boots for wet weather. And now Sadie will take care of you and show you the ropes. She's your adviser."

She was led away by Sadie, a lively carroty-haired freckle-faced girl who conducted her to a cottage, pouring forth a torrent of speech.

Rosa listened in a daze. There were, for the cooking and sewing classes, it seemed, monsters. Monsters for the kitchen and dining room. Monsters for farm work, baseball, and the evening jinks. Day monsters and night monsters.

"Are you a monster?" Rosa asked numbly.

"Me? I ain't no monster!" said Sadie, firing up, and then she giggled. "Gee, kid, you're green! I said monitors. You gotta lot to learn!"

She showed Rosa to her allotted bedroom. All her own. Nobody could come in without knocking. No bars on the window. The room must be kept clean, but she could fix it up any way she liked. It was her home. While Rosa was on probation, Sadie as her monitor would walk with her to and from classes and work.

"Lissen, Rosy! All you gotta do is behave yourself. Some girls has mean tempers that gits 'em into trouble. But the monsters," she giggled, "try to handle 'em 'thout callin' Dr. Ross. We got self-gov'ment."

"Do you put 'em in cages?" Rosa asked fearfully.

"Cages!" snorted Sadie. "Think we're monkeys? Sometimes we put 'em in the think room." Then, at Rosa's blank stare, "Why, it was the room you was in, kid! Quarantine. Gee, you gotta lot to learn!" A gong sounded. "C'm'on," said Sadie. "Eats! Cafeteria at noon. Stand in line."

She hustled Rosa down to the big kitchen, introducing her right and left. "Rosy, the new girl. Gee, she's green! Thinks we live in cages. I'm her monster. Bet she thinks I keep a great big green garter snake under my bed to chase her at night. You c'n look under my bed, kid. Ain't even any house moss there."

Rosa smiled faintly. She believed Sadie. Momma Truska had lied.

Her memory of those first weeks was a series of vivid pictures strung against a background of fresh spring sky and billowy clouds: a litter of squealing little pigs at the fat old sow's breast; the walks to work with Sadie; her astonishment at discovering that her monitor in the beginning had been "tough" and three times a runaway; the baseball at the end of the day; the community sings; and at night her room and the mountain framed by the window, big, shadowy, sometimes capped with clouds.

Etched vividly on her mind was her first party at Dr. Ross's home. Walking over with her to the superintendent's house, Sadie had discoursed on the manners suitable to such a social occasion. There would be eats: lemonade, cake, cookies, hot chocolate. Rosy mustn't be a hawg. Two lemonades, two pieces of cake or cookies, one cup of chocolate. After that, a polite "No, thank you!" She must smile when spoken to and answer something back.

Rosa felt depressed. But the first part of the evening passed off harmoniously. It was later she disgraced herself. Dr. Ross had put on a Galli-Curci record. And when that voice floated out, a strange, inexplicable pain seized Rosa, a thrill and a hurt which closed up her throat and smarted her eyes.

Then Dr. Ross said, "Here's something quite different. One of my favorites. A Negro spiritual. It's an old slave song. Listen to the low boom-boom of the jungle drums."

And Rosa heard in full chorus, throbbing and plaintive:

"Swing low, sweet chariot, comin' fo' to carry me home!
Oh, swing low, sweet chariot, comin' fo' to carry me home!
(*Boom-boom!*)

The strange grief which rocked her, as the chant swelled and softened to the beat of far-off drums, suddenly tore from her throat in a loud, convulsive sob.

Every one stared. Rosa put up her hands to her face to hide the spurting tears. Sadie bustled over.

"Wha's the matter?" she breathed in a fierce undertone. "Ain't you got no manners? Is it stummick-ache?"

Dr. Ross said, "Start your singing, girls. Miss Matthews will play for you."

She led Rosa to a small glass-enclosed breakfast room and motioned her to a chair. "Was it the song?"

Rosa nodded. "It hurt—right here." She placed a fingertip on her chest at the exact seat of the strange shimmery pang.

"I know. That's how it makes me feel too." She hummed the refrain, thumping softly on the table to give the tom-tom beat.

"Sing it with me," she suggested, and Rosa tremulously joined in.

"Now try it again, by yourself."

"I gotta stand up," said Rosa.

Dr. Ross nodded; she was not a famous penologist for nothing, and she knew that gold is discovered in drab ore. Rosa stood up, her lithe body dipping and rocking to the rhythmic chant, and sang:

"Swing low, sweet chariot, comin' fo' to carry me home!
Oh, swing low, sweet chariot, comin' fo' to carry me home!
Mm-mm. Mm-mm. Comin' fo' to carry me home!"

"It's like I got honeybees inside!" she said.

Dr. Ross nodded again. "Now come along and sing with the other girls."

They joined the group, Rosa lifting up her voice with the rest. Miss Matthews, the musical director, listened, glanced across to Dr. Ross, who nodded imperceptibly. After the party was over she spoke to the superintendent.

"That girl has a remarkable voice. I'm going to try her out for the Captain in Pinafore."

"Go slow," advised Dr. Ross. "And, for heaven's sake, don't let her know she has a voice. She takes to it naturally as a bird, and I don't want her spoiled."

SHORTLY afterward, Rosa joined the community chorus, and each night before going to bed, standing in her white cotton nightgown, swaying and dipping, she sang softly, Swing Low, Sweet Chariot, and as she sang she could see Dr. Ross's face, the faintly smiling mouth, the attentive, listening eyes. It made her feel warm and crinkly inside and chased Momma Truska away.

One evening at supper Sadie said briskly:

"Now, Rosy, you been 'lected a citizen, and you gotta come to meetin' an' vote. There's a mean case up this week, an' we don't want to lower our record by callin' Dr. Ross. Yesterday Sue got into a row with Lucy in the kitchen, an' Sue went after her with the meat hatchet. She's been up in her room, coolin' off. She's sorry, but that don't cut no ice. We gotta decide what's fair, an' vote."

So Rosa sat in at the meeting of councilors and citizens in the dining room, with Sadie chairman, while Mrs. Lane sat placidly knitting, and various minor cases of misconduct came up and justice was meted out. The chairman herself was docked several recreation hours for profanity.

When the meeting adjourned, Rosa was feeling good. She began to make soft little squealing noises, like baby pigs fighting for their milk.

"Mercy!" cried Mrs. Lane. "Where's that pig?"

The girls laughed and crowded around Rosa, who did a hen laying an egg, the frightened ba-a-a of a lamb, the loud mournful moo of a distraught cow for her calf which had gone to the butcher. Rosy was a circus. She could make any sound she heard. Afterward, Dr. Ross and Miss Matthews came in, for it was stunt night, and Rosa repeated her imitations by request. At the close of the evening Miss Matthews asked her to take the role of the Captain in Pinafore. It was a red-letter day, with the imitations and Pinafore all tied up together in her mind.

ONE morning, some weeks later, Dr. Ross, seated at her desk in the small office in which she talked to the new girls, heard a light knock, called, "Come in!" and Rosa stood timorously in the doorway, breathing fast. The girl was unrecognizable as the sullen waif who had stood in that room eleven months before; her cheeks were healthily tanned, eyes sparkling, and she stepped lightly as if to invisible music.

"Could I use the blackboard?" Dr. Ross nodded. Rosa carefully cleaned the board and took the chalk.

At the top she wrote, "Rosa Truska," and underneath, the word "Sing." Then she looked at the superintendent, lips parted, half-startled at her own daring, a question in the dark eyes.

"That's right," said Dr. Ross easily. "And I could put something else!" She rose, took the chalk and wrote, "Pig."

Rosa's large mobile mouth curled up in a smile, and she giggled softly to herself throughout the day. She felt crinkly and warm.

Then the blow fell.

Pinafore was such a success, with an audience including state officials, that it was repeated by request, and was written up, with special mention of the performance of the Captain, in the Bugle, the morning newspaper in Rosa's home town. Poppa Truska saw it and read it aloud to Momma Truska.

He forbore to mention that his first wife, Rosa's mother, who died shortly after coming to this country, used to sing about the house; Momma Truska was excitable and Poppa was a firm believer in letting sleeping dogs lie.

When he read the piece aloud, Momma Truska stared at him fixedly for a space. Behind that calculating stare an idea was slowly forming in the shrewd mind. So Rosy, the jailbird, had a voice! And there was money in singing. Cafés, night clubs, saloons. Right down the street was Chez Mike, an all-night joint frequently raided by the police, with hoop-la girls and a dance floor. Those girls got high pay. And Rosy, a gold mine to be exploited, was a dead loss in jail. Momma began to feel righteously defrauded by the state. They'd get her back!

She broached her plan to Poppa Truska, who agreed; a lawyer was hired, and in due legal form, Poppa Truska, Momma Truska, with a borrowed baby to lend family atmosphere, and the lawyer appeared before the chancellor, who stood *in loco parentis* to the wards of the state. The situation was explained. It was Rosy's first offense, and she was needed at home to help her momma, who sobbed realistically, clasping the baby to her breast. The chancellor, a family man himself, was impressed and the girl was pardoned.

At the farm, Rosa did not know these details, but only that it had been officially decreed that she was to return to Momma Truska, who had written that she would meet her at the station at an appointed day and hour.

The blackness lay very thick about the girl as she glanced about the room to see that everything was neat and in order. Her suitcase, with the underwear she had made in the sewing class, stood packed by the door. The good-bys had been said. Dr. Ross, absent on a lecture engagement, she would not see again, but she had written the superintendent a brief note of farewell. Sadie, deeply concerned over her friend's inarticulate despair, had been granted permission to sleep with her the last night.

"Lissen, kid," she said. "I'm gonna write you all about the pigs an' baseball, an' you write back what goes on. You told me this Truska—Oh, gee!" she clapped a hand across the offending mouth. "Well, you told me she ain't your own real maw, an' you don't have to take nothin' off her. If she beans you, jus' beat it right out into the street an' holler your head off for a cop. That's what they're for."

But Rosa knew Momma Truska was smarter than a cop. She was smarter than Poppa Truska, or the judge. She was smarter than anybody but Dr. Ross.

THE journey on the train was uneventful. She ate the sandwiches prepared by Sadie and stared numbly out at the racing landscape. At the station, Momma Truska, on watch at the gates, did not immediately recognize the tall slim girl in the stylish little hat and veil which the milliner had tossed together as a parting gift; and Rosa had a blind panicky impulse to flee from those agate-hard searching eyes.

Then Momma Truska laid a heavy hand on her shoulder. "Why, Rosy! You've growed!"

She stared the trim figure up and down with rising satisfaction. The girl looked eighteen. On the way home in the trolley car she asked pointed questions about the singing, and at home she unfolded her plan. Rosy would start work at Mike's as a waitress until they tried out her voice and learned her some hot songs. Then momma demanded that Rosy sing the Captain piece which had got her name into the newspaper.

Rosa tried, but her throat closed up and there issued only a hoarse croak. Sharp knives were cutting her inside; they slashed the music; and Dr. Ross, the mountain, even Sadie's grin vanished, and only the agate-hard eyes boring into her remained.

The still, white face began to irk Momma Truska, who had never been in a think room, and when Poppa Truska came home, a swollen red welt lay across Rosa's cheekbone; and momma explained that she wasn't going to have no stinking jailbird putting on the proud face, and that was gratitude for you! Hadn't they got her out of jail? Hadn't they paid seventy-five dollars to that lawyer so she could be at home? Hadn't they found her a job? Poppa Truska privately regretted the incident, but he told Rosy to mind her momma and everything would go all right. It was a precept he practiced himself.

ELIZABETH FRAZER

sold stories and verse while still in college. Her first real job was war correspondent for a national magazine during the World War. She has written one novel, movie scenarios, short stories and articles. Born in California, she now lives in New York City.

That night, in her frowzy airless room, Rosa shut her eyes tight, and again she saw Dr. Ross, the steady blue eyes and the lips faintly smiling; she saw her room, her mountain; and she sang softly under her breath:

"Swing low, sweet chariot, comin' fo'
to carry me home!
Mm-mm. Comin' fo' to carry me
home!"

It was a prayer.

And then she made her plan. The first two days she waited on table at Mike's quietly and efficiently, getting the hang of things. On the third day she stole. She stole clumsily, so she would be observed and caught, so she would be sent back. She stole a roll of bills from a customer, who raised an uproar and a cop was called. Once more she was in the clutches of the law, a second offender, and after due legal process and admonishments, she was shipped back to the farm. Momma Truska, disgusted at such clumsiness, washed her hands of the affair. She remarked to poppa that the kid didn't have no voice anyhow. It was all a plant.

AT the farm, in the same office in which she had stood a year before, intractable and sullen, Rosa told her story; and this time she told it all. Dr. Ross listened, her eyes a deep glowing blue. Rosa had never seen them so deep before. They burned like fire.

But she only said, "Well, we'll rub it out and start again." She cleaned the blackboard, and at the top she wrote, "Rosa Truska."

"Now," she asked, "do you want to put something below?"

Rosa took the chalk and wrote, "Sing." But she wrote hesitantly, and her dark questioning gaze was troubled and afraid.

Dr. Ross answered the look. "They won't get you back," she promised, with the deep light in her eyes. "Never!"

And when Dr. Ross said a thing, Rosa knew it was so.

THE concert was all but over. The great lyric singer with the glorious voice which had held audiences spellbound in New York, London, Paris, and Rome, crowned heads, newsboys, and obscure waifs in institutions, was taking her bow before tumultuous applause. One of the numbers on her program was a gay farmyard fantasia in which pigs, chickens, horses, cows, and sheep held a convention; it made the eternal child hidden in every oldster's heart laugh with delight. And there was another number which the great diva sang invariably at every concert.

Asked by the press, which scented a romance, why this particular melody was held in such high esteem, she had replied simply, "It's a favorite of mine. The favorite also of a friend."

But she had not sung it today. As she stood before them, a tall slender figure in white, the audience shouted, "Encore! Encore! Swing Low!"

She nodded, and they settled back in their seats. Clasped in her hands was a telegram. She was pale.

The piano accompaniment began, plaintive and wild, with a faint far-off beat of jungle drums. The tall slim figure in white swayed in unison with the chant:

"Swing low, sweet chariot, comin' fo'
to carry me home!
Oh, swing low, sweet chariot, comin'
fo' to carry me home!"

The golden throbbing voice rang out, wistful and poignant, clutching the heart.

And once more she saw the mountain; she saw the blackboard, with "Rosa Truska" written at the top, and underneath, "Sing." She saw Dr. Ross, the faintly smiling mouth, the blue eyes with the deep light in them, the light that she would never see again.

The telegram twisted in her hands but the matchless voice rolled on, triumphant in beauty and in pain:

"I look oveh Jordan an' what do I see,
comin' fo' to carry me home?
A band of angels comin' afteh me, comin' fo' to carry me home!

"Oh, swing low, sweet chariot, comin'
fo' to carry *you* home!
Mm-mm. Mm-mm. Comin' fo' to carry
you ho-o-me!"

THE END

The ups and downs—mostly downs—that have marked the career of Laurence Olivier, new screen idol, through

32 years' BAD LUCK

BY HOWARD SHARPE

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

THERE'S a theory, held by some, that if you break all the rules, stick your neck out, evince disdain where awe is expected (and if you do all this with insouciance), you will gain respect and an income adjusted to the upkeep of expensive cars.

Laurence Olivier has tried this theory recently. He has had to, since all other efforts he ever made and all other theories he held failed him miserably over a period of ten or fifteen years. Unfortunately for those who pointed the righteous finger at him and said, "This is madness," he now has more respect than he knows what to do with, and he can afford the expensive cars. Furthermore, he is Manhattan's matinee idol, the whitest of Sam Goldwyn's hopes, and is more or less engaged to Scarlett O'Hara. If you can ask for anything better—

What the means he has used to these fine ends have done to his personality is another matter. His bitter viewpoints, his defeatist complex were forced on him, though. That must be said in all fairness. His decade or so of bad luck reached its climax six years ago in Hollywood, and that decided him. You see, he was imported to that town to play Greta Garbo's lover in Queen Christina, and after one or two scenes had been shot they kicked Mr. Olivier out, putting John Gilbert in his place. At Garbo's insistence.

Laurence Olivier can say now, as he said to me, "It was because I stank." And he had the satisfaction of knowing the film was a flop.

But it didn't help any at the time. He retired in ignominy, muttering with rage. He made himself a solemn promise never to fall into such a situation again.

He was older, more detached, and possessed of a better cynicism when Sam Goldwyn's offer came last year. Would he take another shot at Hollywood and play Heathcliff in Wuthering Heights?

Well, with all his soul Larry still hated the place. And he'd taken an awful beating from pictures, in both England and the United States. But he lusted after the role of Heathcliff; and Sam offered a lot of money.

What was left of Larry's optimism, blunted by bad breaks and his assumed indifference, would not allow him to think that this might be the turning point in his career at last. There was another thing to consider: He was in love, and the trip would mean separation. Larry talked the matter over with the woman in the case, a beautiful little creature named Mrs. Leigh Holman, whose marriage appears to have failed before he met her. She was a pretty good actress in her own right, having had assisting roles in several English pictures and one menace part in an American film made abroad. The stage liked her, too.

Whatever the outcome of that conversation, Olivier decided to try once more to show Hollywood how good he was. He was already on the Pacific Coast, working, when Mrs. Holman discovered she had a few weeks free and decided to take her vacation in America. She had never been to the States.

For a few days after her arrival Olivier showed her the town. Then Mrs. Holman met Myron Selznick, Producer David O. Selznick's agent brother. And Myron asked the young lady if she would like to watch a Hollywood spectacle. This would be the burning of Atlanta on David's back lot for Gone with the Wind. It sounded like fun, and she accepted.

She stood that night and watched the flames leap high, hardly hearing the unidentified man who said, above all the noise and confusion, "There's Scarlett O'Hara!"

However, she was finally aware that David Selznick stood staring at her with what amounted to rudeness. He said, "I believe the guy's right. . . ."

And it was so.

THUS the setup in which Olivier was embroiled while the Goldwyn cameras recorded what might be just another failure or the rise to fame and fortune of a fine actor. It was not a pleasant situation. His girl friend was now in the brightest of spotlights as Scarlett-select. His self-respect demanded that he succeed, since Mrs. Holman was set for stardom by the nature of her casting and by the very talent she possessed.

The suspense of Wuthering Heights, the neuroses of Heathcliff were as nothing to what was happening to Larry at this time, nor to what he felt.

This was, in every sense, climax for him. . . .

Olivier, after some fourteen years of drama, is an actor in the fine old tradition. He is a wiry five-foot-ten-inch man with menacing eyes and a virile, rather diabolical expression. He is handsome only in certain lights, but you are necessarily aware of him during every minute you spend in his company. He catches your eye with Shakespearean gestures, with posing. Even when he tells you the details of his thirty-two years of existence, he throws a generous amount of stage presence and elocution into the recital.

You learn that on May 22, 1907, he was born to the Rev. Gerard Olivier, an obscure country parson, and his wife Agnes, in Dorking, Surrey, England. They sent him to the best public schools until he was seventeen, whereupon the boy declared a passion for the theater. Contrary to the usual melodramatic attitude of clergymen toward the stage, Larry's father thought this was an excellent idea and fervently blessed his enterprise.

Gerard Olivier felt that since his son had acted throughout childhood and early youth anyway—Larry was not a very simple child—the boy might as well make a living out of it. This he did, although not a big or a sure one.

At nine he had been one of the choirboys at All Saints' School in Margaret Street, Dorking, where a gentleman named Geoffrey Heald put on very good plays. Larry went to St. Edward's at Oxford and later to the Central School of Dramatic Art. He was introduced to Elsie Fogerty there, and she gave him a job understudying most of the male roles in her company. He worked his head off and studied hard.

He played a lot of Shakespeare, beginning with the role of Katharine in a boys' production of The Taming of the Shrew, and progressed to male leads in Henry VIII, Hamlet, Romeo and Juliet, and sundry other of the Bard's classics. Then he was cast as Captain Stanhope in a new play called Journey's End, which, to every one's surprise, was a great hit; and that was one small bright spot in a lengthy career of ups and downs—mostly downs, since his personal star seemed perpetually in the descendant. Beau Geste on the London stage, in which he was the lead, failed; he made a picture in Berlin with Lilian Harvey; he made Westward Passage with Ann Harding, and that film of unhappy memory, Perfect Understanding, which was simply dismal.

In England he tried producing, failed at that, and then teamed with John Gielgud in Romeo and Juliet. The critics praised Gielgud and roasted Olivier.

A few of the roles he played have particular importance now. One was a part in Bird in Hand, because Jill Esmond was in the play too.

Bird in Hand moved to New York

and now—

and Jill went with the show, leaving Larry behind. After a while—after several London plays and more bad luck—he discovered he couldn't forget this woman, that he was genuinely in love with her. He sailed forthwith to New York to be with her, and incidentally played in Murder on the Second Floor, which lasted two weeks. The American interlude, aided by all the excitement of Manhattan in 1929, was romantic and rather magnificent. Larry and Jill were married the next year, fashionably.

Noel Coward offered them roles in Private Lives. Olivier was miscast as the "other man," but the show was so successful it saved his career from complete oblivion anyway. He tried pictures again, perhaps because Jill had signed a Hollywood contract, and again nothing much happened. One of the films was Fire Over England. A member of the cast was Mrs. Leigh Holman.

Larry Olivier's inferiority complex by this time was a thing to behold. He knew he was a sincere, hard-working actor; and, with the years gaining the momentum in passing that comes with the thirties, he was still missing, so far as great money or fame was concerned.

Furthermore, he couldn't even make his private affairs jell properly. He was in no mood, when he met Mrs. Holman, to cotton any further to the mores of a world which he felt had treated him so shabbily.

The British attitude toward a friendship between two people (each of whom is married) is not the attitude of America. America retains the critical viewpoint so far as the neighbors-down-the-street are concerned, but, according to surveys, it admits of a different standard for its popular favorites.

And it is in America that Olivier and Mrs. Holman, now known to all and sundry as the Vivien Leigh who is playing Scarlett O'Hara, apparently have worked out their personal problems. The columnists say Olivier and Vivien are going to get married, that Olivier and Jill Esmond either are or soon will be divorced.

In Hollywood the publicity departments believe the public does not want its screen favorites to marry. Whether or not the publicity departments are right, Olivier will do as he likes. He doesn't give a damn.

Speaking frankly, he doesn't give a damn for anything much except being a really great actor, living the abundant life, and Vivien Leigh.

He can afford to be at least indifferent to Hollywood and the industry.

He cares only for acting, living the abundant life—and Scarlett O'Hara.

That indifference has gained him everything big that has come his way. So long as he tried too hard, the films had him for buttons and kicked him around. Still, if he accepts a role, he'll give it everything he's got, because his work is a consuming passion with him and he takes every scene as seriously as if his career depended on it alone.

He'll make more pictures because, as he says, they pay well, and he'll work on the stage because that's his real job, his life. "The stage," says Larry, "is the actor's show; the screen belongs to the director. If he is good, so are the actors. If he's bad—heaven help them!" When Olivier lives in Hollywood, it probably will be in the manner of a transient. Now that he's over his tantrum with the place he can admit that a person of strength may work out a decent existence there; that it offers the opportunity for almost any kind of life if you're smart enough to find it.

He is a fiend for gardening and likes to mow lawns. He also likes to play the piano and sing. It will be modern music, which he prefers. He has a small movie camera and uses it, on the set and elsewhere. Olivier goes for beautiful cars, too, especially fast ones, and he plays tennis, swims and dives with a mediocrity of form that is rebutted by his brilliance as an actor.

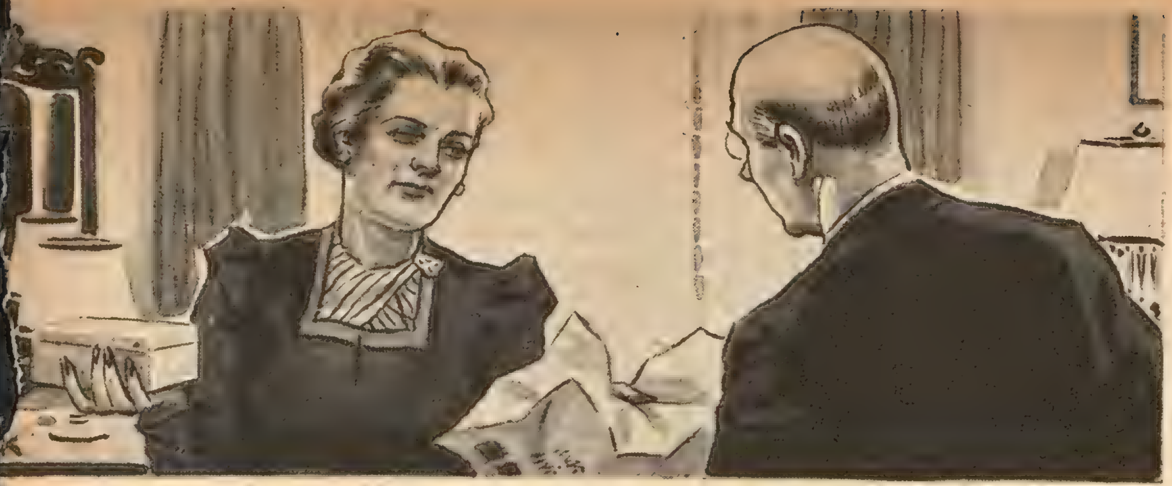
Just now Olivier is the most interesting character in the entertainment world to watch, because, after thirty-two years of rotten luck, he's suddenly had everything he ever wanted tossed in his lap.

He faces important dangers. Vivien Leigh, according to advance reports, is magnificent as Scarlett. If the reports are true Vivien will qualify as the newest big-time Hollywood star. She's still under contract to make pictures in England occasionally, but a great deal of her time will be spent on the Pacific Coast. Goldwyn wants as much of Olivier as he can get just now.

Olivier wants the stage, in New York and England. He wants to be with Vivien, too. His schedule can be elastic now, but hers can't. A signature on a dotted line says it can't.

Perhaps that signature says as well to Laurence Olivier, "You can't have everything," just when it begins to look as if he might.

THE END



THE WEIGHT OF EVIDENCE

Liberty's Short Short

BY GEORGES SURDEZ

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

THE events leading up to the tragedy had been gravely re-enacted, in accordance with the pro-ision of French law that a crime be eviewed at its scene in the presence f those implicated before being taken o court. The atmosphere was somber, he expressions of magistrate, wit-esses, widower, and accused gloomy. A large foppishly dressed moon-faced nan sat at the back of the room. He vas Joseph Chandor, private investigator. A smile had not left his face hroughout the retelling of the story.

A week ago a package addressed to nadame came in the second mail. It vas marked "Personal." Apparently mbarrassed by her husband's loud emand, in the hearing of the butler, hat she open it immediately, Mme. uberlain took it upstairs to her oudoir. Auberlain followed, insisting that she open it. Madame did so. eeing no wastebasket near by, she ave the wrapping paper to her husband to dispose of. It left revealed a lain wooden box.

"I insist that you open it now!" uberlain said again.

Pulling back the hinged lid, she iscovered, so Auberlain recounted, a ewel case. Just then the butler nocked. He had heard Auberlain's vords as he came up to announce the rrival of a regular Wednesday uncheon guest, the manager of a actory owned by madame. Auberlain walked to the door, but turned ack to whisper something in his vife's ear. He then went downstairs.

A few minutes later an explosion hook the house. The boudoir was evastated.

Fortunately Auberlain had stuffed he wrapping paper into a wastebasket downstairs. The police discovered it. The handwriting was dentified as that of Armand Dalbier, he dead woman's nephew.

Dalbier was his aunt's heir, for Auberlain was her second husband. A few days before the crime the young man had had an argument with her. He wished to marry his pretty secretary in the factory office. Mme. Auberlain objected, declaring the girl below his social station. She threatened to disinherit him. He had left her in high temper.

All this Dalbier admitted. He could not forsake the girl he loved, he said, and so, sorrowfully, he had gathered various trinkets his aunt had given him, put them in the jewel case, and wrapped and addressed it, intending to mail it to her as a token of his decision.

The police laughed at this story.

"I think that is all, gentlemen," Magistrate Boncourt said, "except for one more detail. M. Chandor, a private investigator retained by the accused's fiancée, has asked my permission to speak for a few minutes."

The moon-faced man at the back of the room rose. He touched his cuffs, stroked his brilliant tie.

"Thank you, *monsieur le juge d'instruction*," he said sonorously. "I am delighted to inform you that, with no effort to speak of, I have found the one error that betrays the murderer.

"Dalbier's desk in the glove factory is in clear view of Auberlain's office. Dalbier has told us he addressed the package and put it in his drawer, intending to mail it the next day. The next day it was missing.

"Auberlain needed money for gambling debts. He would not come into a large sum until his wife died, even if she did disinherit Dalbier. Auberlain took Dalbier's package and filled the case with explosives after removing the trinkets."

"And, knowing that it contained explosives, urged his wife to open it in his presence!" the magistrate snorted. "Ridiculous, Chandor!"

"But wait. The package madame received was empty. Auberlain put the deadly case in a drawer of madame's desk. He has told us that he saw the package was marked 'Personal' and that he was suspicious that his wife had an admirer. Really, he wished the butler to hear him. Madame goes to her boudoir. She takes off the paper and gives it to him, for he has removed the wastebasket deliberately. The butler announces the manager's arrival. The manager always arrived promptly on Wednesdays. Auberlain, apparently unwilling to leave, turns and whispers in madame's ear. 'I had forgotten,' he says, 'but the day after your quarrel with him, Dalbier gave me a case to give to you. I put it in your desk. Dalbier said it was important.' Then he leaves the boudoir. Madame goes to the desk. She takes out the case, opens it, and dies. Look at the photograph the police took of her boudoir. A drawer in her desk, though smashed, is plainly open."

M. Auberlain started up, his face flushed. "Where is the proof?" he shouted. "The proof, fool!"

Chandor stooped and took a package from beside him. "This," he said, "is exactly similar to the one Mme. Auberlain received, except that it is not empty. A metal firing trigger was found in her boudoir; I duplicated it. Also in my package is a jar of liquid to represent the explosives that killed her. I studied the photograph the police took of the wrapping paper. This is an exact reproduction, stamps and all. Will the postman who delivered the original package step up?"

The man rose and gingerly approached Chandor.

"Take the package in your hands. Don't be afraid. Tell us, please, does anything peculiar strike you?"

"It's got two francs in stamps on it. It wouldn't get through the mail. This weight would take ten francs."

Chandor's moon face was beaming. "M. Auberlain," he said, "my thanks. You have restored Dalbier to his beautiful and trusting fiancée and earned me a modest commission. *Monsieur le juge*, I think that is all."

THE END

On the Air!

Fulton Oursler, Editor in Chief of Liberty, speaks every Tuesday at 9.30 P. M., Eastern Daylight Saving Time, over most stations of the NBC Blue Network, coast to coast.

Mr. Oursler's subjects are selected with a view to their timeliness and importance in a rapidly changing world.

A Short Short broadcast for liberals with common sense! Be sure to

TUNE IN!

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1939; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

RASPUTIN'S Watch

From the Czar on to every new owner its chimes tolled death

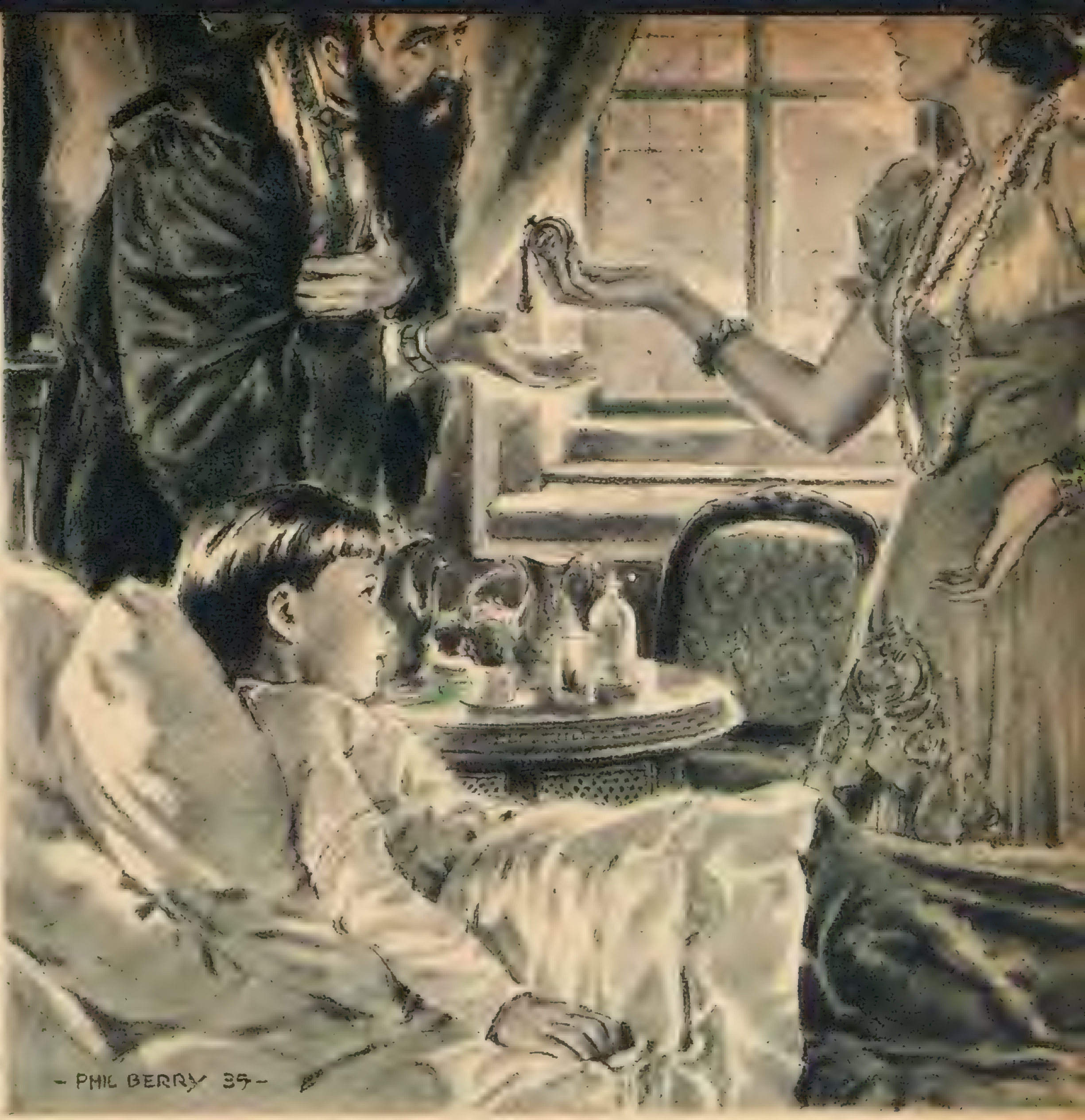
by

GEORGE ZIMMER

As Told to

FRED ALLHOFF

ILLUSTRATION BY PHIL BERRY



" He had become fascinated by the watch. She presented him with it."

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

WE were talking shop in a Broadway night club. Sam Peterson had twenty years of Secret Service and Intelligence work behind him and had worked every civilized country on earth.

I'd been in most of them myself, during and after the World War, for Naval Intelligence.

We had been swapping reminiscences of women spies. Peterson caught my eye and nodded at a girl in the floor show, a beautiful youngster with coal-black hair.

" That girl," he said, " is a ringer for Marie Clifton. . . . But, of course, Marie Clifton is dead. She died years ago in a Chicago hospital."

" Spy? " I asked.

" Wife of a spy—presumably an English agent. . . . It was my friendship that sent her to her death. . . . Perhaps some day I'll tell you the whole experience. It's a rather incredible thing. It lasted for three years, at the end of which I found myself in Mexico City talking with Leopold Wassermann, who had Rasputin's repeater watch."

" Was that, by any chance," I inquired, " a watch originally owned by Czar Nicholas, a jeweled—"

" Yes. Rasputin got it for supposedly curing the Czarevitch of hemophilia. So you've heard of it? "

Heard of it! For nearly twenty years I'd been trying to locate some one who actually had seen it. How had Wassermann, former high German Secret Service agent in Russia during the World War—and now dead—come into possession of it?

" Wassermann," Peterson explained, " was Germany's pay-off man in St. Petersburg for Russian informers who sold secrets of their own country. He paid Rasputin two million gold rubles for services rendered. It was in appreciation of that payment that Rasputin gave him the watch."

He shrugged. " So that's the history of the Czar's watch—a 'lost' watch that today is worth not less than one hundred thousand dollars. Rasputin obtained it from the Czar; Wassermann obtained it from Rasputin, and . . ."

He grinned at me.

" And I obtained it from Wassermann. Shall we go? "

MY interest in the Czar's—or Rasputin's—watch dated back to shortly after the armistice. As a special agent of Naval Intelligence, I was stationed in Constantinople at the time. Into Stambul, across the Golden Horn, were flowing Russia's nobility. With them they smuggled in the rare and costly jeweled heirlooms of their happier past. One night I went there with a Turkish guide. In the upper story of an old wooden house we found a party of Russian refugees. I heard a voice say in English, " An American."

The speaker proved to be a jeweler who had fled from St. Petersburg. He had been a close friend of one of the jewelers assigned to the court of the murdered Czar.

At that time the royal jewels of the Czar's family were an intriguing mystery. He could shed little light upon their whereabouts. But had I heard of the Czar's watch? His friend, the court jeweler, had worked on it.

" It is a chronometer watch," he explained, " and a repeater. One presses a secret lever and delicate chimes strike the hours and minutes.

" The front of the gold case bears the eagle, national emblem of imperial Russia, inlaid with eighteen different shades of enamel. Rubies, sapphires, emeralds, and diamonds—eighty-five in all—stud the front. On the back are eight large diamonds enclosing a Russian Orthodox cross made of the hair of Queen Victoria. The gold and enamel inlay is a masterpiece of the jeweler's craft."

A month later, in Volosovo, seventy-five miles out of St. Petersburg, three former Secret Service agents of the Czar told me of this watch. Throughout all Russia I began to inquire about it. I drew blanks. Very few persons knew—or seemed willing to believe—that such a watch existed. But in Warsaw, a former agent of the Czar gave me a further clue:

" As you know, the young Czarevitch twice was near death from bleeding. Each time Rasputin prayed with the child; each time he recovered.

"The Czarina was tremendously impressed with Rasputin's mystic curative powers. Later we found that he had smuggled into the boy's tea a drug that tends to cause blood to coagulate.

"No matter. The Czarina felt overwhelmingly indebted to the shrewd Rasputin. He had become fascinated by the chiming watch. She insisted upon presenting him with it.

"The Czar was furious. I was with him in a room in the palace at the time. Of all his costly baubles, I believe he most treasured that watch.

"One of your ingenious Americans had given it to him—an agent for an American oil company seeking concessions in Russia. The Czar had an unfortunate habit of consulting his watch every few minutes when he was bored. At solemn national functions, this habit became particularly embarrassing. Yet he continued, unconsciously, to do it.

"The American had seen, at an exposition in Milan, Italy, a chiming watch made by a Swiss watch company. It was a costly thing in a plain solid-gold case. He bought it, presented it to the Czar.

"The Czar was as delighted as a child. At the most formal ceremonies he could now slide a finger inside his uniform, push the lever, and hear the chimes that told him the hour. He had his court jewelers make an amazing jewel-studded new case for it."

"Was it found on Rasputin's body after his murder?"

"No. What became of it, no one seems to know. I have heard nothing more of it to this day."

Where was it? Nowhere in Europe could I find any one else who had even heard of it. Later I returned to America. The years passed. I inaugurated the K-7 programs of Secret Service stories on the radio. Many a secret agent, retired or still in active service, wrote to me, and some of them would look me up when they came to New York. Yet even these contacts brought no new light on the Czar's watch.

A few summers ago Maria Rasputin, daughter of the monk, was touring America with Hagenbeck-Wallace's Circus as an animal trainer.

I picked up the circus in New Jersey, and toured with it for seven days, ostensibly as a newspaper writer. It was useless. She had never seen the watch or heard of it.

And then came the night in a Broadway night club when Sam Peterson casually mentioned that he had it!

IT was months before I got the whole fascinating story from him. One midnight, I invited him to supper in my rooms in the Hotel Roosevelt. He came, and over the coffee cups he suddenly loosened up.

He told me that during the World War, while doing undercover work in Chicago, he had become acquainted with Charles Clifton, an Englishman of about forty, ostensibly a consulting engineer in the laboratories of a public-utility company.

"Eventually," he said, "I was asked to visit his apartment. I met his wife, Marie. She was a beautiful creature—twenty-eight and looked twenty. They had a child named Dorothy. I became quite fond of both of them. Just a friend, a close friend. Marie Clifton was too deeply in love with her husband for it ever to have meant anything more than that."

Peterson sensed that something was worrying Marie Clifton. He asked her bluntly, one day in the Cliftons' apartment, what was wrong, and she gave him her confidence.

For nearly two years—because her husband had forced her to take an oath not to correspond with them—she had heard nothing from her parents in Ireland.

"Then why not," Peterson suggested, "let me write them for you?"

She accepted eagerly, and told him where to find writing paper in a desk drawer; she was busy with the child. He pulled the drawer out too far and it fell to the floor. He began to pick up the scattered papers and his keen eyes widened—for among them were blueprints, maps, and diagrams representing the strategic spots where attack would cripple the city of Chicago.

Charles Clifton was a spy!

I PRETENDED," Peterson told me, "to have no idea of what those papers signified. But Marie was horribly shaken. She said her husband would be insane if he found out what had happened; that they represented jealously guarded inventions.

"I apologized and suggested that she say nothing to him about it.

"Marie Clifton was too honest a person to be the wife of a spy. That night she told him. And that night the doorbell of my apartment rang. I stayed in a dark bedroom while my mother, to whom I had given instructions, went to the door. Clifton came plunging in, pulling his wife after him. Through the partially opened bedroom door I watched him. He demanded to know where I was; whether I had been at his home that afternoon. My mother said I had not. I had a gun out and ready by this time, for her answer seemed to infuriate him.

"He actually picked up a chair to strike her, and my finger was tightening on the trigger when Marie threw her arms around him and pleaded with him.

"She got him home somehow, and I learned later what happened there. All the rest of the night Clifton berated her. At last, unable to stand more of it, she rushed into a clothes closet, locked herself in, and swallowed bichloride of mercury tablets. Twelve days later, in a hospital, she died."

Peterson poured himself some Scotch.

"Clifton turned to me, his only close friend, when she was gone. He brought me a tin container—an ordinary molasses can—on the day of her death. Its top was sealed. He told me he was leaving the city and asked that I forward the can to him at an address he would send later.

"The next day we went to the hospital morgue. He wanted to see the body of his wife and make preparations for her burial. As an attendant uncovered her face, I heard him gasp, 'I'm going, too.' I wheeled around and saw him with a small bottle against his lips. I hit his arm. But I was too late. Prussic acid!

"My mother and I took care of the child until we finally placed her with relatives in the Middle West. Meanwhile I had a look into the contents of the tin container. The usual things. Plans, blueprints, addresses, code books, and letters, in double cipher.

"Decoding the letters, I learned that Clifton presumably had been a British Admiralty agent. There were a lot of letters that he had received from Leopold Wassermann, high German Secret Service agent, and copies of letters he'd sent in reply. The two had swapped important information. That had built up their reputations at H. Q.

"Wassermann's address was there. I began to correspond with him. In the summer of 1919 he wrote me that he was going back into Russia. Later he wrote that he had got out and returned to Germany, but was now going to Mexico. Early in 1923 I heard from him again. Self-exiled and in poor health, he needed funds. He wrote of a valuable watch he had obtained and wished to know if I cared to purchase it. I arranged to meet him at the International Jockey Club in Mexico City.

WASSERMANN, when I met him, was a dying man. He showed me records belonging to Rasputin that he had brought out of Russia. It had been the watch, given him by Rasputin, that had enabled him to escape from Russia. By means of it he had followed a creeping barrage across the border, timing the progress of the barrage in the darkness.

"When he sold me the watch, it was with the stipulation that I was not to announce my ownership of it until 1943."

I told Peterson of my own long search for that watch, and asked if I might see it some time. He smiled, reached into his coat pocket, and handed me a small leather case. There before me was the watch of Czar Nicholas II, exactly as it had been described, and incredibly beautiful.

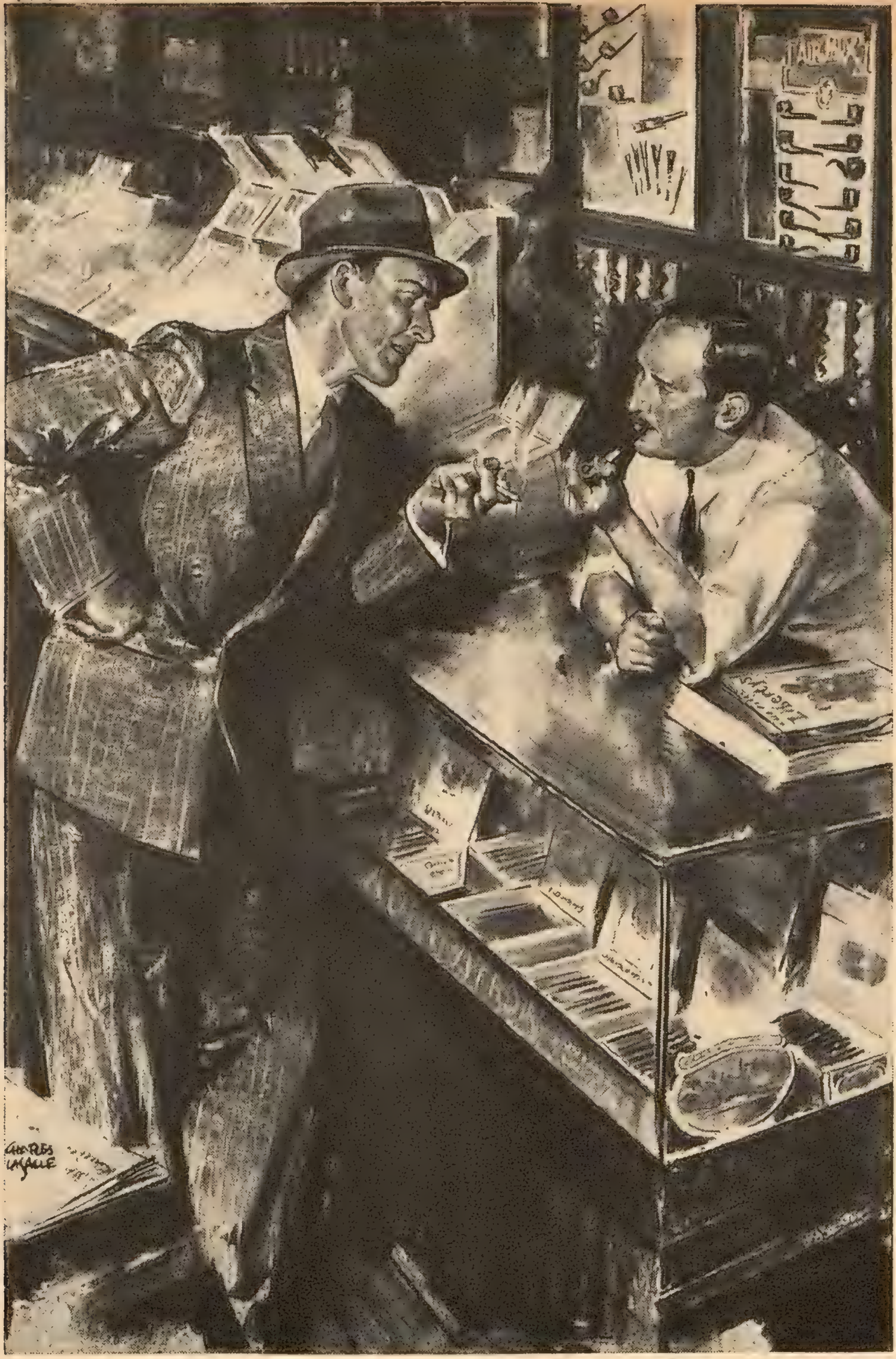
"The Swiss company that made it," Peterson said, "would probably pay more than one hundred thousand for it today, if they knew where to locate it. By '43, I think, it will bring even more at public auction."

"Then you are going to sell it?" I said.

"Of course. But until then it shall remain in its vault. You are the only person to whom I have ever shown it."

Later that day, my friend—the name Sam Peterson is fictitious—returned the Czar's watch to its temporary resting place in a big Manhattan bank. Which bank that is, I do not know, nor would he tell me.

THE END



"If your heart was bad you could retire and sit around taking it easy."

HELL'S BARGAINERS
RACKETS in the COURTS

Concluding a brilliant criminal lawyer's story of lawyer criminals and fixed cases

BY SAMUEL S. LEIBOWITZ

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LA SALLE

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

AFTER Department of Justice agents caught up with Louis Piquett, John Dillinger's lawyer-criminal attorney, Piquett blustered and humbugged before a jury with such effect that— as I reminded you last week—he was acquitted. The government was not finished with him, however. He had been greedy enough to sell the gangster Homer Van Meter the same services he had arranged for Dillinger. He had harbored him, too. And here he could not plead that it was all done under the lawyer-and-client privilege. Van Meter had not been his client.

Piquett was tried again—and convicted and sent to prison. He was, as he richly deserved to be, disbarred.

At his first trial Piquett testified that he had not aided Dillinger in the spectacular escape from the Crown Point jail, although, as Dillinger's attorney, he had paid him many visits there.

Yet there is evidence that John Dillinger's escape was not a lone-wolf exploit. One of the witnesses at Piquett's trial testified that he had asked Piquett, inferentially, if he had not arranged Dillinger's escape. According to that witness, Piquett's reply was:

"Of course I did . . . and he is paying me fifty Gs for engineering this escape."

Piquett's case is an exceptional illustration of how brazenly a lawyer-criminal may operate and then dodge punishment—or attempt to dodge it—by claiming sanctuary within a decent profession, by crying aloud that he was only safeguarding the "rights" of the accused man who is his client.

I have already shown you that your ethical criminal lawyer never exceeds the legitimate rights that are his as counsel and the accused man's as client. He will fight, heaven knows, to the last ounce of his strength for those privileges to which his client is legally entitled. But he will fight an honest and open fight. And he deserves nothing but praise for it.

True, there are instances, which have occurred in specific cases, that are not quite understandable to most laymen.

When Dutch Schultz was a fugitive wanted for income-tax evasion, his photograph and description were circulated throughout the United States and Canada, even in Europe. Yet for twenty-two months he was not found.

During those twenty-two months of ineffectual searching, six attorneys who claimed they represented him appeared before federal authorities to announce that Dutch was willing to surrender and pay the $100,000 that he owed his country, on condition that the government promise not to press criminal charges.

They were told to send word back to their client that the government would not bargain with a criminal.

In each case the attorneys made it clear that they did not know the whereabouts of the wanted man; that they had been authorized by an intermediary, by telephone, to announce that Schultz was willing to compromise.

Everything those attorneys said may have been gospel truth. That doesn't alter the fact that such incidents destroy public confidence in all law enforcement in America.

The man in the street, if he overparks, may be haled into court, where, with no ifs, ands, or buts, he will pay his fine. But Dutch Schultz, making $2,000,000 a year by illegal schemes that were sometimes furthered by murder, could thumb his nose at those who were seeking him and—through lawyers—offer the government its choice between accepting his terms and continuing a man hunt already costly to the taxpayers. And when he finally did walk in and surrender, his case had been moved for trial to upstate New York where his criminal record was not so well known, and a farmer jury acquitted him.

AND where had Schultz been during his two years as a fugitive? Right in New York City, center of the supposedly diligent search for him. Dixie Davis, lawyer-criminal, testified at some length during the Hines trial about his conferences in various apartments with the fugitive Schultz. Dixie had even attempted, unsuccessfully, to bring political pressure to bear upon the United States Attorney's office, to force the government to "go easy" on the man with whom he was even then discussing the ramified workings of a dozen illegal rackets.

When the notorious "Pretty Boy" Floyd was being sought by G-men for the "Kansas City massacre," he had the effrontery to send intermediaries to the Department of Justice to offer his surrender—upon his own ironclad conditions. Needless to say, these overtures were scornfully rejected by J. Edgar Hoover, director of the Department of Justice, whose war upon organized crime has, rightly, made him an idol of millions in America.

Some of our extradition laws might well be streamlined. As they now stand, a known criminal rich enough to hire experienced lawyers—and quite reputable ones—can jeer indefinitely at authorities in one state who merely wish to bring him back to stand trial in another state.

In one case, not long ago, it took officials sixteen days (during which they had to call upon militia to move the prisoner from jail, where he was being held by friendly county authorities) to extradite a man. In that protracted legal battle every device and technicality was employed to prevent the extradition. But, mind you, every one of those devices and technicalities was, under existing laws, perfectly legitimate.

I do not recommend too many new laws but a simplification of some of our existing criminal laws so that they shall become uniform throughout America. For example, what may be murder in one state most certainly is not murder in another. In New York, if a man returns to his home, enters the bedroom of his wife, and finds her in the arms of another man, he has no defense, under the laws of that state, if he shoots the man. In certain of our Southern states he has a perfectly legal defense.

When we consider our extradition laws, we again arrive at an inequality that must be wiped out. A rich professional criminal can in some instances buy delay or leniency by hiring resourceful legal counsel. The poor and uninfluential offender—who may not be a habitual criminal at all—may be treated to the full measure of punishment simply because he is poor and uninfluential.

He is the lad upon whose body the ambitious prosecutor stands when he shouts of the record of convictions that, he insists, have earned him a higher office.

Honest prosecution is the only answer—the impartial dispensation of justice to rich and poor alike.

By this I do not mean a harsh and rigid and unyielding dispensation of justice. Murder, for example, is not a problem in mathematics. It is a study in emotions. And, except for organized racketeering, where murder becomes a cold-blooded move in a precise scheme, the man or woman who murders often has done so because of some overpowering unbalance of the mind.

Perhaps you think I am giving you a criminal lawyer's sales talk. I am not. More than one hundred men and women whom I have defended have been acquitted. I didn't acquit them. Circumstances and a jury did. Why? Because here in America it is human nature to give the deserving underdog, the underprivileged, a break. If tomorrow I were prosecuting those charged with crime, not defending them, I would still want that wholesome philosophy of impartial justice, mellowed by mercy where mercy was deserved, to endure.

LET me tell you about Mary Colucci. She shot and killed her husband. There was no question about that. She did it on a crowded El train in New York City. And, at the time, she was with a man not her husband.

When they took the gun away from her, and her husband was being rushed to the hospital where he died, she said:

"I did it—and I'm glad of it. If he recovers, I'll do it again."

I defended Mary Colucci. And a jury acquitted her. What would you have done, had you been on that jury? With the simple outline of facts that I have given you so far, you would have sent her, without a twinge of conscience, to the electric chair.

But not if you had heard *all* of the facts! Murder is an ugly crime. I do not condone it. But let me tell you the rest of the story.

Mary Colucci was fourteen when a man who saw her on the street persuaded her to marry him. He was twenty-five, a worthless loafer, brutal, sordid, utterly despicable. The first week of their marriage, he sent her out to work in a box factory. She was still supporting him by that work when she carried her first child.

She came home from the box factory one day to find another woman inquiring for her husband, Joe. This other woman also had been made pregnant by Joe, who had told her that Mary Colucci was his kid sister.

Mary Colucci's life became a dreary round of dirty tenements and a succession of babies. She wanted a fine funeral for each of the twelve babies who died. But Joe told her they had no money for fine funerals unless she could get a better job. He put the dead babies in macaroni boxes and took them to the city morgue. That was the one thing for which she never forgave him.

SHE had seventeen children in twenty-eight years. The few who lived grew up to hate their father. He refused to work. So Mary Colucci worked. He took the money from her and spent it on other women and then came home to taunt her about his "prettier dames." When she protested he broke her nose with a broom handle. He broke her nose fifteen times in all, and once he knocked out her teeth and dragged her across the roof of a building.

She had no money and no relatives to go to except her parents, who sent her back with the assertion that a good wife, come what may, remains at her husband's side.

In nearly thirty years of married life Joe gave her only $170, and part of that was in response to court orders. He told her that if she wanted more she would have to sleep with some of the men in the neighborhood. They were living in a Chinese section at the time.

And so this poor drudge, Mary Colucci, finally left the husband who had broken her nose, knocked out her teeth, and—once—tried to poison her. He was angry about her leaving. He told several persons that he was carrying a razor with which, when he next ran across her, he intended to slash her throat. Then, he said, he would be free to marry some rich woman.

On the day of the shooting Mary and a family friend, godfather of one of their children, boarded the El train. And Joe Colucci, trailing them, got on that same train, where he was killed.

For his slaying, which she admitted, Mary Colucci was put on trial for her life. She had no money for a lawyer, but I took her case. And a jury acquitted her.

Would you have acquitted her?

What you would have done or I did is not important to Mary Colucci any more. She died in a New York hospital less than a year after her acquittal.

I have tried, in this series of articles, to give you a clearer insight into the methods of the legitimate defense lawyer. Proud of his chosen profession, the capable criminal lawyer does not begrudge the time and effort or, sometimes, the money he puts into the defense of a penniless client.

The criminal lawyer who has made a success of his practice has put into it, from the very day he left law school, all of the backbreaking toil, the sweat, the long hours that other men put into other professions in order to earn the hard-won dividends of success.

I would like to have the space to tell you how a case is prepared from start to finish. I cannot do that here. But, believe me, preparation and more preparation are the " secrets " of the criminal lawyer who succeeds. It's not done with sleight of hand or mirrors.

And that is the very reason why we have with us the cancerous problem of the lawyer-criminal. He is like any other criminal. He seeks a short cut to success—the expedient of the weak-willed. He does not want to sit in his office and nurse an aching head and aching eyes at midnight in order to prepare to go into court the next day and plunge into the arduous job of defending his client, as he has taken an oath to do, " by all fair and honorable means."

I have spent many a sleepless night, in the midst of a murder trial, trying to find the one note that I must sound to win my client an acquittal. There are a thousand false notes I might strike the next day. Any one of them would send to the chair the man who had placed his life in my hands. And so I tossed in my bed and did not sleep.

ONCE I took the case of a man who had already been convicted of murder. He was utterly innocent, though circumstances ringed him with a strong and tight chain.

My investigation convinced me that another man, whose name I learned, had committed the murder. The evidence I was able to uncover was clear-cut and damning. Yet I could not actually prove that the man I suspected had committed the murder.

The trial of my client got under way. I announced boldly that I intended, before that trial was over, to produce the real killer.

Now that announcement was—I believe—justifiably made. I could have accused this second man in open court and could then have backed my accusations with a formidable array of evidence.

I tossed away a lot of sleepless hours during that trial. Should I accuse this second man? Or should I not? It was essentially a question of psychology. But, above all, it was a question of my client's life. If I guessed wrongly, he suffered, not I.

I decided, despite the weight of my evidence, not to accuse the man whom I believed indubitably to be the actual killer. Instead, without once accusing him directly, I presented every fragment of the imposing evidence to show that he *could have* committed the murder. My client was being tried on circumstantial evidence. Throughout

Boy Friend? Even the girls dodge dates with Ann!

ORCH.
MEZZ.
BALC.

Ann could have dates galore if she'd guard her charm with MUM!

ONE DAY is just like another—to Ann. No one drops in to see her. Men never take her out. Even the girls avoid her!

What would *you* do—if you knew a girl lovely in *other* ways—but careless about underarm odor? Of course you'd avoid her, too! Nobody wants to be around a girl who neglects to use Mum!

Too bad the girl who offends this way so rarely knows it herself! No one likes to tell her, either. Nowadays you're *expected* to know that a bath is never enough! A bath removes only past perspiration, but Mum prevents future odor before it starts. Hollywood says Mum... nurses say Mum... *you'll* say Mum once you've tried this pleasant, gentle, *dependable* cream!

QUICK! Mum takes 30 seconds, can be applied even after dressing or underarm shaving!

SAFE! The seal of the American Institute of Laundering tells you Mum is harmless to fabrics. Mum is safe for skin.

SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops all underarm odor. Get Mum at any druggist's today. Be sweet for that movie or dancing date. Be popular *always!* Use Mum!

MUM GIVES THOROUGH UNDERARM CARE

EVEN A DAILY BATH ISN'T ENOUGH FOR UNDERARMS! SO I USE MUM
TO HERSELF: IT'S LATE, BUT JUST THAT LITTLE TOUCH OF MUM KEPT ME FRESH THROUGH EVERY DANCE--
MUM

For Sanitary Napkins

More women use Mum for sanitary napkins than any other deodorant. Mum frees you from embarrassment, is gentle and safe!

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

I devoted myself to the task of showing that circumstances made an equally strong case against this second man.

I guessed right. I struck exactly the proper psychological note. And the man I was defending went free.

Do you see why I chose not to accuse the second man—the man who, I am sure, really committed the murder? Had I done so, the jury would have said:

"Leibowitz is trying to hang this murder on another man in order to get his own client off."

They would have reasoned that any man who did that wasn't worth believing. So they would have discarded all my evidence as trumped up—and would have taken out their resentment on my client by finding him guilty.

Out of such delicate situations are the outcomes of murder trials fashioned. Your lawyer-criminal wants none of that hard work and mental anguish. He wants little work and big money.

Let me tell you one more story. It is the story of a racket, recently smashed, that flourished on the heels of the depression. It worked like this:

The employee of a large life-insurance company in New York City telephones to a Fifth Avenue law firm—the ostensibly reputable firm of Blank and Blank and Blank.

"I've got another one for you," he announces. "A five-hundred-dollar baby."

"Good," says Blank. "I'll send Tom around to see him."

The following day, Tom appears at a cigar store. He buys some cigars. He gets into conversation with the storekeeper. "How do you find business?" he asks. The storekeeper finds it rotten. He is happy to have some one to unload his cares on: bills due, no money. Tom listens politely.

A few days later another man enters. He is the employee of the life-insurance company. He buys some cigars. He wants to sell the storekeeper some insurance. The merchant already has more than he can handle.

"With what company?" asks the insurance man.

The merchant tells him.

"That's funny," he says. "That's the company I'm with. Wonder how you got on my prospect list. Do you carry the disability feature?"

The merchant says sure he does. If he were disabled, he would get $500 every month for the rest of his life. But what good is that doing him? He's in perfect health. In fact, he thinks he'll get a loan on his policy, or cash it in.

"I wouldn't do that," the insurance man tells him. "At your age anything can happen. Why, if your heart was bad next week you could retire and sit around taking it easy the rest of your days. Who knows?" he jokes. "You may take after some other customers I know of—fake a bad heart and live off my company from now on!"

He leaves—and lets the merchant think that over. A few days later Tom comes back for another chat. The storekeeper tells Tom what the insurance fellow said. Tom is sympathetic. He's heard about those things. People are doing it all the time. Doctors can fake a bad heart without a chance of exposure.

As juries see him: Mr. Leibowitz in action.

"The doctor gives his patient injections of digitalis," Tom explains. "That makes the heart pump faster."

Eventually the storekeeper goes with Tom to the office of a crooked doctor, who gives him injections of digitalis—a dangerous business—then sends him home. There he summons an ambulance. He is whisked off to the hospital, where doctors find his heart pumping wildly and put him to bed.

Despite everything they do for him, he grows worse—for one of his sickroom visitors brings him fresh doses of digitalis to be taken secretly.

A few more days pass. The honest doctor at the hospital writes a report of the man's condition. There is no question about it. He is physically disabled. He can no longer work in his store.

So the insurance company pays. Its own doctors have verified the honest report.

The patient receives each month a check for $500. His heart, minus the digitalis injections, is in splendid condition. He is living the life of Reilly.

But not on the entire $500. Part goes to the crooked doctor, part to Tom, part to the crooked insurance-company employee who dug this prospect for the swindling ring out of his company's files.

But the major part goes to Blank and Blank and Blank, the attorneys. For they are the master minds. They direct operations, pay off the crooked doctor, and pay the hospital bill.

How many such crooked rings there are in America's large cities it would be impossible to say. The smashing of the one in Manhattan resulted in the arrest of nearly fifty persons, including two doctors and six lawyers. Two law firms were busily engaged in conducting the insurance-fraud cases.

When the victims of the racket, the insurance companies, began to suspect that they were being swindled, they looked into the law firms that were submitting claims in a number of the cases and, after a brief investigation, decided that those two firms were quite legitimate. It was not until the Post Office Department stepped into the investigation that the masks could be torn from the faces of the lawyer-criminals.

Until recently, too, accident faking was widely prevalent in America. Horribly swollen wrists were produced by injecting wax under the skin. Ghastly sores upon the skin were caused—and collected upon.

In California a fake-accident ring persuaded one of its victims to lay his forearm, palm upward, across two bricks, whereupon a man with a baseball bat broke it. The ring collected several times on that one—charging that some one's automobile or some one's elevator had caused the damage.

Behind the scenes of virtually every fake-accident ring that has been uncovered there has been a crooked lawyer. It is he who enters the claims of the "victims"; who settles those claims, usually, out of court.

A New Jersey fake-accident ring was headed by a doctor and a lawyer. They worked from the doctor's sanitarium. They were exposed when, after beating one of their victims to a pulp, they decided, in the interests of realism and heavy damages, to use a knife on him, too. He overheard them and ran screaming out of the place toward a police station.

These rackets come and go, but the lawyer-criminal remains. It is often hard—very hard—to dig him out, for he may cleverly destroy the winding trail that leads to him.

The identifying mark of the lawyer-criminal, let me repeat, is that he is regularly found in the service of organized rackets and organized racketeers. It is in our Magistrates' Courts, our police courts, that his nefarious career begins. And we cannot look to our bar associations to solve the problem, for they lack the facilities to do so.

I would like to tell you that there was a simple and easy cure-all for our Dixie Davises. There is not. There is, however, a simple weapon. The public can stamp out its lawyer-criminals in one way, and only one way. I have already told you of it:

Put into office in your community a district attorney or prosecutor who is unfettered by political entanglements and who has the appetite and the ability for the job ahead of him. From then on, it is a matter of everlasting vigilance.

Your prosecutor—who may also be the one man able to free you from the throttling grip of organized crime—needs but three things: ability, a free hand, and a sincere desire to do a good job. Given those qualities, he *will* do a good job. If, in addition, he happens to be a brilliant lawyer, he will do a magnificent job. Fixing and corruption will come to an end in your community.

THE kind of prosecutor I have described will go a long way toward the solution of the problem of organized crime in America today. And it is the *only* effectual solution. Forthright, honest prosecution will drive our criminals out.

And when they are gone—but not till then—you will find that the lawyer-criminals who feed upon them will also have vanished.

One final word: Because our lawyer-criminal lives in the underworld of which he is a member, the public often obtains a blurred, romantic, and inaccurate conception of the life of an ethical criminal lawyer—the life he lives when his day's work is over.

Does he—as does the lawyer-criminal—go to night clubs, to hoodlum hangouts, there to consort with criminals? He does not. He would no more think of choosing racketeers for his social acquaintances than would a reputable physician who had treated those same racketeers for some loathsome communicable disease.

In his office—a consultation room—the criminal lawyer listens to the legal ills of all manner of men and women. For some, unfortunates, he feels only pity. For others, debased incurables of organized crime, he can feel nothing but contempt. He has had a better chance than you or your average fellow man to peek into the inner corners of their souls—and what he has seen there often has been revolting in the extreme. For professional criminals are invariably cowardly tricksters—all of them scavengers of society.

And so, at the end of a working day your legitimate lawyer figuratively draws off the protecting rubber gloves with which he has probed into the minds and hearts of those who came to him. Like the surgeon, he feels sorrow for those who, through no fault of their own, are suffering a serious illness—a legal illness.

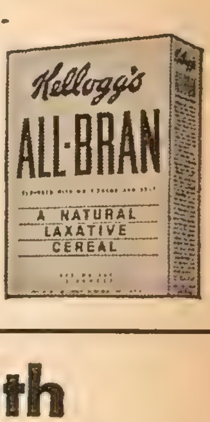
And, like the surgeon, he is incredibly happy to be going home to his own wife, his own family, and friends of his own choosing.

THE END

MUTT AND JEFF —by Bud Fisher

SIR SIDNEY, MY EYE! KEEP MOVING, YOU!
KEEP OFF
WHASSA MATTER, SIR SIDNEY? YOU LOOK LIKE A GHOST!
IT'S AN OUTRAGE! JUST BECAUSE I'M NOT WELL, I GET TAKEN FOR A TRAMP!
MAYBE YOU OUGHT TO JOIN THE "REGULARS," SIR SID. GET MORE "BULK" IN YOUR DIET. TAKE JEFF AND ME-WE EAT KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN FOR BREAKFAST EVERY DAY-AND BOY, DOES IT MAKE A DIFFERENCE!
SOMETIME LATER
MORNIN', SIR SIDNEY!
HE'S CERTAINLY JOINED THE "REGULARS" NOW, ALL RIGHT!
KEEP OFF
Fisher

IS there a better way to correct constipation than just bearing it first and trying to cure it later? There is, if it's the common kind due to lack of "bulk" in the diet. Get at the cause and prevent the trouble, with that crisp, crunchy, bulk-rich cereal—Kellogg's All-Bran. Eat it every day, drink plenty of water, and see if the world isn't brighter! All-Bran is made by Kellogg's in Battle Creek. Sold by all grocers.


Kellogg's
ALL-BRAN
A NATURAL LAXATIVE CEREAL

Join the "Regulars" with
KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 18 SECONDS

I HAVE just been discussing college clothes with a seventeen-year-old girl who designs them professionally for a national wholesale house. She is Barbara Chasen, a cute little kid, yet as shrewd as any veteran in the style trade. Her research is carried on as carefully as that of any scientist tackling a laboratory problem. Barbara studies the dressing habits of her classmates with a sharp and tireless eye. She *knows* her business. Within a few weeks thousands of girls will be getting their college clothes together, so a few tips from her should be timely now.

Start with a three-piece suit—skirt, jacket, and casual coat, Barbara advises. Have two extra skirts, one a plaid, that harmonize with your suit. . . . Knit yourself at least five sweaters. Knit them sufficiently long to avoid gaping at the skirtline. (At college, a girl with a gape is called a *goon!*) . . . A reversible coat is an absolute necessity. . . . One smart afternoon dress. One evening dress with assorted boleros, tops, etc. Several pairs of dancing shoes for co-ed college girls; one pair elsewhere. . . . Tailored undies exclusively—no lace or frills. . . . Slacks *aren't* fashionable at college. Neither is junk jewelry. Provide a plain felt hat for rainy days. No umbrella. No fancy handbags. White-and-tan sports shoes all the year round.

One *rush* dress of sheer wool or the new shiny corduroy. . . . Buy your clothes roomy enough, since nearly all girls put on weight at college. Learn to set your own hair, fix your own nails, and do your own mending.

☆ Girls bound for co-ed colleges need special information, says Barbara, if they want to get on with the men. She says college men prefer co-eds with pale fingernail make-up instead of dark red or scarlet. They don't like to hear girls talk about clothes or reducing, so wise co-eds avoid such topics in mixed company. A pet hate among college boys—pardon me, I mean *men*—is the co-ed who does not keep the seams of her stockings straight. In brief, college males take their co-eds neat but not gaudy, good sports but not show-offs.

☆ Two true stories show how utterly we wives can become accustomed to almost anything:

First story deals with the wife of a former Prussian army commander now living in this country. Strict disciplinarian at home as well as at war, throughout all the long years of their marriage he has compelled his wife to prepare and eat a large bowl of bean soup *for her breakfast* every morning, summer and winter. Asked how she endures it, she recently gave this reply: "It stops his bullying, and I can't taste it any more, so why not?"

☆ Second story illustrates the same point but in a very different way:

At a rather lush house party a friend of mine saw a pair of breathtaking diamond bracelets tossed heedlessly aside on the grass by the swimming pool. Fabulous diamonds, some as big as your eyeball! After her swim, the lady of the bracelets would have walked off without them, but my friend reminded her, whereupon she scooped them unceremoniously into a pocket of her bathrobe. . . . "Are they real?" gasped my friend. . . . "Yes, they are," laughed the lady—and my friend knew they were.

For the lady's name was Cartier. Her husband is a member of the world-famous jewelry firm. Life has accustomed her to wear diamonds as unconcernedly as it has taught the other poor lady to breakfast on bean soup.

☆ For real-life romance I recommend Mary Taylor Bunton's new book, A Bride on the Old Chisholm Trail in 1886. (Published by the Naylor Company, San Antonio, Texas. Costs $1.50.)

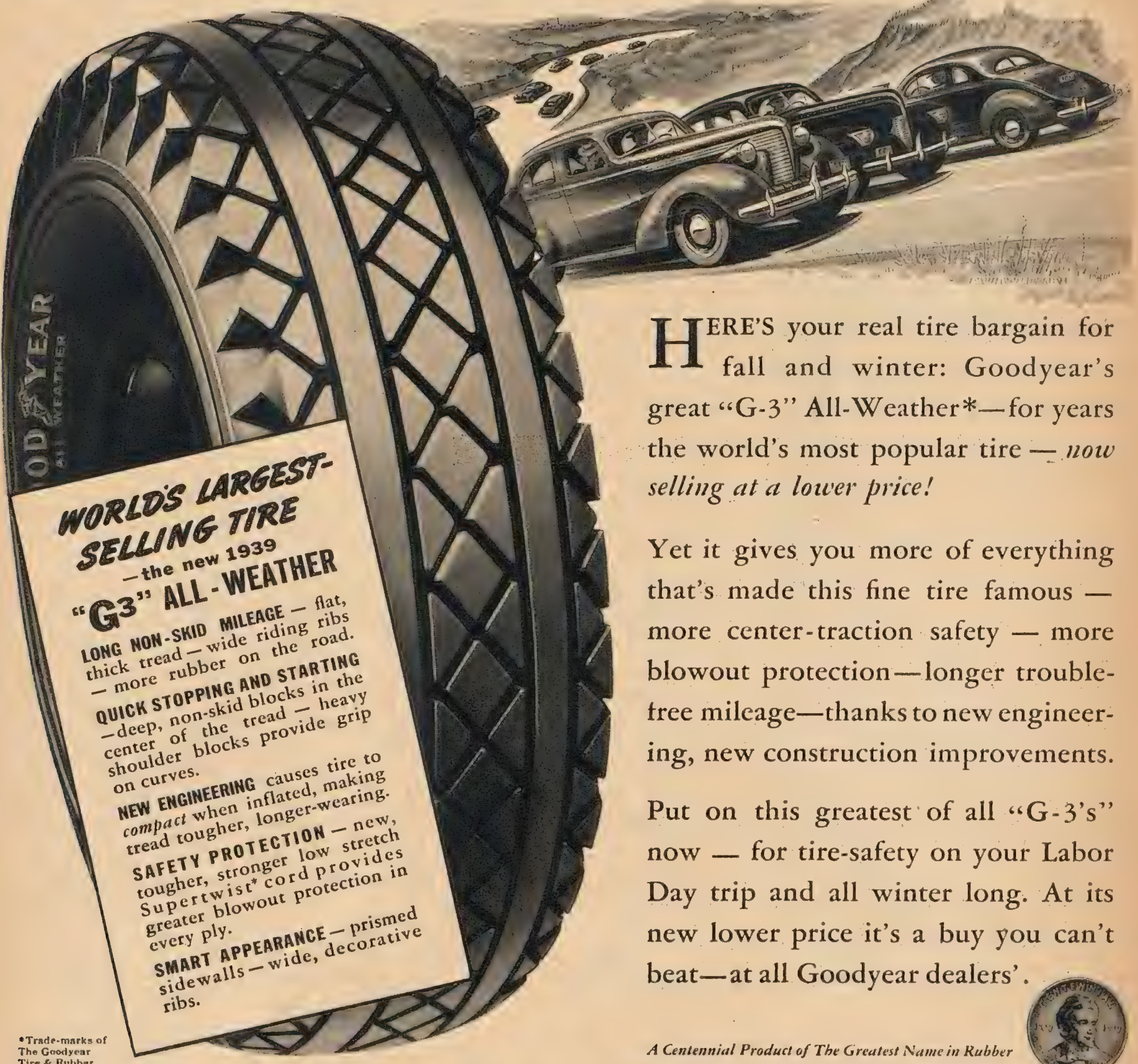
In California the Oriental cooking touch has transformed many a familiar American dish into an unexpected novelty. Try these *Crusty Cream Chicken Croquettes,* San Francisco style: . . . Simmer a 4-pound chicken 1½ hours with 1 bay leaf, 1 small onion, and a little celery. Let cool. Remove skin and bones. Chop chicken fine. Now fry ½ pound minced mushrooms and 2 minced celery hearts lightly in butter. Combine with chopped chicken, adding 2 cups thick cream sauce, 1 cup grated bread crumbs from a stale loaf, salt, pepper, a pinch of nutmeg. Cool the mixture, then divide into 12 croquettes. Dip in egg and bread crumbs; fry to crisp brown in plenty of hot fat. Serve with mashed potatoes, green peas, and a pineapple-and-lettuce salad.

☆ Letters keep coming from owners of ancient umbrellas in usable condition. Warren C. Brown of Hillsboro, New Hampshire, writes as follows: "We have one that has been in our family more than 150 years. It stands 3 feet 4 inches high, opens to a 66-inch spread, has an ivory handle, whalebone ribs, and two brass chains to hold it closed. The covering is of remarkably light Chinese silk, still waterproof. A lady carried it in an old-home celebration four years ago."

"Let me go! I'm trying to put five dollars on his nose."

IT'S NEWS when the famous "G-3" COSTS LESS-

—and you get a longer-wearing tire stepped up with latest 1939 improvements!



WORLD'S LARGEST-SELLING TIRE

—the new 1939

"G3" ALL-WEATHER

LONG NON-SKID MILEAGE — flat, thick tread — wide riding ribs — more rubber on the road.

QUICK STOPPING AND STARTING —deep, non-skid blocks in the center of the tread — heavy shoulder blocks provide grip on curves.

NEW ENGINEERING causes tire to *compact* when inflated, making tread tougher, longer-wearing.

SAFETY PROTECTION — new, tougher, stronger low stretch Supertwist* cord provides greater blowout protection in every ply.

SMART APPEARANCE — prismed sidewalls — wide, decorative ribs.

HERE'S your real tire bargain for fall and winter: Goodyear's great "G-3" All-Weather*—for years the world's most popular tire — *now selling at a lower price!*

Yet it gives you more of everything that's made this fine tire famous — more center-traction safety — more blowout protection—longer trouble-free mileage—thanks to new engineering, new construction improvements.

Put on this greatest of all "G-3's" now — for tire-safety on your Labor Day trip and all winter long. At its new lower price it's a buy you can't beat—at all Goodyear dealers'.

A Centennial Product of The Greatest Name in Rubber

*Trade-marks of The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

GOODYEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

THE GRAND DUKE SAID I WAS GRAND

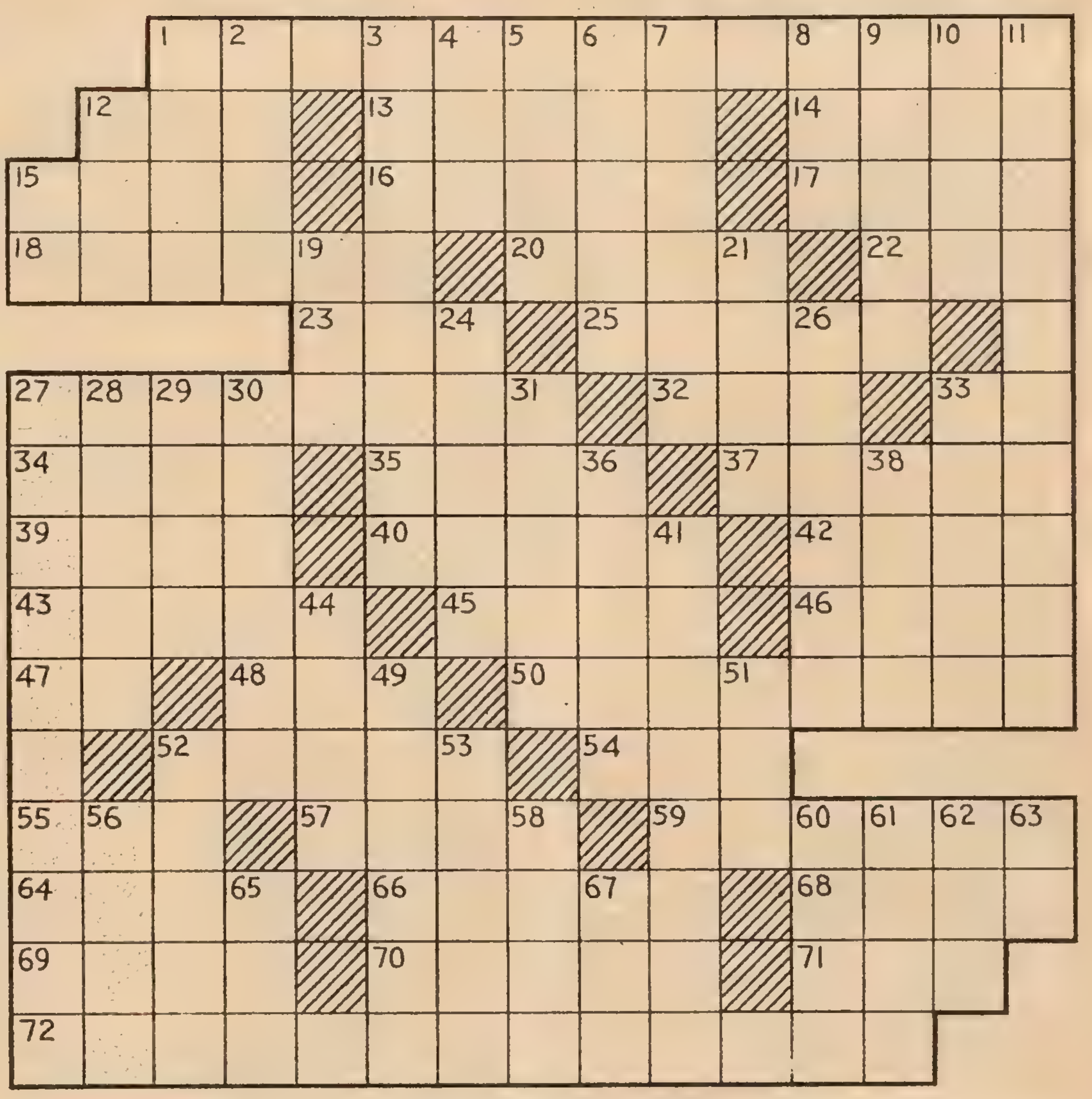
I didn't know he was a Grand Duke—I just knew he was looking wistfully at that fresh package of Beeman's in my hand. "Have some?" I offered. "With pleasure!" he answered—and bowed as if I were royalty!

"This refreshing Beeman's flavor," he confided, "—it has that delicious American pep! Never can I resist its tempting tang! A thousand thanks for this so luscious treat! You are—how shall I say it?—one *grand* friend!"

BEEMAN'S
PEPSIN GUM
BEEMAN'S
AIDS DIGESTION

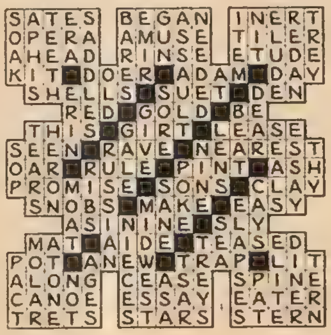
COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 Al Capone in chaps; most pizenous critter on the range (two words)
12 Snagged the sowside
13 What Uriah Heep did with unctuousness
14 June dayish
15 Over in December, it's not put aside till June
16 Sultan
17 Bright pupil
18 You can't do business here unless you steel
20 Carbonated
22 Krazy Kreature
23 Open and shut proposition
25 Big lightning rods
27 Next to herself she liked this best
32 What men with big corporations do
33 Hugh Herbert's favorite Chinaman
34 Aflounder
35 One of the Thorpes who begins college but doesn't ever end it
37 With him it's a gift
39 Gil, the kid himself
40 Mop attachment, found near the stove
42 Bit of a spot
43 Great round things filled with umph
45 French nut
46 One was flung over the Potomac after Washington
47 Windowless room
48 Raised in New York years ago, it's just been razed (pl.)
50 A group of Mars boys
52 Esau's pop
54 Nobody Loves Nobody (European proverb) (abbr.)
55 Ninnies have three
57 You make a horse of yourself eating this
59 Native
64 Old Bad News, Othello's pal
66 Half monkey, five sixths fruit
68 The worst thing I can think of
69 This bozo got in backward
70 Code of the Scandinavians
71 Mad pink
72 You can have quite a bust-up on this juice



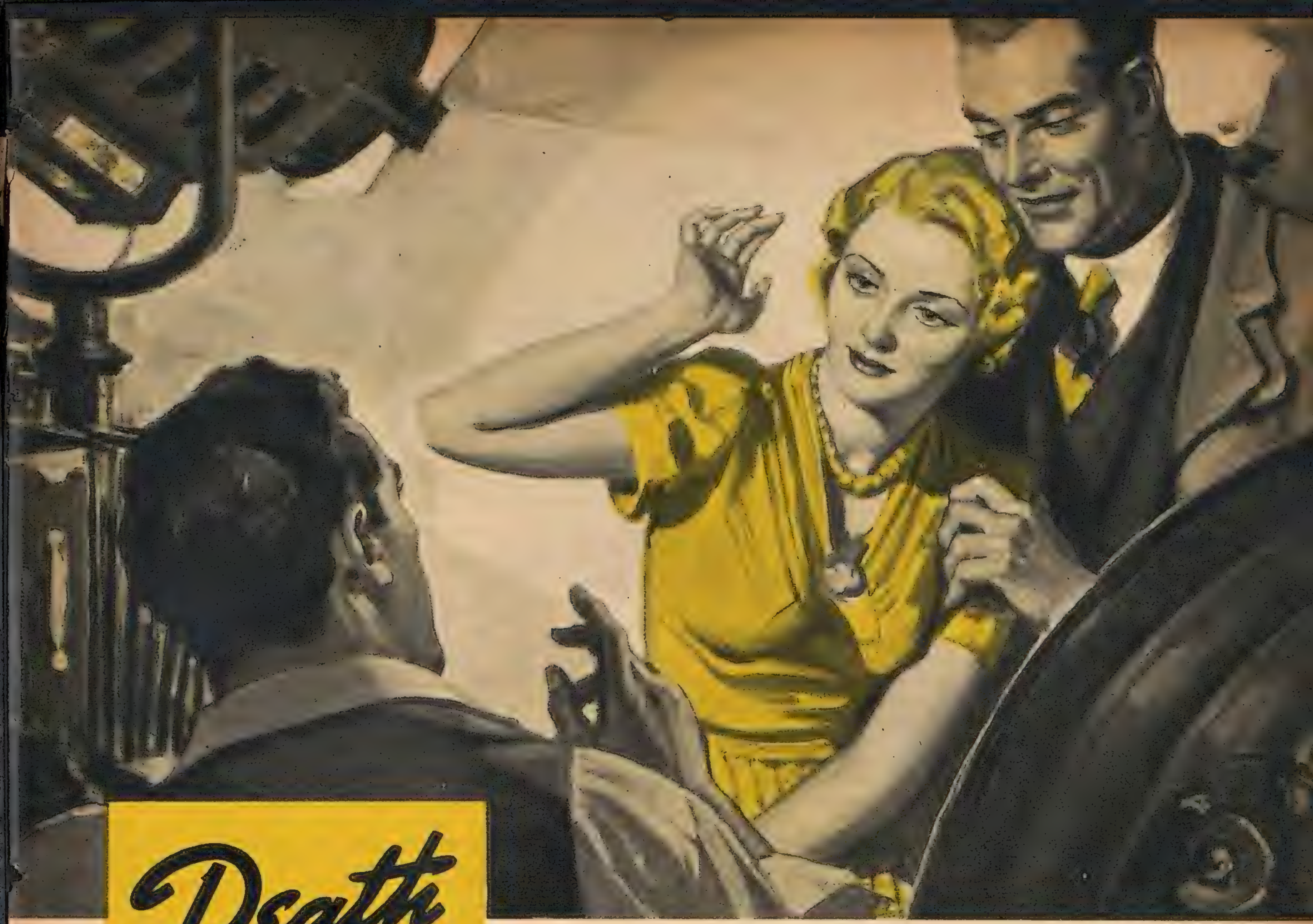
```
SATES BEGAN INERT
OPERA AMUSE TILER
AHEAD RINSE ETUDE
KIT■DOER■ADAM■DAY
 SHELLS■SUET■DEN
   RED■GOLD■BE
 THIS■GIRT■LEASE
SEEN■RAVE■NEAREST
OAR■RULE■PINT■ASH
PROMISE■SONS■CLAY
 SNOBS■MAKE■EASY
   ASININE■SLY
 MAT■AIDE■TEASED
POT■ANEW■TRAP■LIT
ALONG CEASE SPINE
CANOE ESSAY EATER
TRETS STARS STERN
```

Answer to last week's puzzle

VERTICAL

1 Ethiopian diamonds (sing.)
2 Kitty food
3 Mañana
4 What the lady was known as
5 A modern Pound
6 Grabbed the grain (var.)
7 Lactic storehouses
8 French color
9 These birds are always up to something
10 Silkworm
11 A place where the food disappears under your very nose
12 You'll have to go to court to do this
15 Red Lincoln (abbr.)
19 Commercial-minded animal
21 This isn't lively at all
24 Blue-law enthusiast
26 The I's have it
27 What Bill Green and John Lewis kick around (two words)
28 Here's where Allah's fair in love and war
29 Natty but nice
30 Underworld vaccinations
31 Man with hayseed for brains
33 Odin in another suit
36 What Hansel and Gretel escaped being
38 Yop's opposite
41 Gorgeous gossamer in the feminine world
44 Pitchers are always kicking about it
49 Dorothy Lamour recently did her most revealing work in this
51 Glorified flop joint
52 '49 brickbat
53 Christmas king
56 European bad boy
58 Here we have Mary's contrary sister
60 If you see this double, it's a disease
61 Where the kneady find dough
62 Free these three
63 Native Lunkheads (abbr.)
65 23 Across, slightly mixed up
67 Never Sock Cops! (abbr.)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue



"Take it away," she said. "It'll make me look older than Methuselah."

Death LOOKS FOR CINDERELLA

READING TIME ● 29 MINUTES 11 SECONDS

TOLD by the doctor that she has only six months to live, Mildred Carey gives up her secretarial drudgery and decides to use her savings—she has saved six thousand dollars in her fourteen years of office work—for a splurge of luxury. Carrying out her idea, she tells Harry Todd, her very commonplace beau, that she does not want to get married, buys a small secondhand car, and sets out for the Far West in search of unknown adventure. At last she is free to do and go as she pleases!

On the thirteenth day of her swift flight from her drab environment Mildred is warned to watch out for a big handsome highwayman who is haunting the lonely roads, holding up people, and murdering those who resist.

But Mildred is indifferent to danger and the threat of death doesn't bother her. Three hours after hearing the story of the bandit, there is a tall man ahead of her on the road signaling for help—apparently his car is out of gas.

Suddenly unnerved, in spite of herself, the girl yields to an ungovernable impulse and runs over him! Then, panic-stricken, she speeds away from the spot, but her heart and conscience force her to return. Her victim is unconscious and bleeding. After giving him the simplest first aid, she drives him to the nearest town for medical attention.

The "bandit" proves to be Wally Blake, the matinee idol of the screen—and Mildred Carey has been the cause of putting his arm in a sling! Contritely, she offers to drive him back to Hollywood, where he is due to make another picture at once. Intrigued by this queer girl, Wally accepts. En route, they stay overnight at a hotel, in adjoining rooms. But Mildred had hardly expected the great star to burst in upon her through a connecting door when she choked on a cigarette she found at her bedside!

PART THREE—SCREEN TEST

MILDRED couldn't speak for a long, agonized moment. It wasn't only astonishment that kept her from expressing her surprise at Wally's sudden and unconventional appearance — thick smoke filled her lungs and tortured her nose and forbade speech. She coughed rackingly, and Wally thumped her back with his good hand. His thumps were far from gentle—she could almost feel his fingers beating, from the wrong side, upon her heart.

When the coughing finally stopped, she was weak—so weak that Wally's voice came to her as though through a mist.

"Nice color you're wearing," he said. "Millie, you're at your best in a nightgown—but definitely. That's a new shade of blue, isn't it?"

Mildred fought the tickle in her throat. Her eyes were still streaming and she had a feeling that her nose

Everything—love, luxury, a movie mob—crowded into her rebellious fling at life soon to end

by Margaret E. Sangster

ILLUSTRATED BY A. N. SIMPKIN

was crimson. "I must look just dandy," she choked.

"There's something about dewy eyes and a red nose that always gets me," Wally told her. "I like my women to be helpless. Or" — he amended—"to look that way."

The tears had almost ceased to trickle. Mildred groped under her pillow for a handkerchief and wiped her eyes.

"My word," said Wally, "what a girl! . . . I'll be darned—the black doesn't come off your lashes!"

Mildred surveyed him with something almost impersonal in her glance. "I don't use mascara," she said finally. "Thanks, Wally, for helping me out. That beastly cigarette went down my Sunday throat. I guess I'll never be a smoker. . . . You can go back to your room now."

"Any time!" said Wally, and seated himself on the edge of her bed.

This, thought Mildred, is a situation. She reached for her compact—it was lying on the stand at her elbow—and dabbed powder on the offending nose.

I DON'T need you any more," she said gently. "I'm over my spell." Wally laughed. "You don't *need* me," he said. "I'll grant you that—but there's such a thing as inclination!" He added, "The door between our rooms wasn't locked tonight, either."

Mildred told him, "It seemed so unnecessary to lock it. Run along, Wally—I'm tired."

"Tired, my eye!" said Wally, and surveyed Mildred oddly. "You look fresh as a daisy, and you might as well have—"

Mildred cut him short with a savage "If you say any more about the name and the game, I'll lose my temper! It's enough that you choke me with your horrible cigarettes. It isn't necessary that you should—"

"Should what?" queried Wally.

"Butt in," Mildred told him inadequately. It sounded so childish that she almost smiled, and Wally, seeing the ghost of amusement on her face, patted the lump under the blanket that was her knee.

"You certainly have a new line," he said.

Mildred laughed.

"Run along and sell your papers, Wally. I won't be bored—I have a magazine to read. You bought it for me yourself. . . . Incidentally, that article about you is very cute. . . . I'm glad to know that they call you ruthless in Hollywood."

This was one too much for Wally. His good arm went around Mildred and held her tight. "Kidding me, eh?" He nuzzled against her hair. "Sure I'm ruthless. And how! . . . You like me all right, Mildred—I know you do. *I can tell.*"

Mildred disengaged herself with surprising ease and thanked her lucky stars that her suitor—was he a suitor?—belonged momentarily in the cripple class.

"Of course I like you, Wally," she said, "but that's as far as it goes. *That's all.*"

"All?" echoed Wally blankly.

"I am tired, Wally," Mildred said. "Please don't make me tell you over and over again. Go away."

There was something not only definite but piteous in Mildred's voice. Under the pressure of that pathos Wally Blake rose slowly from the side of the bed, but his eyes never left her face.

"You really owe me *something,*" he said at last. "There's a bit of kindness coming to me. You ran me down in cold blood, you know. Everybody thinks you saved my life, whereas you darned near killed me. Millie, you must admit that I've been a good sport."

"I'll admit it," said Mildred a trifle wearily. "Keep on being one—just for the novelty of the thing."

"What if I were in love with you?" asked Wally. "Wouldn't that cut any ice?"

"But you're not," Mildred told him.

"Well, I might get that way," said Wally. "I—oh, hang it all, Millie, don't act like a darned—" He left the sentence up in the air, but Mildred knew what he meant.

"Sorry," she said. "Good night, Wally—and pleasant dreams."

Wallace, with a sharp exclamation, turned abruptly and started for the door that was the connecting link between their rooms. When he reached it, Wally turned — he overdid the drama, just a shade—and spoke.

"How about it?" he asked, and his tone was the tone of a little boy who has been unjustly slapped. "Shall I lock the door, or will you?"

"Oh," Mildred told him lightly, "it won't be necessary to lock the door. I trust you, Wally."

"That," Wally Blake answered, "is the lousiest thing any woman ever said to me!" He slammed the door and Mildred heard the grating of a key in the lock.

THEY started out at six the next morning, thereby avoiding the crowd that would doubtless have gathered. They reached Hollywood before ten—after a ride that was thoughtful on Millie's part and sulky on Wally's.

It was only when they were rolling down the Boulevard that some of the screen star's natural gaiety reasserted itself.

"I'm so glad to be back," he told Mildred, "that I'm willing to let bygones be bygones. We'll forget about last night."

"I don't even know what you're talking about," said Mildred.

Wally chuckled. "You and your protective coloration," he said. "You're a nice girl, Millie, but a pretty thin traveling companion."

"You should be grateful to me," Mildred told him. "I might have compromised you."

Wally screwed his face into a grimace. "I thought of that first, baby," he said complacently. "Listen here, Mildred. Will you drive me to the studio? They're almost out of their minds, waiting for me."

Mildred felt all at once a little lost. He's back on his own ground, she thought, and he's shoving me into my niche. Aloud she asked, "Where is the studio?" And Wally gave minute directions.

Along a narrower boulevard with turns to the right or the left—did it matter? There were palm trees and houses and finally a mammoth flower bed that spelled a name in something fragrant and white against something fragrant and red. Then they were stopping in front of an enormous lot with a high board fence around it. The floral name was repeated over the gate, in gold this time, but to Mildred it was only vaguely familiar. And then Wally, with a "Hi, Bud!" to the doorkeeper, was jumping out of the car. The doorkeeper and several lesser fry came swarming forward with questions and more questions.

Mildred, leaning against the red leather of the car seat, watched it all and felt suddenly lost and lonely. "Good-by," she called to Wally, after an interval. "I hope the wrist gets better soon—and the head." She put the clutch in second and was just about to start when Wally yelled:

"Hey, wait a minute, Millie! You've got to come in with me—you're my alibi. And, besides, the publicity boys will be waiting."

Mildred stared. "Publicity boys? What do they want of me?"

Wally laughed. "At the moment, you're news," he said, "because you rescued me from a fate worse than death. We must have some good photographs of you to send out with the releases. Come along."

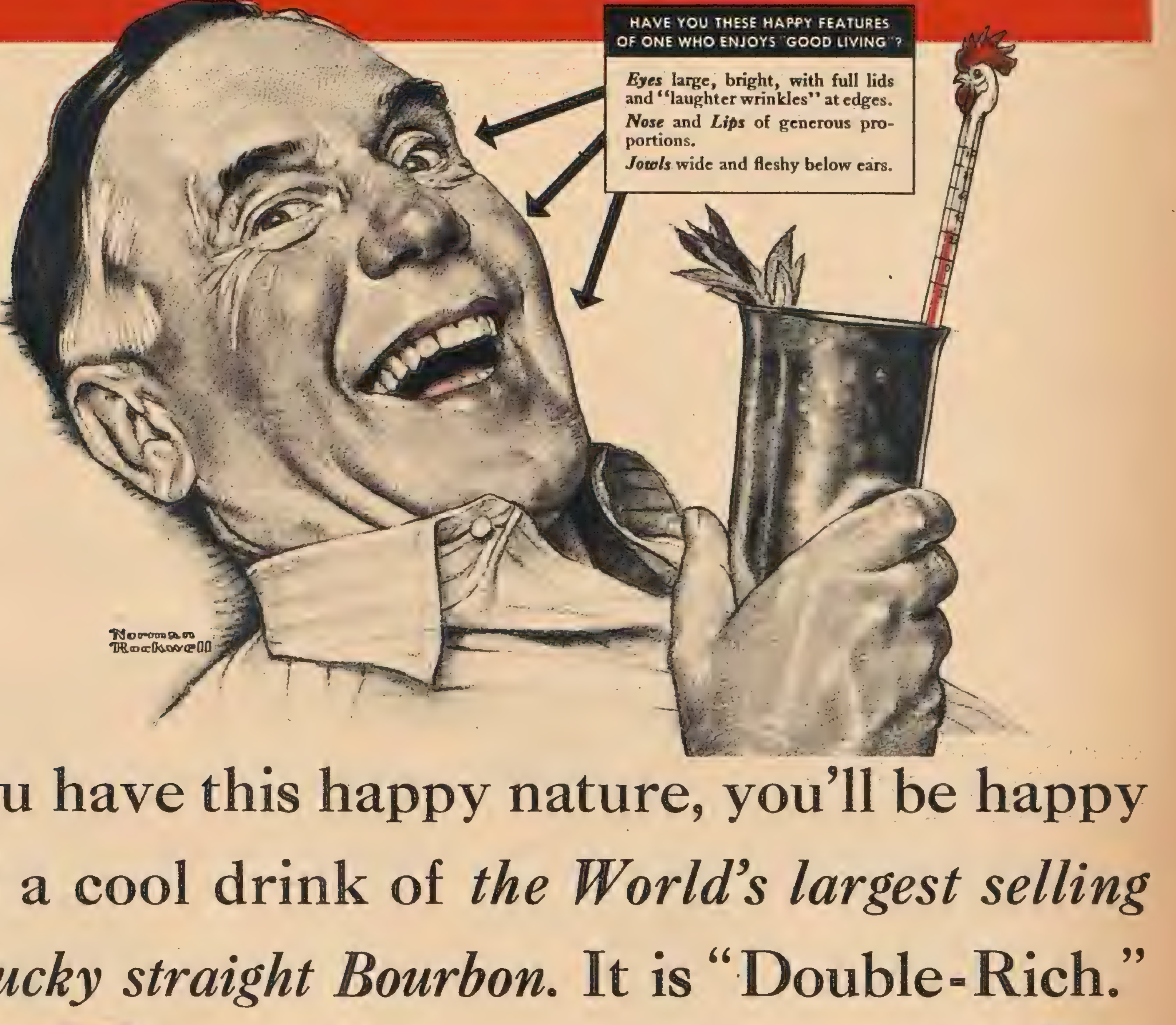
Before Mildred could collect her scattered forces, she was on the other side of the gate that led to what might—or might not—be a promised land.

LOOKING back on it later, Mildred knew that the rest of the morning passed with the rapidity of a falling-through-space dream, but at the time it seemed incredibly long and crowded. Clinging to Wally's hand, she was hurried through the gate and into an activity that was both blatant and unreal. A baker's dozen of young sprouts, carrying musical instruments and dressed in Spanish costume, went racing past. They yelled, "Hello, Wally!" and Wally told her, "Sam Berkwin's Swing Band. They're doing the debut music in my show." Some girls in the tights of the Mauve Decade made a ring around Wally and sang a Gay Nineties song. Wally kissed them individually, promised Millie that she should have a pair of tights too, and dashed on.

The publicity boys were nice. They made much of Mildred—especially when Wally told of the two trucks that had run over him and of the fifteen desperadoes—one of whom resembled Public Enemy Number Three—who had left him lying bound and gagged in the mud. At first they wouldn't believe Wally, but when he pulled up *(Continued on page 32)*

If you are this type you'll like this Bourbon that's

"Double-Rich!"


Norman Rockwell

HAVE YOU THESE HAPPY FEATURES OF ONE WHO ENJOYS "GOOD LIVING"?

Eyes large, bright, with full lids and "laughter wrinkles" at edges.

Nose and *Lips* of generous proportions.

Jowls wide and fleshy below ears.

If you have this happy nature, you'll be happy with a cool drink of *the World's largest selling Kentucky straight Bourbon.* It is "Double-Rich."

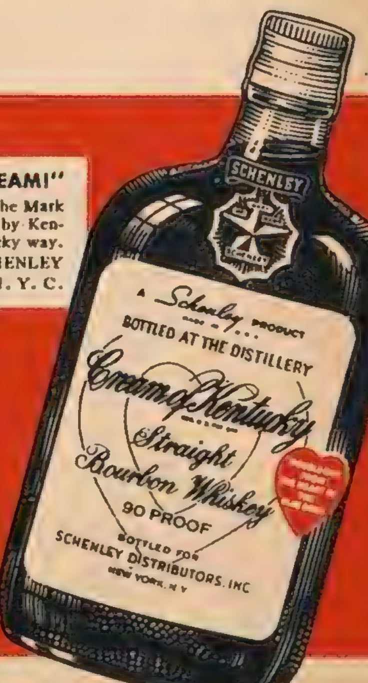
SCHENLEY'S

Cream of Kentucky

STRAIGHT **BOURBON** WHISKEY

Say "MAKE MINE CREAM!"

A 90 PROOF whiskey with the Mark of Merit. Made in Kentucky by Kentuckians the good old Kentucky way. COPYRIGHT 1939, SCHENLEY DISTILLERS CORP., N. Y. C.


SCHENLEY
A Schenley PRODUCT
BOTTLED AT THE DISTILLERY
Cream of Kentucky
Straight
Bourbon Whiskey
90 PROOF
BOTTLED FOR
SCHENLEY DISTRIBUTORS, INC
NEW YORK, N.Y.

(*Continued from page 30*) the bandage and showed them the healing gash on his forehead, they were respectful.

Mildred found herself the center of one group after another. Finally—quite against her own volition—she was shuttled into a large dim room where a man named Bert—she never learned his last name—was fussing with a medley of cameras.

"Bert," Wally explained, "makes our publicity photographs. He'll go to town on you. Eh, Bert?"

Bert said, "Sure!" and without more ado, switched on a violently blue light. Mildred winced under it and knew that the color was being drained from her cheeks and lips. In protest, she said:

"For heaven's sake, take it away. It'll make me look older than Methuselah." But the man named Bert said, "You'd be surprised."

For two long hours Millie was posed in every possible position and in a sort of make-up she'd never imagined: Yellow where it should have been pink, gray where it should have been red. Some of the photographs were made with huge cameras that looked as if they belonged in the Spanish Inquisition. Some of them were made with candid cameras—and this was worse. While she was being snapped, Wally left and went about his business, but he was back long before the ordeal was over.

"Now, Millie, I'll take you to lunch," he said. "For gosh sakes, Bert, lay off my girl—you've enough photographs to sink a ship."

Bert answered, "I made the last two dozen for my own pleasure." And, at Wally's "Aw, now!" "It's the truth. Miss Carey has a beautiful chin line and there's a hollow feeling just below the temple that does things to me. . . . If one of the profiles comes out the way I think, I'm going to enter it in the Los Angeles Camera Show. Bet I'll rate a prize, too."

"You're too darned sweet," said Mildred, "but I know you're only trying to make me feel good."

"No," said the man named Bert, and his voice was earnest, "making people feel good isn't my specialty. In fact"—he chuckled dryly—"well, making people feel good *isn't my specialty*. When does Miss Carey have her test, Wally?"

Wallace Blake answered, "Mildred doesn't want a test." And Bert threw up his hands in holy horror. "Am I going nerts," he asked, "or are you? Why, that girl has everything!"

The girl has everything! Mildred found herself laughing, but the laughter was almost devoid of mirth.

"I don't want to be in pictures," she said. "I'm just traveling around, and I won't settle in any place until I settle—forever. . . . I'll not stay in Hollywood long, Bert. In fact, I'll be on my way before you can say Jack Robinson."

The photographer peered at her over the thick glasses that he wore. "If Wally's shutting down on you," he said, "if he wants to keep this thing private—just tip me off."

Mildred laughed again. It was good to have something funny to laugh at. "Wally doesn't want to keep me to himself," she said. "He wants to get rid of me in a big way. It's just that I never cared a hang for pictures, and it's too late to start caring now."

Bert the photographer chuckled suddenly. "We'll see," he told Mildred. "Where're you stopping anyway? Which hotel, I mean?" And Mildred said, "Why, I haven't the vaguest idea where I'm stopping. I don't know the name of any hotel."

Wally took her arm at this point. "You can send the prints out to my shack," he told the photographer. "I'll see that they reach Mildred." And Bert raised his eyebrows.

Another triumphant progress through the lot and a whole new set of introductions. Mildred met girls who looked as pristine as peeled eggs and men who were longer of eyelashes than chin. A great director came waddling out of the commissary as they went by, and Wally performed an immediate introduction glibly.

"Don't give her such a dirty look, Boris," he told the director. "She doesn't want a test."

The director reached up—he was short, he had to reach up—and took Mildred's chin between his stubby thumb and forefinger. He turned her head so sharply that her neck creaked.

"Vell," he said, and his Teutonic accent didn't belong with the name

The
WIZ
OF
HAUNTED FOREST TURN BACK!

Music to make you sing . . . laughter to make you happier than you have been in years . . . the story beloved by the young-in-heart of *all* ages now comes to the screens of the world, peopled with the brightest stars of stage and screen.

It's Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's most magnificent achievement, requiring 9200 actors, every one of the 30 giant sound stages on the studio lot, 65 tremendous sets and the brain and brawn of 165 separate arts and crafts . . . to bring you one hundred minutes of scintillating entertainment.

of Boris, "she vill haf one, just the same. I expect you tomorrow morning in E Studio, *no later than nine.* You vill make the test with her, Wally."

Wally said, "Oh, sure, if I can drag her over." And the director laughed and waddled away.

"Well, you're in for it," Wally told Mildred.

"But it's ridiculous, Wally. I'm being pushed into an Arabian Nights' dream, and I don't belong there."

"If Boris Kahan thinks you belong there," Wallace told her sagely, "you do."

"That screen test," Mildred said—"I won't take it."

"You don't take screen tests," Wally said. "They're given to you."

"Well, they won't be given to *me*," said Mildred. "I'm not going to make a fool of myself."

"Oddly enough," Wally told her, "the thing might turn out swell. We'll go to the Brown Derby for lunch. You might as well begin at the beginning."

"Brown Derby?" murmured Mildred. "I believe I've heard of it—it's a restaurant!" And when Wally laughed his way through the gate, she followed him—another question on her lips.

"I'm not going to take the test, Wally," she said; "but if I did take it, and it were good—what then?"

Wally helped her into her own car. "Then you'd get a contract, baby," he told her.

"But what," asked Mildred, "would I do with a contract?"

"I know what I've told some people to do with contracts," Wally said, "but that doesn't go for you. Why, darling, you'd stick the old man for plenty of potatoes. You'd buy yourself another car and a silver fox cape and a house and I'd lend you one of my Great Danes—"

"No — be sensible," interrupted Mildred. They were going down another one of those boulevards toward the place called the Brown Derby. "Really, Wally, I'm thirty. I've reached the age of discretion and common sense. I know what it takes to make a picture star."

"It takes darn little to make some of them," Wally threw in.

"Shush," admonished Mildred. "Wally, I haven't what it takes and I know it. Oh, I may have high cheekbones and an interesting hollow at my temple—but that lets me out."

"Or in," said Wally. "A hollow in the temple can't throw you, Millie—lots of women have made the grade with heads that were completely hollow. . . . Turn here, lamb pie."

Mildred said, "You don't understand, Wally. In the first place, a motion-picture actress needs a certain amount of gaiety and—pep. Besides, the desire in me is as cold as the ashes of yesterday's fire."

"That explains," said Wally, "why my pajamas didn't make the grade."

"Shut up!" said Mildred. "There's another thing, Wally—a picture or two pictures or three pictures take time. Time's cheap to lots of women, but to me it's as precious as—well, time's terrific."

"Now, listen," said Wally. "When I met you, you were just idling along the road, going nowhere in particular. It didn't hurt your plans a bit when you decided to drive me to Hollywood—and yet you weren't intending to go to Hollywood until you knocked me for a loop. . . . Some of your excuses are so darned flimsy, Mildred, that I can blow holes in them. You've got all the time in the world, baby—more time than you'll ever need."

"Perhaps you're right," said Mildred slowly; "perhaps I have more time than I'll need."

THE girl at the next table in the Brown Derby made four hundred thousand a year, Wally told Mildred, and shouted an introduction over the top of a booth. That man sitting across the room, eating crackers and milk, was Blair Haines, the heavy—he played those gangster pictures and had a wopping radio contract. That woman with the long nose was a writer—queer ducks, these writers. She did a column for a big syndicate and had a yen for him—thank heaven. If she were off a fellow, that fellow might as well go and park himself with a rattlesnake.

"Excuse me a minute," said Wally, as the woman of the long nose caught his eye, "I'll have to go over and pay tribute." He rose jauntily and saun-

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S GLORIOUS TECHNICOLOR PRODUCTION WITH JUDY GARLAND (*as Dorothy*), FRANK MORGAN (*as the Wizard*), RAY BOLGER (*as the Scarecrow*), BERT LAHR (*as the Cowardly Lion*), JACK HALEY (*as the Tin Woodman*), BILLIE BURKE (*as the Good Witch*), MARGARET HAMILTON (*as the Bad Witch*), CHARLEY GRAPEWIN (*as Uncle Henry*), and the Munchkins. Screenplay by Noel Langley, Florence Ryerson and Edgar Allan Woolf. Music and Lyrics by Harold Arlen and E. Y. Harburg. A VICTOR FLEMING Production. Produced by MERVYN LE ROY. Directed by VICTOR FLEMING.

tered across the room, and Mildred saw him beckon a waiter to the table. While she watched, through guarded lashes, Wally kissed the woman's wrist, wrote something awkwardly with his left hand in her notebook, and paid the returning waiter for a bottle of champagne.

Mildred saw the long-nosed woman twitch Wally's tie into a more suave position, pat his cheek with a cloying gesture, glance in her direction, whisper something, and then rise. Good grief! Mildred thought. Wally's bringing her over here! And, sure enough, he was.

"You met the fourth estate," Wally told her, when they eventually reached the table, after numerous pauses on the way, "a couple of days ago." "This is Mrs. Karen Cathcart, Millie, and she's the first three estates."

Mrs. Cathcart spoke, and her voice was as long and pointed as her nose. Every word was like a knitting needle jamming into Millie's more vulnerable spots.

"Wallace has told me the most extraordinary story," said Mrs. Cathcart. "It seems that you played Samaritan or something."

"It is rather extraordinary," said Mildred, "that I should have happened along so — providentially. Won't you sit down with us? We've only just started."

"Sorry, but I can't," said Mrs. Cathcart. "I'm expecting a couple of—" The gentlemen she was expecting had, according to her, doubtful ancestry. "Well," she hedged, "I'll sit down for a minute."

WALLY beckoned a waiter and ordered champagne cocktails. They came so fast that Mildred felt as if they were being magicked from the sky.

"I never had a champagne cocktail before," she said involuntarily. "They're pretty." And Mrs. Cathcart snickered.

"I always said," she told Mildred, "that Wally could be got with the right technique. So it's innocence—the Shirley Temple gag. You've never tasted a champagne cocktail, eh? Well, you'll not learn younger. Here's how!" She drained her glass in one gulp.

Mildred sipped her cocktail slowly. It gave her a chance to survey the writer without staring. Karen Cathcart was a name that she had known for long—known better than any of the star names. The author wrote stories that were brittle and exciting and polished and hard. "I've read you—" Mildred told her involuntarily.

"Your public," said Wally.

"Yeah?" drawled the Cathcart woman. "I get every kind." She turned toward Wally. "It's nice that she can read. I wouldn't have guessed, to look at her."

"Wally thinks I'm young for my age too," Mildred agreed sweetly. She could take a cue as well as the next one. "I have several books—they give me a great deal of comfort during the long winter evenings."

Mrs. Cathcart beckoned to the waiter this time. "Another," she told him. And when her second champagne cocktail had gone the way of her first, she surveyed Mildred with stony eyes.

"So you're one of those," she said. "Smart, eh?"

Mildred nodded. "Almost precocious," she murmured.

"Where're you from?" asked Mrs. Cathcart icily.

Something about the woman's arrogance was getting under Mildred's skin. "Let's say," she answered, "that I came from out of the everywhere into the here. . . . I not only read—I know the classics too."

Mrs. Cathcart surveyed the room through narrowed lids. Her eyes suddenly swooped on Mildred.

"Wally got out of hand a few days ago," she said, "and ran away for a little vacation. But when he left, he hadn't that look in his eyes. He didn't *intend* to meet you."

Wally laughed a shade uncomfortably. "Our meeting was purely accidental. Wasn't it, Mildred?" he asked.

And "Quite!" agreed Mildred.

AGAIN Mrs. Cathcart beckoned for a waiter. Mildred, her head spinning from a single cocktail, wondered if the long lean legs of her opponent were hollow. She said — without meaning to say it:

"And where are *you* from, Mrs. Cathcart?"

"You can read that in Who's Who," the Cathcart woman snapped at her.

"That's one of the books I don't own," said Mildred. And Wally broke in — almost frantically — with a "Millie *really is* unsophisticated, you know."

"Yeah, I know," drawled the Cathcart woman. Her glance was sharper than her voice—if her voice was a knitting needle, her glance was a stiletto. "Yeah, I know all about it!"

Mildred didn't answer for a moment. Finally she spoke. "I suppose a writer," she said, "makes a business of reading character. Being able to read character must make life extremely—simple."

"Well, Mildred Carey, let me give you a word of advice," said Mrs. Cathcart. She paused impressively. "There are several things you want to look out for here in Hollywood, or you'll stub your toe. Get me?"

"I think so," said Mildred. "What are they?"

"Two of them are women," Mrs. Cathcart told her, "and one of the women is *me.*" She rose abruptly. "Here come my boy friends," she said. "Good-by, Wally." She walked swiftly across the room and was joined by a pair of reedy youths who looked hungry and eyed the champagne bottle with eagerness.

"Whew!" said Mildred. "Are there many more at home like her?"

Wallace Blake was fiddling with the stem of his cocktail glass. "I'm afraid you made Karen sore," he said finally.

"She loathed me at first glance," Mildred told him. "I don't know why. I loathed her too."

"That was very evident," said Wallace. "Listen here, Millie. People don't loathe Karen Cathcart and show it—not if they can help themselves."

"Really?" questioned Mildred.

Wally drained his glass. "She's a dangerous woman," he said. "Between you and me, I hate her guts too, but I've got to be cagey. I've seen people leave town because Cathcart made it too hot for them."

"Really?" said Mildred again.

"Think I'm kidding, don't you?" asked Wally. He edged his chair close to Mildred and spoke in a whisper. "Not very long ago," he breathed, "you made a date to have a screen test."

"Oh, no," objected Mildred. "I wouldn't have a screen test for the world. I explained to you that—"

"It's just as well, *now,*" interrupted Wally. "Remember what I said would happen if the test worked out?"

"You mentioned a contract and a silver fox cape," murmured Mildred, "and the loan of a Great Dane."

"Contracts and silver fox capes and Great Danes don't happen to women when Karen Cathcart hates them," said Wally gravely.

"Really?" asked Mildred for the third time, and noticed that the long-nosed woman and the two boys were staring at her.

THERE were toasted rolls on the table. Wallace Blake worried a piece of one, making it into pellets.

"That woman is beyond shame or pride or the libel laws," he told Mildred. "She can say anything and get away with it."

Mildred laughed. "Now, Wally, what can Mrs. Cathcart say about me? And besides, *she* started it."

"That's because you're pretty," said Wally, "and I made the mistake of telling her that I was interested in you."

"Am I and are you?" asked Mildred.

"You've changed in the last two days," said Wally Blake. "You seem more sure of yourself, or something, and you're heaps fresher. . . . Listen here, Mildred. In six days your name will be mud if Karen Cathcart puts the bee on you. In six months you can be dead and buried for all the public cares."

Mildred reached for one of the toasted rolls. She had to do something to control the sudden trembling of her fingers. "Yes—in six months I can be dead and buried," she said. "Wally, who's the other woman, and what—" She broke off. "Wally, somebody's trying to attract your attention. It—I believe it's the girl in that snapshot you carry in your wallet."

Wally raised eyes that were worried, and then a smile—was it a smile of relief for a change of subject?—swept across his face. "Yes, it's Nadine," he

(Continued on page 36)

This is the story of a great idea!

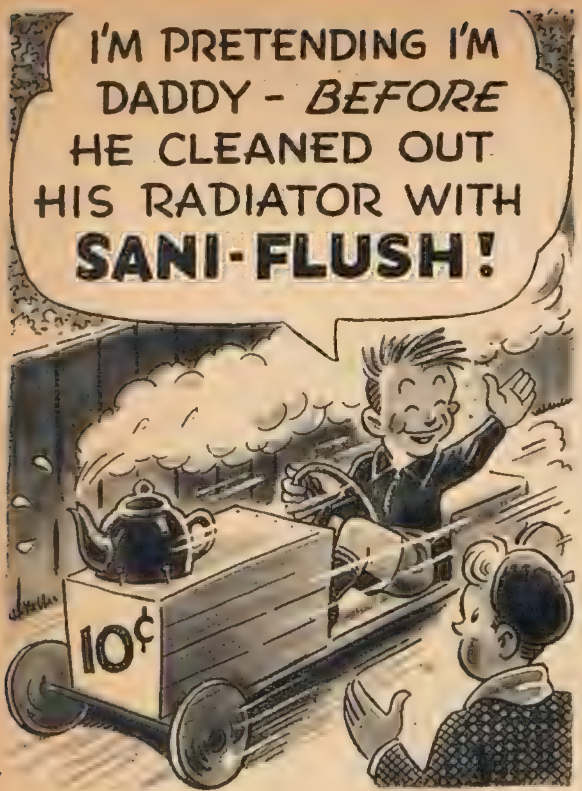
Millions of traveling motorists all want clean pleasant rest rooms with running water soap and towels and a mirror. So we Texaco Dealers have pledged you clean fully equipped *Registered* Rest Rooms at our stations...supervised by our "White Patrol" inspection cars. We invite you to stop at our stations where you get that lively *FIRE-CHIEF* gasoline and Circle Service and courtesy. We thank you . . .

Copyright 1939,
by The Texas Company

TEXACO DEALERS

This message is published in behalf of more than 45,000 independent Texaco Dealers by The Texas Company . . . makers of Fire-Chief and SKY CHIEF *Gasolines,* Insulated *Texaco and Havoline Motor Oils, Marfak and more than 350 Industrial Lubricants.*

Sky Chief sells for about half the price you paid in 1920 for the then regular gasoline, illustrating the continued success of the petroleum industry in providing the public with better products at lower prices.


I'M PRETENDING I'M DADDY - *BEFORE* HE CLEANED OUT HIS RADIATOR WITH SANI-FLUSH!
10¢

It's silly to wait until the car overheats to clean out the radiator. You waste power and fuel. And you may be heading for an expensive repair bill.

Don't wait! Use Sani-Flush regularly at least twice a year to clean out automobile radiators. Do the job yourself. It costs only 10c (25c for the largest trucks and tractors). Just pour in Sani-Flush. Run the engine. Drain, flush and refill (*directions on the can*). That's all there is to it. And your radiator is sweet and clean. If you prefer, ask your garage or service station to do the job for you. Insist on Sani-Flush. It cannot injure motor or fittings. You'll find Sani-Flush in most bathrooms for cleaning toilets. Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and five-and-ten-cent stores. 25c and 10c sizes. The Hygienic Products Company, Canton, Ohio.

Sani-Flush Safe NOT CAUSTIC

KEEPS RADIATORS CLEAN

GLOVER'S—Old-Time Favorite

HELP FOR THE HAIR!

SON, I'VE USED GLOVER'S FOR MY HAIR FOR 30 YEARS! I'M GLAD YOU ARE USING IT, TOO!

Glover's has been helping men and women combat common scalp and hair troubles for over a half century! Many are lavish in their praise over what Glover's Mange Medicine and systematic massage has done for them as an aid in relieving Dandruff, Itching Scalp and Excessive Falling Hair.

Shampoo with Glover's Medicated Soap—specially compounded for use with the medicine.

FREE booklet on Glover's System for Scalp and Hair. Write **GLOVER'S**, Dept. S, 468 4th Ave., New York.

MANY BARBERS are skilled in following Glover's Method of Scalp and Hair care. Ask for it!

GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE

(Continued from page 34) said. He raised his voice: "Come on over, Nadine."

THE girl who had been standing in the doorway came slowly across the room, but there was something in her very slowness that made Mildred think of streamlined trains and airplanes and yachts and panthers. There was a leashed power in that slender body—the velvet oversurface was just so much decoy. Her wide smoky eyes tipped up at the outer corners with an Oriental effect; her hair managed to be six colors at the same time. Her indescribable heart-shaped face was perfect.

"Good Lord, she's beautiful!" murmured Mildred, but Wally didn't hear her. He was on his feet—his hands outstretched in glad greeting.

"How're you, Nadine?" he wanted to know.

Nadine spoke. Even her voice was streamlined. "When'd you get back, Wally?" she wanted to know. "You were going to call me as soon as you got back."

"I rolled into Hollywood," Wally told her, "less than—well, it was the top of the morning. Nadine, this is Mildred Carey. Millie, Miss Nadine Blythe."

"How do you do?" said Millie. She thought, There aren't any hollows below *that* girl's temples.

"How do you do?" said Nadine. "Where the devil did *you* come from, anyway? I've been able to keep track of Wally's women to date." She turned to Wally. "That's what comes of letting you out of my sight, angel. I should have gone along with you."

"You weren't invited," said Wally. "Meeting any one, Nadine?"

"You," Nadine told him and slipped into a chair. She chose the one between Mildred and Wally.

"What'll you have?" invited Wally.

"An old-fashioned," Nadine told him, "with Scotch."

After it had been ordered she moved her head ever so slightly so that she was taking stock of Mildred through the slanted corners of her eyes.

"Where did Wally find you?" she wanted to know.

The Cathcart woman was thin and ungainly and her nose was long and pointed. Nadine Blythe was the essence of all loveliness. And yet, at that moment, Millie recognized a kinship between the two women.

"You're the other one," she said, "aren't you?"

Nadine said, "I don't know what you're talking about." She turned to Wally. "Where'd you pick her up?" she wanted to know.

Wally said, "As a matter of fact she picked *me* up. There was a big parade of trucks and I was standing in the road—I was out of gas, you see, and—"

Nadine interrupted. "I heard that before," she said, "and I know what it's worth. It's all over town how you were run down and broke your arm and got cut in the head and a girl rescued you. Publicity be darned. . . . What's the real story?"

Wally said, "Well, really there was only one car, but the knocking out was genuine."

Again Nadine glanced at Millie in her curious slantwise manner. "Was it?" she asked.

Mildred said, "He'll take off his bandage and show you the damage if you encourage him. The black and blue on his head is turning a little green now, but it still looks gummy."

"What did you sock him with?" asked Nadine.

Mildred felt herself flushing. Should she tell the truth and shame the devil? Should she say, "I socked him with my roadster"? Or should she—her train of thought was interrupted by Wally's voice:

"Now, Nadine," he wanted to know, "has any woman ever socked me?"

For a moment—just a moment—a queer wistful tenderness drifted across Nadine Blythe's lovely face. "No," she said at last, "I don't think any woman would. . . . Will you order some food, Wally? I'm starved."

Wally called for a menu. "I'm starved too," he said, "although Mildred and I have done our share of eating on the road. . . . Still and all, good old Brown Derby vittles—"

Nadine interrupted again. It was her least beautiful habit. "On the road?" she asked sharply. "What were you two doing *on the road?*"

"Driving," Mildred told her, "except when it was necessary to stop for food or to sleep."

"So-o," said Nadine Blythe, and Wally chuckled and remarked amiably:

"You've put your foot in it now, Millie. You're socially ruined."

ALL at once and oddly Mildred Carey was angry. Suddenly her mind was shuttling back to the beginning of this mad adventure. Home—the furnished room—her shrouded typewriter—the doctor's office—the thin little sheaf of bankbooks—traveler's checks and clothes and a car and a long lonely drive—and then Wally standing with his hand out, asking for aid. The crash—and her return to Wally—Wally lying in the dust with his head all bloody.

"I didn't ask for this," she said. "I didn't want any of it."

Nadine said softly, "How long were you traveling together? You've been away a week, Wally. You were due home two days ago."

Wally said, "Millie picked me up at sundown day before yesterday. We drove until moonrise—then my back ached, so we stopped. We stayed in a hotel—what was the town, Millie?"

Millie supplied it.

"After that," Wally went on, "we got up and had breakfast and drove all yesterday morning—stopping at a hamburger place for lunch. Then we drove all afternoon and stopped for a cocktail. Then we drove until the moon was up again and stopped at another hotel in—what was that last town, Mildred?"

Mildred again supplied the name.

"This morning," Wallace told Nadine, "we reached the pot of gold at the rainbow's end. Well, anyway, the pot of something. . . . Now you know the facts of life. You're up to date, Nadine—"

"Am I?" questioned Nadine. "How'd it happen you drove back together? You didn't know this girl when you went away."

"Maybe I went to meet her," said Wally. "Maybe that was why I left town. Maybe we're old schoolmates!"

"Fiddlesticks!" said Nadine. "You drove down the line because you were mad at me and wanted to teach me a lesson. Why did you drive *her* back here?" She nodded at Millie. "Was it to get my goat, or—"

It was Mildred's turn to barge in. "*I* drove Wally back," she said, "in my car. He wasn't able to use his right arm—he couldn't handle a steering wheel. He left his car in Craneville."

"So you drove him in *your* car?" said Nadine. "Listen here, Miss Carey. Are you one of these society girls looking for a thrill? I can't place you."

Mildred laughed. She couldn't help it. "The thought of me being a society girl looking for a thrill," she said, "is as funny as the thought of me taking a screen test tomorrow."

SHE was quite unprepared for the look of fury that swept across Nadine Blythe's lovely face.

"So you're having a screen test tomorrow, are you?" she said. "Who's testing you?"

"Boris," Wally said. "Boris Kahan. So what?"

Nadine Blythe's rage had stained her lovely face a sultry scarlet.

"Blast these little climbers!" she almost screamed. "What right has she coming around here?" Her voice took on a sudden agony of fright. "Wally," she asked, "Boris is testing her? You're not looking for a *new leading woman?*"

"Gosh almighty," said Wally, "I'm not looking for anything, but I seem to be getting plenty of it. Millie doesn't want a screen test. She probably won't even show up for it—"

Mildred interposed, and she was surprised at the slow, saccharine quality of her own voice.

"I thought," she said slowly, "that I hadn't time for a test—but I've changed my mind. I'm looking forward to the test, Wally. In fact I can hardly wait. If I make the grade it will be a great joke on—everybody." ("Including myself," her heart echoed.)

What fresh complications will Millie's screen test bring about? If it is successful, will she sign a contract or flee from Hollywood? How will Mrs. Cathcart, Nadine, and Wally react to either course? Get next week's Liberty for most surprising answers to your best guesses.

Pay day for good smokin'
that million dollar taste sure puts you on VELVET
Velvet
PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
Velvet
Better smoking tobacco
—for MILDNESS fine old Kentucky Burley aged in wood
—the FLAVOR of pure maple sugar for extra good taste
Velvet packs easy in a pipe
Rolls smooth in a cigarette
Better tobacco for both
Copyright 1939,
Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

Have You heard this one?

From New York's gay spots come these new gags and merry tales

BY HARRY HERSHFIELD

ILLUSTRATED BY PAKI

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

On his visit to America, George Bernard Shaw was invited to one of those lethargic lionizing parties. During the evening the hostess approached the noted cynic and said, "Are you enjoying yourself, Mr. Shaw?" "Yes—and that's the only thing I'm enjoying," he retorted.

Seth Jones returned to his home town after a visit to the World's Fair. Questioned regarding his hotel accommodations, he replied: "One night I was forced to sleep on the twelfth floor—another night I went to bed on the sixth—and the next night I had to sleep on the twentieth floor." "What did you let them switch you around like that for, Seth?" "Couldn't do a thing about it," muttered the victim. "You see, they put a cot in one of the elevators for me."

"In making a speech these days, it is dangerous to gesticulate. At a function the other night, the toastmaster accidentally pointed twice—and two federal judges resigned."

"The 'key' cities are now reviving their former cry, 'We've got the best judges that money can buy.'"

OF THEE I SING

Description of a certain movie critic: "He wouldn't even give the American flag forty-eight stars."

A Frenchman, an Englishman, and an American were engaged in good-natured controversy. Finally the subject turned to, "If you were not what you are, what would you rather be?" "If I wasn't a Frenchman," ventured the first, "I would be a Norwegian." Applause. Then the Briton suggested, "If I wasn't an Englishman, I'd be a Frenchman." Wild applause. The two then turned to the American and said, "If you weren't an American, what would you be?" "I'd be ashamed of myself," came the vociferous Yankee retort. (Author's note: This yarn can be twisted to compliment any nation you happen to be visiting.)

"Their Britannic Majesties have learned plenty in their recent travels. In Hyde Park, London, they shake fists—in Hyde Park, New York, they simply 'shake.'"

What is called in the vernacular "bad timing" supposedly took place at the Roosevelt picnic to the royal pair. After His Majesty downed his third hot dog, the band on the lawn struck up God Save the King.

"Wait for your laughs" is the good advice of every veteran of the stage. Among the few who know how to coax "guffaws" these days are versatile beings like the keen Lowell Thomas. At the recent Dutch Treat Club show, his opening remark to the audience was: "If this show doesn't look as good as last year, neither do you."

IN REBUTTAL

These scrambled bits of recorded humor simply add to our commentary on the present-day folderol existence. To panic-stricken critics of our current life, these are more than symptoms—they are aggravations potent enough to kill our civilization.

Against such plaintiffs we bring back the story of the professor delivering a lecture to the medical school class. In stentorian tone he propounded: "Drinking has killed more people—smoking has taken more lives—overeating has taken its great toll of lives."

He was interrupted by a student who cried, "Professor, what you say is absolutely correct. Now, I would like to ask you a question: What kills those guys who live *right?*"

At the Saints and Sinners dinner to Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe, Jimmy Durante told of his going into a store and saying to the clerk, "I want to buy a fountain pen for a lady, for her birthday." "I see," suggested the clerk. "A surprise for the wife?" "I'll say so—she thinks she's getting a limousine," came Durante's bombshell.

"Nobody has a better right to talk of war than myself—me, the veteran of three draft exemptions."

HEIL, HEIL! THE GANG'S ALL HERE!

Hitler's annexing so many smaller nations to the Reich brings to mind the wisdom of a colored chauffeur. His boss showed him a new car with dozens of new gadgets attached to the machine. Asked for his opinion, the chauffeur drawled, "Just so many more things to rattle later, boss."

A Communist lost his way and, to his dismay, found himself in the center of Berlin. The frightened Ivanchick rushed into the first German radio station he could find. To the announcer he cried, "Let me say one word on the radio, please!" "Get out of here, *Schweinhund* Communist, you!" was the reply. Ivanchick pleaded: after all, he was a human being, and what harm would it do the radio station if he said only one word over the microphone? He wanted the privilege of saying only *one* word. "All right," agreed the announcer; "but remember—only *one* word." With that, the Communist rushed over to the microphone and hollered, "HELP!"

The dictators have been asking the small nations in Europe if they are frightened by aggression talk. It can only be answered by Heywood Broun's description of a certain melodrama. For ten acts the villain has had the heroine on railroad tracks and buzz saws, attempted to poison her and what not. In the eleventh act, as the villain approaches her, the heroine starts to rush for a window—whereupon he asks, "Why do you fear me, gal?"

Before the fight, Tony Galento said to the reporters, "I'll knock that bum Louis out in one punch." When told of Galento's statement, Louis cracked with "There ain't no law against a dog waggin' his own tail."

At the Press Photographers' Ball the M. C. introduced him so: "Ladies and gentlemen—while he's *still standing*, I want you to meet Tony Galento."

THE END

Gallant Gestes Preston, Cooper, and Milland with Susan Hayward in the famous French Foreign Legion film.

GOOD OLD FOREIGN LEGION

It serves again in a retake, but there are 100-per-cent American films to balance the week's movie fare

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 43 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★ BEAU GESTE

THE PLAYERS: Gary Cooper, Ray Milland, Robert Preston, Brian Donlevy, J. Carrol Naish, Broderick Crawford, Charles Barton, Susan Hayward, G. P. Huntley, Heather Thatcher, James Stephenson, James Burke, Albert Dekker, Arthur Aylesworth, Harry Woods, Harold Huber, Stanley Andrews, Donald O'Connor, David Holt, Ann Gillis. Screen play by Robert Carson adapted from the novel by Percival Christopher Wren. Directed by William A. Wellman. Produced by Paramount. Running time, 114 minutes.

PROBABLY you remember Percival Christopher Wren's romance of the French Foreign Legion, with the three loyal, brave English brothers who, for the good of the family name, raced away to Africa and service on the burning sands. It was done in 1927 with Ronald Colman, Neil Hamilton, and Ralph Forbes as the three brothers. Then a comparative newcomer, one William Powell, stole the film as the mean, spying, talebearing legionnaire who was pinned to the guardroom table with sabers by his annoyed companions in arms. Now Gary Cooper, Ray Milland, and Robert Preston play the fearless trio of Gestes—and Brian Donlevy steals the picture as the sergeant who lords it over his little command with mad brutality, a degenerate ruthlessness, and complete courage.

Beau Geste is a typical English tale of stalwart family love. The men go out to fight, the women wait patiently in the garden near the sundial. There is a stolen sapphire, the honor of the Gestes is at stake, it's all very tantivy. The yarn gets showier when the three join up with the Legion. Indeed, the scenes at Fort Zinderneuf, a lone sentinel in the trackless desert with the little command hemmed in by hordes of blood-crazed tribesmen, have high excitement. The legionnaires are whittled away one by one, brutal Sergeant Markoff props the corpses up in the embrasures around the ramparts to puzzle the astonished Arabs, death closes in slowly but surely as relief apparently loiters behind some distant oasis. In brief, it's all spectacular, thrilling, and really dramatic.

And Brian Donlevy is a delightful pathological brute. His fan mail should be tremendous.

VITAL STATISTICS: Picture cost better than $1,500,000. The sand dunes nineteen miles west of Yuma, Arizona, play the Sahara. There Fort Zinderneuf was built, along with stables for a hundred horses and thirty camels. Near by an oasis of fifty tall palms was laid out, the palms anchored in concrete so that the sixty-mile gales wouldn't throw 'em for a loss. A work city of ninety-six tents was erected. This tent city had electricity, hot and cold water, sewerage, a movie theater. A teletype was installed at the nearest phone, eight miles away. Nearest railroad was eleven miles distant, at Ogilby. Daily aerial taxi service carried actors to and from Hollywood. A $50,000 plank road running two miles over the dunes linked the location with a main desert highway. This was blocked three times by sand from desert storms. . . . Susan Hayward walked right into the role of Isobel. Just an art model from Brooklyn who decided to try for a Hollywood career. Applied to the head of the studio talent department—and got the job five days later. . . . The forty-nine "dead" men in the film earned $2,597 a day, a total of $40,000. Special beach umbrellas shielded the "late lamented" between shots. They had to hold the same position for eight hours a day for about twenty days. Easy? Try it. . . . During the picture, a daughter, Kathleen Kent Wellman, was born to Director and Mrs. Wellman on March 13. Called Kitty for short. . . . The weather: freezing cold at night, sweltering at noon. One morning the company had to wait for a foot of snow to melt.

★ ★ ½ ANDY HARDY GETS SPRING FEVER

THE PLAYERS: Lewis Stone, Mickey Rooney, Cecilia Parker, Fay Holden, Ann Rutherford, Sara Haden, Helen Gilbert, Terry Kilburn, John T. Murray, George Breakston, Charles Peck, Sidney Miller, Addison Richards, Olaf Hytten, Erville Alderson, Robert Kent. Screen play by Kay Van Riper based on the characters created by Aurania Rouverol. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 87 minutes.

THE Hardy family encounters a new set of problems in Carvel. The judge falls for two crooked promoters who tell him a seemingly worthless piece of property is rich with aluminum. Judge Hardy isn't quite a astute as usual in meeting this em[illegible]gency. He is better in helping A[illegible] get over the hurdles of his first

Watch Out!

When your hair sheds loose dandruff. When waves don't last. When your scalp feels tight and uncomfortable . . . Watch out! These are Dry Scalp's warnings!

Check DRY SCALP and watch your hair improve!

GO ahead and *be* an outdoor girl this summer! But if you want people to admire your hair, then protect it with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic against the drying effects of too much sun, water, and soap. They all rob your hair of its natural oils, steal its lustre and good looks.

'Vaseline' Hair Tonic actually supplements the natural oils of the scalp, helps overcome that stringy, harsh feeling that even healthy hair takes on in the summertime. For soft, glossy hair and waves that last longer, begin using 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic today! You'll be amazed at the speedy improvement in the looks and the feel of your hair.

A few drops supplement the natural scalp oils, keep your hair good-looking.

40¢ and 70¢

BEFORE EVERY SHAMPOO—massage the scalp well with plenty of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic.

AFTER EVERY SHAMPOO—rub on a few drops to replenish the scalp oils; add lustre.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Copr. 1939, Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd.

PAINFUL SUNBURN? TRY 'VASELINE' Petroleum Jelly! It cools. Soothes. Supplements the natural skin oils. Relieves parched, dry feeling. A jar or tube 10c.

crush—the new and pretty teacher of dramatics. Andy plunges headlong, besides writing a three-act drama of a naval officer, a little South Sea hula girl, and a volcano. The school puts on Andy's play, with Andy as the heroic sea dog, and things begin to happen.

Somehow or other this seventh Hardy legend doesn't seem quite as honestly real as its predecessors. A certain detailed human quality is missing. Maybe it's the direction. W. S. Van Dyke has succeeded George Seitz. Possibly that's the reason. Still, it is amusing and it reveals a highly promising blonde newcomer, Helen Gilbert, who plays the young teacher of dramatics. This girl has real possibilities.

VITAL STATISTICS: Helen Gilbert makes the step from the cello to hello in one. Born twenty-three years ago in Warren, Ohio, she studied music in Philadelphia, took up the cello under the tutelage of Felix Salmon. Two years ago she began playing with Hollywood recording orchestras. While making Sweethearts, director Van Dyke noticed her, told her to get a film test, and promptly forgot all about the little cello player in the front row. Here there's a time lapse. They're making ready the Hardy comedy and the casting office sends Helen Gilbert around to see Van Dyke. "Who's she?" he demands—and then he remembers. She got the part. . . . What with the state laws about the number of hours children can work, the making of a Hardy comedy presents problems. Van Dyke licked some of 'em by using ex-jockeys as stand-ins for the boys. Terry Kilburn's ex-rider stand-in was old enough to be his grandfather. . . . Lewis Stone was a youngster on the stage when he enlisted as a lieutenant in the Spanish-American War. Came back to play leads on Broadway. Then the World War, and Lewis, commissioned as a major of cavalry, was an instructor at Plattsburg. In films for thirty years.

★ ★ ½ CAREER

THE PLAYERS: Anne Shirley, Edward Ellis, Samuel S. Hinds, Janet Beecher, Leon Errol, Alice Eden, John Archer, Raymond Hatton, Maurice Murphy, Harrison Greene, Charles Drake, Hobart Cavanaugh. Screen play by Dalton Trumbo, adaptation by Bert Granet from Phil Stong's novel. Directed by Leigh Jason. Produced by RKO-Radio. Running time, 80 minutes.

PHIL STONG wrote of a small Iowa community in the first throes of the depression. The time was 1931, the place an imaginary town of some 3,000 inhabitants, called Pittsville, in the heart of the rich corn and hog country. Mr. Stong intended it to present a cross section of inland American life when he pitted the stalwart, honest, kindly storekeeper against the local and less ethical banker. The feud is an old one, for over twenty years before, the banker won away the girl the other had hoped to marry. Now, a generation later, the storekeeper's son, studying to be a doctor, is in love with the banker's daughter.

The story gets a little out of hand, being cluttered up with the prohibition antics of two alcoholic village types. But when Edward Ellis, as the forthright merchant, gets his innings, the yarn takes on a vitality and a validity it loses at other moments. Ellis makes Stephen Cruthers real and human. Janet Beecher's is an understanding, flesh-and-blood performance, too.

VITAL STATISTICS: Discovered at sixty-three! Eddie Ellis says it's a queer experience. He's been acting for sixty of the sixty-three but Hollywood didn't notice much, although he's been out there for six of 'em. Then he did ornery Andrew Jackson in Man of Conquest for Republic. Made his debut at three with his daddy, Edward Ellis, Sr. Biggest success behind the foots was as the original Blackie Daw in Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford. . . . Janet Beecher was a David Belasco leading woman back in the glamorous Belasco Theater days. . . . Anne Shirley was a child actress as Dawn O'Day. At three she did a kid in The Miracle Child with William Farnum; at four she was supporting Pola Negri. Worked for twelve years as Dawn O'Hara. Then she grew up. Took her current cognomen from the name of the heroine of Anne of Green Gables, her first hit in lengthened dresses. Now she's twenty-one.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Goodbye Mr. Chips, Only Angels Have Wings, Union Pacific, Juarez, Stagecoach, That Certain Age.

★★★½—Young Mr. Lincoln, Wuthering Heights, The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle, Three Smart Girls Grow Up, Midnight, Dark Victory, The Little Princess, The Oklahoma Kid, Ice Follies of 1939, Jesse James.

★★★—They Shall Have Music, On Borrowed Time, Bachelor Mother, Five Came Back, Daughters Courageous, Man About Town, Jamaica Inn, Four Feathers, Blind Alley, Invitation to Happiness, Rose of Washington Square, It's a Wonderful World, Confessions of a Nazi Spy, For Love or Money, Back Door to Heaven, East Side of Heaven, The Hardys Ride High, The Story of Alexander Graham Bell, The Hound of the Baskervilles, Man of Conquest, Dodge City, The Flying Irishman, Let Freedom Ring, Yes My Darling Daughter.

WE ARE STILL *NOT* PREPARED

Another urgent plea for Liberty's National Defense program for tomorrow's war

BY GENERAL ROBERT LEE BULLARD

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 37 SECONDS

PUBLIC opinion has supported Liberty's National Defense Program as outlined in these pages nearly two years ago. Strides have been made toward achieving *some* of the goals set in that program.

But I'm convinced the public has been led to overestimate the gains actually made. Meanwhile, world events show clearly that if we are to regard ourselves as a first-class nation we must have still greater *warmaking power.* That we'll get only if aroused opinion continues to demand it.

We stubbornly misguide ourselves on two counts:

First, we inherited from England a belief in the navy—that this "first line of defense" was about all we need.

But consider: Never in a century and a quarter has our navy ever *won* a war for us. Wars are won by armies. Our recent Caribbean maneuvers were open confession that from that quarter we *can* be attacked. Admiral Sims, wartime commander in chief, once was quoted as saying that in a future war against any enemy having strong air power the best place for our fleet would be as far up the Mississippi River as possible. I am not so sure about that. *Nor is anybody.* And *that* is just the point.

A fleet in action may spread over nearly a hundred miles of ocean. Its aviation *cannot* "control the air" above it, or over any such area. Any really air-armed enemy would flash through.

I grant that—because of ocean distances and our having the number one naval air force—our naval position is better than that of Britain. That is, *if* we are not attacked in two oceans. But do not fool yourself. If Germany risked two or three thousand planes in an attempt at wiping British sea supremacy out of calculations for all time, the result probably would rewrite *our* defense problem overnight.

Until the air-sea test comes we cannot *know* whether our "first line" is, or can ever be made, as strong as we have been taught to believe. Nevertheless, again we are stressing warship building at the expense of all else. *I contend that even now it is folly for us to assume the "infallibility" of sea power. And that we are putting entirely too many eggs in one basket.*

The second count: It would be almost "criminal" for anybody to rise up and demand that this richest of nations have an army, navy, or air force having offensive, attack power. That would be "militarism," "warmongering," heaven knows what. We are always that way in peacetime.

But look up your history book. We've fought *one* defensive war—the Revolution. All others were "offensive."

Invade! Go get that fellow! That's the Yankee reaction, and always will be.

For various reasons—ocean distances, weak enemies, our inherent strength, the slowness of war in the past—we've been able to bungle through. We've started unprepared, gathered strength, fought offensively, and have won—at a too high cost.

But I contend it is folly to assume we can "bungle through" against swift modern war. "Minimum home defense" is futile. Anything short of balanced warmaking power is not adequate preparedness in this world today. We are not getting that.

"Defense" talk, debate and planning, I'm convinced, has given Mr. Average Citizen the impression that we are now building strong military power. *We are not.* We are adding only a few thousand soldiers to a small old-fashioned "police force" army whose rank is seventeenth.

Have you assumed we are "streamlining" that army? Get that record straight. Streamlining sounded modern; it meant only giving motor speed to foot soldiers, infantry, in a smaller division unit. We did that for the first time—experimentally and temporarily—in 1937; did nothing in 1938, except debate; and will "experiment" again this year. Meanwhile, officers who learned at least something about giving speed to the army have been shifted to other duties and scattered. That publicized "streamlined" division "marched" 346 miles in fourteen hours. Our present standard-equipped infantry division can move twelve to fifteen miles in a day.

Still, from what I hear and read of military comment, hitching an army to motors instead of mules seems to be regarded as a colossal task requiring years of study!

Again, have you received the impression that we are doing something drastic, and quickly, about "mechanization"? That is, about providing our forces with the swiftest and deadliest self-propelled weapons, tanks and armored cars, and mobile artillery, antiaircraft and machine guns? *We are not.* We have one brigade.

Great Britain, tardiest of the European Powers in preparing for modern war, is mechanizing eighteen of her twenty-two cavalry regiments; this exclusive of her tank corps and smaller units designed to fight with infantry. Russia, who led in reach for "machine-made war," was re-

BALANCED PREPAREDNESS

ported by Deutsche Wehr of March, 1938, then to have 5,375 tanks. Of these, 625 are adaptations of our own 60-m. p. h. Christie; 750, amphibians; and 600 are veritable " land battleships "—equally divided between two types of *32 and 37 tons*. That last giant has inch-thick armor; one 75-mm., two 37-mm. guns; two machine guns and a crew of twelve.

We've studied this whole question of better weapons intensively for fifteen years. The cycle runs: research, design, building, testing—then, usually, rejecting. Wait, there'll be something better: that's the attitude. But, in spite of all dillydallying, we *have* developed such weapons, equal or superior to those of other nations. I've seen some at maneuvers. " Do the soldiers get a chance to train in their use? " I've been asked. Why, the soldiers don't even *see* them, usually. Officers get a chance to inspect them—as if they were " museum pieces," or models of something we'll have " afterwhile." Perhaps. Or, we may build a few. So, in this year 1939 of the machine age, we count our tanks in scores; other nations, in *thousands!*

Often we have not permitted our maneuvers to prove the vast difference between today's war and that of 1918. A swift armored force delivers a surprise attack upon command headquarters, the supply base and munitions dump of a unit of our slow foot-soldier army, theoretically entrenched for defense. In actual war such an attack would mean debacle. But the battle is declared a draw!

If we were confronted by war, do you realize what would happen?

First: Instead of 400,000 defenders quickly available, as many accounts have had it, we'd have an " initial protective force " of not much more than half that: four Regular Army divisions, eighteen National Guard divisions—a force *80 per cent* quasi-trained!

Recently, following appearance of a glowing account under Washington date line regarding National Guard efficiency, enrollment, equipment, and modernization, Major General William N. Haskell spoke out bluntly. He commands the biggest Guard unit, New York State, which is generally considered the best; yet, among points made:

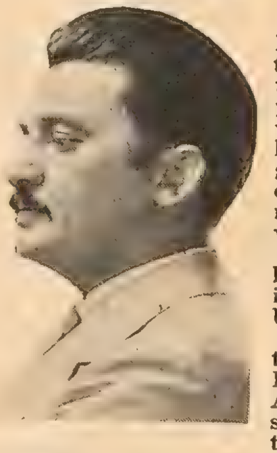
The New York Guard is 11,400 short of peace strength. It has two tanks, nine observation planes, three modern antiaircraft guns, no modern antitank guns, no large mortars—for a force of 21,000. There are about five gas masks per company. Its commander says it is still organized practically on World War lines. Due to man shortage, only two or three guns out of each artillery battery, and two thirds of the machine guns, can be manned in the August maneuvers. The Garand rifle, semiautomatic, increasing infantry fire two and one alf times, will be available for *one* giment " in a short time."

With all credit to guardsmen for they achieve in one night weekly of drill and two weeks annually " in the field," the above does not give us a reassuring picture of our " quick defense " force.

Second: We'd fight almost wholly with the equipment and methods of 1918. We'd struggle to produce the swifter, deadlier weapons—and get them slowly. Our present Army and Guard would *not* be trained in their use. They could *not* teach modern fighting technique to an assembling civilian army. Europe, incidentally, estimates training time for a tank commander at two to three years.

You would pay the price of our neglect—you who are called, and you who see sons, brothers, husbands, and sweethearts go—as " minutemen "—against war machines! Our losses, in fighting old-style against existing odds, would be huge—and needless.

QUESTIONS 20



1—His recent roles have specialized in portrayals of the wise scientist or the gentle family physician, but time was when comedy claimed him. This early photograph of a well known character actor of the movies represents whom?

2—What new coin has recently been placed in circulation in the U. S.?

3—Who carries out the International Ice Patrol in the North Atlantic, financed by several maritime nations?

4—What practice on the part of geese, discouraged for humans by doctors and dietitians, is responsible for the production of pâté de foie gras?

5—Why do we sometimes see a ring around the moon?

6—What is the direction of travel from the Pacific Ocean to the Atlantic Ocean through the Panama Canal?

7—In what year was the Lusitania sunk?

8—When the United States government recently added countervailing duties to certain imports, what was it trying to do?

9—What is wrong with this title: Commodore John Jones, U. S. N.?

10—Can carrier pigeons be trained to make round-trip flights?

11—What was the first instance of treason in the American army?

12—Why is it said that a mule has " no pride of ancestry or hope of posterity " ?

13—What sea is completely surrounded by the North Atlantic Ocean?

14—To what is the term " young fry " correctly applied?

15—Who were the fighters in the last bare-knuckle title bout?

16—What is it that divides by uniting and unites by dividing?

17—Who is the patron saint of Scotland?

18—What President of the United States was once police commissioner of New York City?

19—What have these men in common: Alfonso of Spain, former Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany, Dr. Eduard Benes, and King Zog of Albania?

20—Who is the most publicized American authority on reptiles?

(Answers will be found on page 50)

You cannot conceive of invasion of the United States? Or you think of that in terms of millions of men? Ten thousand invaders, and the right kind of *machines*, probably could whip our " initial protective force." Or a fraction of the force which Mussolini transported by sea—a short distance, of course—for the subjection of Albania.

If you can conceive of the navy proving vulnerable—I can—then disarmed Canada could become an enemy base, and one within easy speed-army and airplane reach of vital war industry centers. Or, there are Mexico and other nations, and islands, available as bases for air attack upon us.

Somewhere off our shores, and unpublicized, there have been joint army and navy exercises in transporting and landing forces. This was preparation for seizing and holding vital spots which an enemy must not be permitted to seize and control in any war against us. We should be awake to the fact that attack against us *is* possible.

I'm sure there was widest popular support of the 6,000 planes program. But have you assumed these will be in the air quickly? The record: Our first order was for about 600. There has been military and aviation-industry debate as to whether 3,000 can be produced in two years; the rest wait upon later action and appropriation by Congress. Don't forget that we were thirteen years getting an air force of the size " authorized " by Congress in 1926!

Several months after the 6,000 planes decision there was a " discovery." It was that such a force would need tremendous civilian " backing "—technical, mechanical, industrial. An interdepartmental committee reported to the President that this would require 500,000 men, in factories, repair shops, at airfields, etc. Liberty can claim a " scoop " on this: its program pointed out that *all* types of modern war require just that. However, we have only a " paper plan " for the air, none at all for this kind of support for modern land forces.

These are rules of the new war:

More machines and *fewer* men in actual combat. These fewer fighters will have greater fire power than the larger units of old-fashioned war. Both expenditure of munitions and loss of weapons will be higher. Much larger numbers than ever before will be needed to give industrial and technical support to the fighters. This kind of " backing " must be prepared in advance. We are *not* providing for it.

In the circumstances here dealt with, we should have a Regular Army of 500,000 men. A modern army. In addition, improvement of the status of Guard and Reserve.

We should recognize too that, due to advances by others, we are relatively *less* prepared today than in 1917. Meanwhile, war strikes so much more swiftly. We spent a year preparing for our last war, after we had declared it.

For this nation the minimum home defense we've talked so much about is not good enough. If war comes to us, we'll demand aggressive action anyway. Balanced preparedness now for whatever war may demand is what we need. This isn't " militarism." It is hard common sense.

THE END

OPEN THAT DOOR

READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 6 SECONDS

HE went into a booth in a drugstore and dialed the number.

"Oh . . . Mrs. Pierson? This is Stephen. . . . Fine, thanks. How are you? . . . May I speak to Janie, please?"

"She's dressing, Stephen," said Mrs. Pierson's cheerful voice. "Do you want to hold the wire, or can I give her a message?"

He gave up. "Well, no, thanks," he said. "I just wanted to say I'd be along in a few minutes."

A fool thing to say. Janie knew he was coming. His idea had been to ask her to meet him uptown at a restaurant, and it was a fool idea. He came out of the booth and stopped to light a cigarette—a tall boy, dark, a little too fine drawn, his young mouth a little too tense. I'll have to go there, of course, he thought.

He would have to go there this evening, and plenty of other evenings. He couldn't tell Janie how he felt about it. She loved her family, and they were nice enough. They were all right. They didn't know how they made him feel. Like an *oaf*. Like a fool.

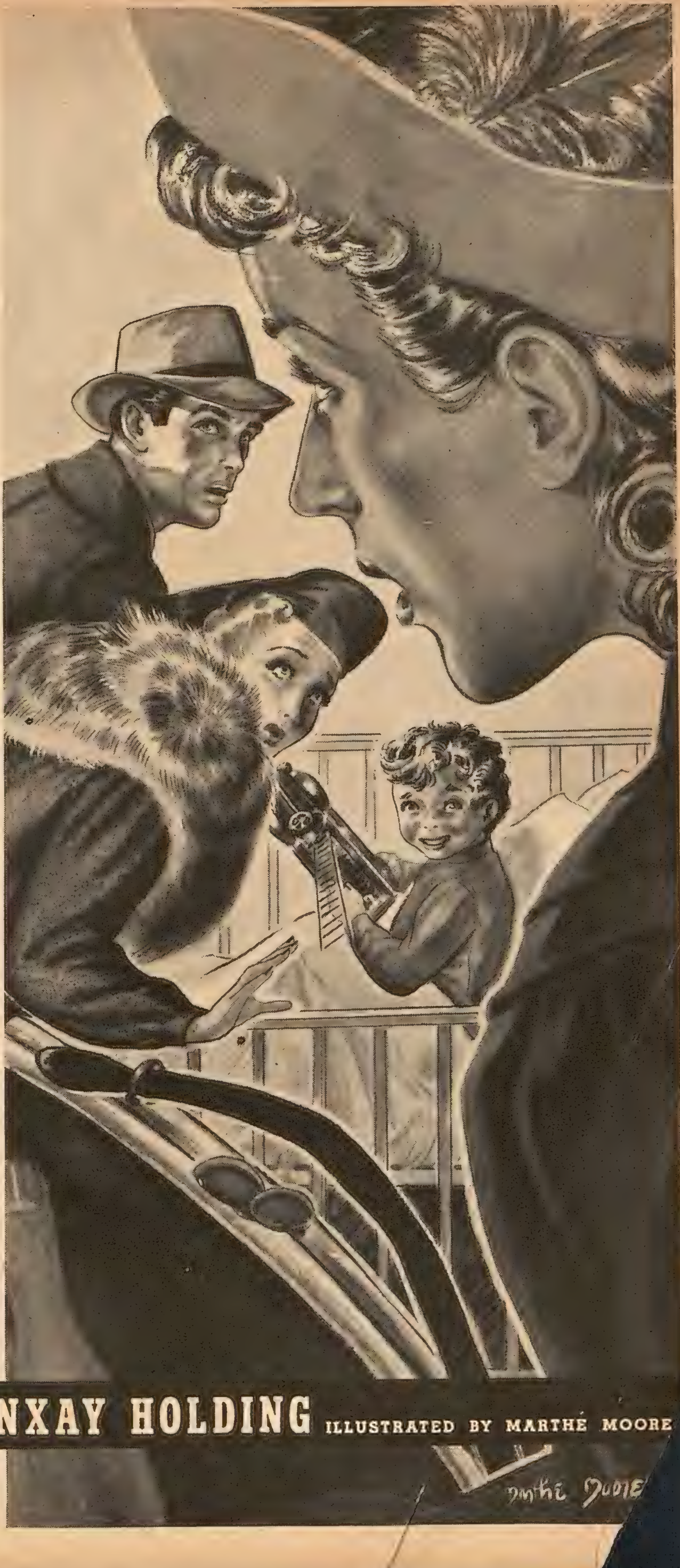
It was a cold March night with a rough wind. If we could get away, he thought. To the tropics, one of those places you see in the movies; a beach where long, slow waves came creaming up on the sands, palm trees . . . If we could be *alone* . . . he thought, sick at heart.

They were going to be married in seven weeks. He could tell himself that, yet somehow it didn't give him much comfort tonight. They had been engaged for eight months already.

Thousands of youngsters in love face the problems of the two in this story

BY ELISABETH SANXAY HOLDING

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHÉ MOORE



"Who are you?" asked a voice behind Janie. It was a girl.

Too long. Their marriage had a queer sort of unreality about it; nobody else seemed to believe in it. They had decided not to spend money for an engagement ring; they needed every penny they could save for furniture. They wouldn't be able to go away for a honeymoon. They would just start living—wherever it was they were going to live; and they hadn't even found a place yet.

He turned into the familiar street, went along to the sedate old-fashioned apartment house.

"Good evening, sir!" said the stately doorman benevolently. He must know all about us, of course, Stephen thought; must know that Stephen was Janie's "suitor." That was what Nora called him. Every one knew that he loved Janie, and every one thought it was amusing.

"Evening, sir!" said the elevator boy. "Well, I guess the winter is still here, all right."

"I guess it is," said Stephen.

HE rang the bell, and Nora opened the door. She was seventeen, only a kid, but she had all the assurance in the world. A pretty kid, straight as an arrow, black eyes.

"Hello, Steve!" she said, not a whit abashed, apparently not even conscious that she was barefoot, dressed in an old cotton sleeveless dress, her hair done up in some sort of curlers. "Come in!"

He went along the hall, and Miss Weatherby was there.

"Oh, Stephen!" said Mrs. Pierson. "Janie'll be ready in a minute."

"Evening, m'boy!" said Mr. Pierson.

And Miss Weatherby looked at him through her pince-nez. "Well!" she said in that humorous, challenging way she had. He never knew how to answer her. She was a schoolteacher, tall, gaunt, and sandy-haired. She was in the habit of going to Europe every summer, and she talked about it. The Piersons were devoted to her, but Stephen dreaded the sight of her. "Well!" she said again. "And how do yo' symptoms seem to sagaciate, Stephen?"

"Fine, thanks!" he answered, and she laughed—making him feel like a fool.

"Sit down, Stephen!" said Mrs. Pierson, kind and amiable. "Would you like to look over this? Something new . . ."

It was a book of games, those infernal questions the Piersons liked so much. He had had to play games with them like this two or three times, and he never knew the answers. "Of what materials were Portia's caskets?" Things like that. He sat down in the pleasant lamplit room and turned over the pages of the book, and he thought of his own home.

He thought of it as paradise. The ine old home in the little Southern wn, the scent of magnolias in the mmer night, the resigned majestic ence of old Beryl trying to get o bed. Then his mother would "Stephen, *please* be a good boy!" He would only have been waiting for that. As soon as *she* came up the stairs, he would be good; would get into bed and close his eyes. So gentle and so gay, with her soft dark eyes and her soft voice. . . . It was she who had made the house alive, fragrant with flowers, so happy and so safe. All that was finished when he was six, but he remembered it, all of it. . . .

"What d'you think about the situation in France, Stephen?" asked Mr. Pierson, looking up from his newspaper.

He had to make some sort of answer. He tried to remember the headlines. . . . "Well, things look pretty unsettled . . ." he said, and then Miss Weatherby laughed. All right! he thought. Maybe I am a fool. I don't know anything about the situation in France, or about Portia's caskets.

"Have a candy, Stephen?" asked Nora. "My new beau keeps me well supplied. His father's in the business." She had a five-pound box of expensive chocolates. She got everything. She was studying textile designing now, and she said she was going to get a job next year. She would, too. If there was only one job in New York, thought Stephen, Nora would get it. "Help yourself!" she said, putting the box on the table beside him. "I've got to go and dress now. My date will be here any minute, and he's taking me out to the Villa Blanche. Tie that if you can!"

About the most expensive place in the city. Janie doesn't care about places like that, he thought. Even if I had the money, she wouldn't want—

SHE came into the room then, in all her gentle beauty: tall and broad-shouldered and long-limbed. Something so steadfast about that slender girl. She had on her gray coat with a gray fur collar, and a black hat turned up from her face—her wonderful face.

"I'm sorry I kept you waiting, Steve," she said.

"It doesn't matter," he said. Nothing mattered but Janie. She didn't smile, didn't even hold out her hand. But any one could see in her dark-gray eyes that she loved him. She didn't try to hide it.

"*Au revoir*, people!" she said, and she and Stephen went off together.

As he closed the door of the apartment behind him, she laid her hand on his shoulder and kissed him. "Dear . . ." she said, and he held her tight for a moment.

He rang for the elevator, and they stood hand in hand waiting for it. "A fellow in the office told me about an apartment," he said. "We can look at it after dinner, if you feel like it."

"We've got to look at everything, Stephen," she said.

One fifth of your income for rent, that budget book said. Stephen made twenty-five a week, and Janie got eighteen. They looked and looked, but they hadn't found anything yet.

"Well, where do other people like us live?" she asked.

A bus came along then, and they got into it, sat down side by side. "There must be thousands of young couples like us," she said.

"No," said Stephen. "There aren't any two people just alike."

"Pretty much alike," she said.

He didn't like that. He didn't agree that there were thousands of people just like them, that they were no more than types, members of a herd. It depressed him, and he was silent for a time. She was always saying things like that; she felt like that. She didn't know how beautiful she was. She would tell him about some other girl she knew. "My type," she would say about some one utterly unlike herself. I suppose I'm a "type" too, he thought. And that made you feel like nothing; like a drop of water in an ocean.

"TIRED, Steve?" she asked; and when he turned to look at her, all that vague depression vanished. Her love, her inexhaustible kindness flowed toward him like sunshine.

"Not a bit!" he said. Her face was rosy above the gray fur collar; her eyes were soft and clear. "You look nice in that coat," he said.

"Mother and Nora practically made it," she said. "Aunt Harriet sent it to us when she was going to live in Hawaii. It was a funny sort of old-lady coat then, and they made it into this. I can't sew a thing, but Nora is so clever about fixing things over."

She thought Nora was wonderful; thought every one in her family was wonderful, and Miss Weatherby too. Well, he didn't.

"Here's where we get off," he said. "There's a restaurant near here . . ." They had two blocks to walk in the teeth of the wind. "Cold, Janie?"

"I like it!" she said. "I'd like to run!"

"You kid!" he said.

"Oh, well! I'll get over that," she said.

It was an Italian restaurant, and she ordered spaghetti; they both liked that. "Father has a friend who's lived in Italy," she said. "He's going to tell me how to cook spaghetti and ravioli. We're going to have great little dinners, Steve."

"You're not going to come home from the office to cook," he said.

"Try and stop me!" said she. "I'm so darned energetic . . ."

So alive, he thought, so happy, with a happiness strangely complete. It was as if she wanted something more in life than to sit here with him, eating this sixty-five-cent dinner. It wasn't good enough for her. I wish to God I could give her something better! he thought.

They lit cigarettes to smoke after their coffee, then they went out to look at this place. They turned into a side street, empty and bleak in the windy dark. The number he had written down belonged to an old brown-stone house. "One of those remodeled places," he said. "I didn't know it would be like that."

They stood looking at it, and Janie reached for his hand. "Well, probably you can make any place look nice with—curtains and things," she said.

"I guess so," he agreed. They had spent many Saturday afternoons looking at furniture. They had picked out what they wanted; they had figured out how much to pay for it out of their budget. There wouldn't be much to start with. . . .

"This looks sort of gloomy," he said.

"Yes, it does," she said. His fingers tightened over hers. He had so little to give his lovely girl! . . .

"Let's not bother with this," he said.

"We'd better look," she said; "you never know."

They went up the steps, and in the lobby there was a bell marked "Superintendent." He rang it and they waited, and presently a florid bald man opened the door.

"Place to rent?" asked Stephen.

"One-A has got the key," said the superintendent. "To your right."

He went off along the dimly lit hall and disappeared down the stairs in the back. It was very quiet here, and very stuffy.

"This is no good," Steve said. "Let's go to the movies."

"As long as we're here, let's just see . . ." she said; and he rang the bell of 1-A.

A WOMAN opened the door—a tall thin woman with dark hair fixed in an untidy knot.

"We heard there was an apartment—" Stephen began.

"Oh, yes!" said the woman gaily. "Come in, won't you? I'll get the key."

She opened the door wide, and they stepped into a long, high-ceilinged room lit by an orange-shaded lamp. "Waldo," she said, "where is the key for the apartment, dear?"

There was a gray-haired man sitting in an armchair, reading, with a pile of books on the floor beside him. He looked up with a vague, worried smile. "The key . . ." he said. "Now—let—me—see . . ."

"Waldo!" protested the woman, reproachful but indulgent. She turned to Janie. "There was a young couple living there—such charming young people—but *he* was suddenly called to Washington—a *very* fine position—and they asked me to look after the subletting for them. Just you two?"

"Yes," said Janie. "We're going to be married in seven weeks."

"And are *you* the lucky man?" asked the woman, looking archly at Stephen.

How do you answer a question like that? He smiled stiffly, standing, hat in hand, in the doorway. He wanted to get away from here. But the man and the woman had both taken a fancy to Janie. They were all talking: "My husband's a writer—chiefly historical books—all these ponderous tomes.

"I offer guests a choice

because so many now want wine"

says

GRANTLAND RICE

All America follows Grantland Rice's colorful newspaper column, "The Sportlight." Busy "Grant" Rice covers sporting events from coast to coast, produces brilliant motion picture sport shorts. Friend of America's active people, genial host, he's quick to note the preferences of his guests

"My friends need a letup at night. But they lead busy lives. They find it pays to be moderate"

"Friends come to my house to relax and enjoy themselves," says Grantland Rice. "Many are busy people—need to be keen and fresh. So I give every guest a choice of beverages, and I notice that more and more prefer wine."

It's true in almost every city and town.

Before dinner, hosts and hostesses like to offer guests a choice that includes small glasses of mellow-amber Sherry. Or at table with the main course, larger glasses of pale gold Chablis or ruddy Claret. And when guests drop in, richly flavored wines you leisurely savor over cigarettes — like Port or Muscatel.

Mind you, many select wine *because* it goes so well with gracious, unhurried evenings. It tastes best when you linger over your glass.

Just try offering your guests an opportunity to choose wine. You will find that many now prefer it.

ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW TO SERVE WINE

There are many varieties, but only two main types of wine . . . (1) Wines made "dry" (not sweet) especially to serve with meals, called *table* wines; (2) Wines for use with desserts or as refreshments, called *sweet* wines.

A delightful "table" wine is golden Sauterne, light and of delicate flavor. Usual serving is half the size of a water goblet.

A favorite "sweet" wine is Muscatel, rich with the flavor of Muscat grapes. Serve with desserts or in the afternoon or evening, in a small glass.

Be considerate
—serve Wine

THE WINES OF CALIFORNIA

Now chosen by more than 9 out of 10 American hosts and hostesses are the good wines of our own country. The wines of California, for example, are grown to strict standards of quality. True to type. Well developed. Inexpensive.

This advertisement is printed by the wine
California, acting through the Wine Adv
85 *Second Street, San Francisco.*

. . . Waldo Colby . . . maybe you've noticed his name? It's such a darling little apartment, and the Lansings had just had it all painted and put in order. They've left some of their things. Of course, if you don't want them, they can be taken *out*, but I do think— When we see people we feel we wouldn't like for neighbors," said Mrs. Colby, "then I can't find the key."

They all laughed at that. This was what Stephen hated, this sprightly, cultured Miss Weatherby atmosphere. He wanted to get away. But Janie didn't mind it.

"After you've seen the place, come back and have a glass of beer—or root beer," said Mrs. Colby. "I *do* hope you'll like it! Don't they remind you of the Lansings, Waldo?"

"Very much so!" he said. "A delightful young couple. . . . We saw a lot of them."

"We used to play word games," said Mrs. Colby.

"Janie," said Stephen when they were outside, "let's not look at the place."

"No, Stephen; it might be just what we want!"

"But with those people in the house," he said.

She stood facing him in the dimly lit hall, her lips parted, her brows a little drawn together.

"But *I* think they're nice," she said. "Kind."

"We don't want people being 'kind' to us," he said. "They'd be a nuisance, Janie."

He had never before spoken so bluntly to her, and she was startled. Then she looked away from him. "All right, Stephen," she said. "If that's the way you feel, let's give them back the key."

"I suppose we can't do that," he said. "I suppose we'd better take a look, now that we're here."

WITHOUT a word she started up the stairs, and he followed her. And he couldn't stand this.

"Janie," he said, "I'm sorry . . ." Didn't quite know what he was sorry for, what he had done, only he couldn't stand the feeling that there was a barrier between them. She stopped and looked back at him over her shoulder, and for the first time he saw tears in her eyes. "Janie, *don't!*" he cried. "I'm sorry I said anything—"

"You didn't really say anything, Stephen," she told him. "Only, I hate it so—for us not to understand each other, even for one moment."

He stood on the step below her, holding her hand, looking up at her. "Yes . . ." he said. "I—you see, Janie, after we're married, we want a life of our *own*."

"Yes. Of course," she said, with an anxious little frown. "That's what we're going to have."

"Well, then, we don't want to start out having people like these around, Janie. Don't you see? They'd be running in and out all the time."

"I don't think they're like that, Stephen. Honestly I don't. I think they're just neighborly."

"Well, we don't *want* neighbors, Janie! Not at the beginning, anyhow."

"But, Stephen," she said, "we've got to have neighbors."

"I don't want any one but you," he said unsteadily.

She looked and looked at him with those tears in her eyes, and it was as if she were trying to say something; her lips trembled.

"Well—I love you . . ." she said.

He knew that. "Janie . . ." he said. "I'm sorry. I want everything to be the way you want it." He held her hand, in the gray fabric glove, against his cheek, and her fingers moved, caressing him softly, like a little paw. That made him smile, and seeing that, she smiled at him, too.

"Everything O. K., Stephen?" she asked.

"Everything's O. K.," he said.

That idea of his was a lot of nonsense. You read about it in books, saw it in the movies. Two people who loved each other—alone. Walking up a hill in the sunset, sitting together before an open fire—alone. Time to talk, time to understand each other better and better, time for love. Well, it wouldn't be that way. There would be people coming in to look at their life, talk about it, be amused by it. Janie wanted it that way. She wanted Miss Weatherby and the Colbys. It was just his bad luck that he didn't want any one but Janie.

HE unlocked the door on the top floor, and Janie felt for the switch. They stood in the doorway, silent.

"Well . . . they can't mean to leave it—*this* way," said Janie.

The walls of the living room were white; there was a gray rug on the floor, a couch upholstered in gray-and-white plaid; there were built-in bookshelves, and a coffee table with a glass top.

"There's nothing much of value, Janie," he said, trying not to be carried away by the unbelievable charm of the place. "We'll look around . . ." he said.

The bedroom had wallpaper—little gray elephants, dark-red pagodas, and green palms; all agreeably subdued. There were two gray-and-white rugs on the waxed floor, and there was a dressing table.

"A dressing table . . ." said Janie.

It was only a little table painted gray, with a triple mirror fixed over it, a homemade article. But it looked nice.

He opened the door to the bathroom, just the ordinary sort of white-tiled bathroom. "Must be a kitchen somewhere . . ." he said.

That kitchen had him stopped. Red-and-white linoleum on the floor, red-and-white paper on the shelves, and a whole set of willowware.

"Look at the casseroles!" said Janie. "Stephen!"

"I've got to admit it's pretty nice,"

Oil Purity

MEANS MORE MILES!

Black Hills, S.D.

Millions of car owners buy *Acid-Free Quaker State* Motor Oil regularly because they know their cars run farther before they need to add a quart . . . that they save on repair bills. These results are assured because every drop of Quaker State is *acid-free.* You get only pure, rich, heat-resistant lubricant specifically refined to meet every lubrication need. For more miles of care-free driving, make *Acid-Free Quaker State* your choice. Quaker State Oil Refining Corporation, Oil City, Pennsylvania.

ACID-FREE
QUAKER STATE
MOTOR OIL
CERTIFIED
GUARANTEED

Retail price
35¢ per quart

he said, as if against his own will.

"It's perfect!" she said. She went back into the sitting room and leaned against the wall. "When we get our own things in here . . ." she said. "Stephen, imagine it! *Look* at it!"

But he was looking at her. Her wonderful face was a little thin and a little tired; but there was a strength in it that he could never quite understand. Because she wasn't one of those girls hell-bent on having her own way, wanting to run things. She was good-natured, gentle, such a polite kid . . . She'd give up this place without a word if I asked her to, he thought. But it's what she wants. God knows I can't do much for her. . . . If she wanted this place—*and* the Colbys, all right.

"It certainly does seem pretty nice," he said.

"It's perfect!" she said. "Admit it!" She took hold of his ears and looked into his eyes with a fierce frown.

"It's perfect!" he said, catching her in his arms and holding her tight.

They looked all over it again, and she found only new virtues: big closets with shoe racks in them, plenty of wall plugs. "And the sink in the kitchen is just the right height!" she said. "Everything is just right for *us*. I think the couple who lived here must have been like us, Stephen." Like us. Making us so insignificant. Just another young couple. . . . All right; let it go.

They turned out the lights and went into the hall. He shut the door, tried it to be sure it was locked.

"What's that?" he said suddenly, looking over his shoulder.

There was a distant pounding, a muffled, hoarse little voice shouting: "Open that door! Open that *door*, I tell you."

"It's a child," said Janie. "I suppose somebody's shut it up in a room."

She moved toward the stairs; but Stephen stood where he was.

WAIT!" he said, and listened again for that hoarse, frantic little voice. "It's across the hall," he said. "I'm going to see . . ."

"But, Stephen, the people there must know about it. Maybe the child's just naughty—"

"The kid's frightened," he said. "That's—nobody has any right to do that."

She looked at him, startled by his tone. He crossed the hall to the door opposite. "It's on the latch," he said. "I'm going to see . . ."

"But, Stephen . . . maybe they'll be angry—"

"When I was six," he said, "after my mother died—they sent me to stay with my great-aunt in Connecticut. . . . I'd never been away from home before. . . . Aunt Agatha was old and deaf, and she had a companion, Miss Druckman. . . . After I was in bed that first night I heard a groan. I believed in ghosts. My nurse used to tell me about them. If they lay a finger on you, it's like a needle of ice going into your heart." He smiled—

Science Finds New Way to Lessen Fatigue

A new way of building up a reserve of muscular endurance was revealed by the findings of a recent nutritional experiment. In a series of tests on human subjects, the energy output was measured before and after the addition of plain, unflavored Knox Gelatine to the diet. Every man tested was able to do considerably more work when on the gelatine diet.

Already the results of this important discovery are finding practical application on the athletic training tables of leading universities. And people in all walks of life are reporting beneficial results. Not only athletes and manual workers, but people who work in stores and offices say they experience less fatigue and are able to work harder and play better.

Empty one envelope of Knox Gelatine in a glass three-quarters filled with cold water or fruit juice (or half water and half fruit juice). Let the liquid absorb the gelatine. Then stir briskly and drink immediately before it thickens. Take four times a day for two weeks, then reduce to two envelopes a day. (May be taken before or after meals.)

Will gelatine-fed athletes set new marks?

KNOX
PLAIN
SPARKLING
Nº 1
GELATINE

How to take Knox Gelatine

Pure Knox Gelatine doesn't affect appetite or digestion. Most people see a noticeable improvement within two weeks (some within one week) and feel the full effect before the end of the first month.

CAUTION: Be sure you use the plain, unflavored Knox Gelatine which you can get at any grocery. Knox is the gelatine on which the tests were made. Do not accept any substitute. Factory-flavored gelatine desserts will not do because they contain only about 10% gelatine. For further information, write for Bulletin E, Knox Gelatine Co., Johnstown, N. Y., Dept. **74.**

Copyright 1939, Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co., Inc., Johnstown, N. Y.

TO SHAVE FAST WITH COMFORT—
DO AS BARBERS DO...USE COLGATE LATHER

J. Starkman
Proprietor,
Medical Center Barber Shop,
New York City

2 OUT OF 3 BARBERS USE COLGATE LATHER—THE FAST *FRIENDLY* SHAVE!

So, for a fast easy lather shave at home, use Colgate Rapid-Shave Cream for these 3 reasons:

1. QUICK because you don't have to prepare your beard before using Colgate Rapid-Shave Cream.

2. SMOOTH because its rich, small bubble lather melts the beard soft at base, so your razor cuts clean.

3. ECONOMICAL You can get 200 clean, friendly shaves in every 40¢ tube of Colgate Rapid-Shave Cream.

COLGATE
RAPID-SHAVE CREAM

BECOME AN EXPERT
ACCOUNTANT

Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn $2,000 to $10,000 a year. Thousands of firms need them. Only 17,000 Certified Public Accountants in the U. S. We train you thoroly at home in spare time for C.P.A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous experience unnecessary. Personal training under supervision of staff of C.P.A.'s, including members of the American Institute of Accountants. Write for free book, "Accountancy, the Profession That Pays."
LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 831-HA, Chicago
A Correspondence Institution

ITCHY

For 25 years Lucky Tiger has been made to allay itchy scalp, relieve scalp irritations, to remove loose dandruff and to groom and beautify the hair. At druggists and barbers under guarantee of satisfaction or your Money Back. Begin now to give your hair a fighting chance.

FREE! A NEW LUCKY TIGER WITH OIL
A new L.T. with OIL is now being made for excessively dry hair and scalp. A 35¢ bottle will be sent upon receipt of 12¢ in stamps to pay packing and postage.
Good Housekeeping Bureau
ucky Tiger Mfg. Co., Dept. 117, Kansas City, Mo.

a stiff, strange smile. "I was afraid of that groan," he said. "I got out of bed and went into the hall. I'd never been in such a quiet house. I strolled around, whistling, hoping that some one would tell me to shut up. But nobody did. I went down the stairs, and Miss Druckman had a caller with her. She didn't like being disturbed. She brought me back upstairs, and she unscrewed the electric bulb, and locked the door. Locked me in with the groan."

Janie looked and looked at him. He could see that she wanted to understand, but his story was beyond her understanding. Janie, who had never been frightened, or hurt, or lonely.

"I've got to see about that kid, Janie," he told her.

"I'll go with you, Stephen," she said. She would go with him anywhere, whether she understood or not. Because she loved him.

The pounding came from a room at the end of the corridor. He opened the door upon darkness. He felt for a switch, and a little lamp came alight. A tranquil, charming little room, all blue and white, and in a crib against the wall stood a little boy in a flannel sleeping suit, his olive-skinned face stained with tears, his curly black hair damp. His little hands clenching the rail of the crib were shaking. But he looked at Stephen with defiance. He was helpless and trapped; but how valiant he was!

STEPHEN put his hands into his pockets, feeling for something that would serve. Perhaps his ancestors, meeting with an Indian, had had the same instinct. It was an occasion on which a present must be offered.

And he found exactly the right thing: half a roll of lemon drops. "Want one?" he asked, holding it out.

The child's defiant black eyes met his squarely for a moment, trying to see if this were friend or foe. Then he took a candy, and ran springing across the mattress, and sat down in a corner of the crib. He wouldn't speak yet, or smile. But the terror of the darkness, the silence, the closed door, was passing. As Stephen moved away, his eyes followed him.

Stephen picked up an iron hook and ladder that stood on the chest of drawers.

"That's mine!" said the child.

"Does the ladder come off?" asked Stephen.

"Yes!" said the little boy in triumph. He got on his feet again and came to the side of the crib. "I'm going to be a fireman!"

"I knew a dog that went to fires," said Stephen.

They were friends, and Janie was excluded.

"Take me out!" said the child, holding up his arms.

"It's too cold in here," said Stephen. "You sit down and pull up the covers, and we'll see how the truck goes in the snow." He pulled the truck slowly across the bedspread, and the little boy helped him, pushing it over the mountain made by his knees.

"Who are you?" asked a voice.

It was a girl in hat and coat—a tall girl, her face pale, her dark eyes alarmed, defiant. "What are you doing here?"

"We heard the little boy knocking on the wall," said Stephen.

"You had no right to come into my place!" she said. "Jimmy was all right. I only ran out to post a letter. You needn't have interfered. I can look after my own child."

"Well—" Janie began indignantly.

"Anybody ought to come if a kid calls," said Stephen.

The girl's eyes were studying him, sizing him up. Like the child, she accepted him.

"You see," she said, turning to Janie, "my husband's away on business. It's the first time he's ever had to leave us. We haven't been in New York long, and I don't know any one. It's—hard when you don't." She went over and laid her hand on the child's head. That was all she needed, just to touch him. "You were kind to come," she said. "Do you live here?"

"We're going to," said Stephen. "Across the hall."

"I'll be glad to have you for neighbors," she said. "Will you stay and have coffee? The water's boiling."

"Well, I'm afraid—" Janie began, thinking of Stephen.

"That sounds good, doesn't it, Janie?" he said. So they stayed for coffee and crackers and cheese.

"I'm afraid we'll have to go," said Janie. "We've got to give back the key to the people downstairs. But we'll be seeing you again."

"You were nice to come to Jimmy," the girl said.

When the door closed, Stephen stopped and caught Janie's hand.

"*Janie!*" he said in a way that startled her. "I might have to leave you sometime. You might fall—hurt yourself someway."

"Well, yes," she admitted reluctantly. "Things like that can happen, I suppose, but—"

"I was thinking about that all the time," he said. "That night when I was a kid. . . . If any one had just walked in and turned on the light—any stranger—the way we did for Jimmy . . . I reckon that's what you mean by a 'neighbor,' Janie."

"Yes," she said. "A neighbor—the one who comes when you pound on the wall and yell."

"I *want* you to have neighbors!" he said. "I—I'll try to be a neighbor, Janie . . ."

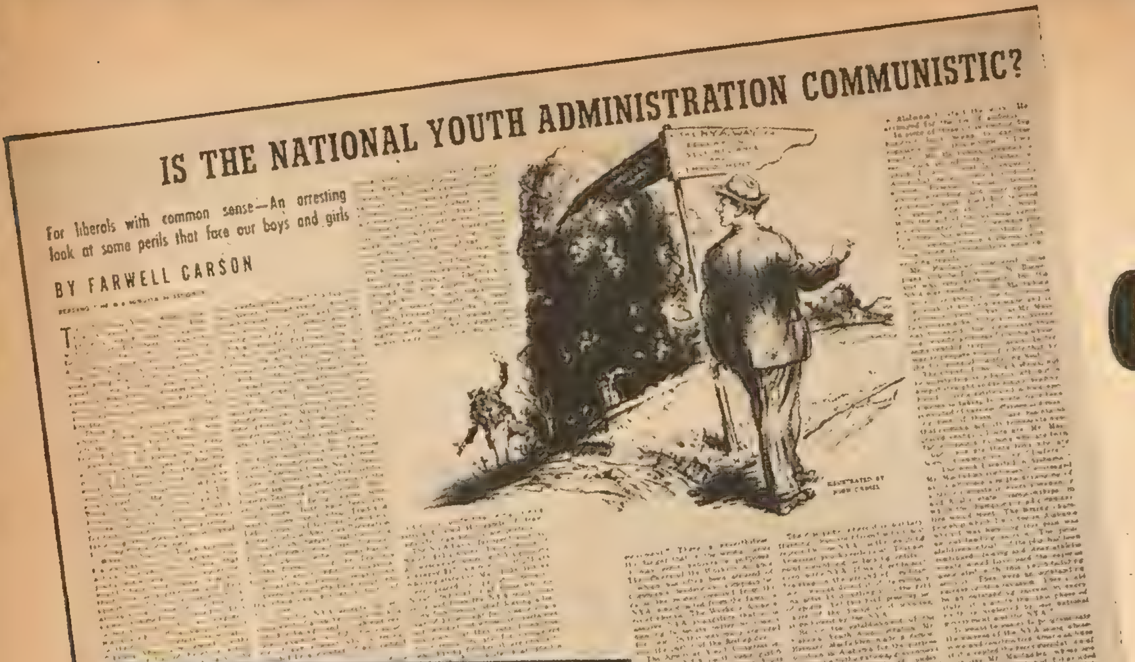
COME right in!" said Mrs. Colby gaily. "I've made fresh coffee, and we'll have crackers and cheese."

"Well, I'm afraid—" Janie began, thinking of her poor Stephen.

"That sounds good, doesn't it, Janie?" he said.

In the Colbys' sitting room they had coffee and crackers and cheese—again. Stephen couldn't talk to them in the cheerful, casual way Janie talked.

THE END



IS THE NATIONAL YOUTH ADMINISTRATION COMMUNISTIC?

For liberals with common sense—An arresting look at some perils that face our boys and girls

BY FARWELL CARSON

The author, and the article in Liberty of July 8 to which this is his answer.

THE N Y A ANSWERS COMMUNISM CHARGES

Renewed hope and opportunity for millions of democracy's youth

BY CHARLES W. TAUSSIG

Chairman, National Advisory Committee, National Youth Administration

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

THE article in the July 8 issue of Liberty entitled Is the National Youth Administration Communistic? makes no direct accusation of Communism in NYA. But it does convey the impression that the National Youth Administration is particularly susceptible to subversive influence.

I doubt if there is any social institution in the government of the United States today that has been designed more carefully to avoid any possibility of indoctrination with undemocratic ideologies than the NYA. The very nature of its organization precludes such a catastrophe, and, what is more, the greatest precautions have been taken to avoid any kind of partisan political influence. All this has been accomplished by a unique system of decentralization.

The central administrative body of the National Youth Administration in Washington, headed by capable Administrator Aubrey Williams, is extremely small. It is purposely kept small. There is no necessity for a large central organization; for NYA depends in great measure on its state directors and their staffs for its administration. Each state has its director. In New York there are two, one for the state, excluding the City of New York, and a separate one for the city. The state organizations are further subdivided into districts and communities. Although broad policies are determined by the central administrative body, the main flow of ideas and activities is from the communities to the federal administrative body.

In addition, there is a system of national, state, and local advisory committees which have considerable influence in shaping the policies of the NYA. The National Advisory Committee, which consists of some thirty-five men, women, and youth from every section of the United States, operates in close harmony with the administrative body of the NYA, but is independent and reports directly to the President of the United States. The members of all advisory committees receive no compensation.

On the National Advisory Committee we have such diversified individuals as the Right Rev. Francis J. McConnell, bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church; the Rev. Edward Roberts Moore, acting director of youth activities of the Catholic Church; Rabbi De Sola Pool of New York; Owen D. Young, chairman of the board of the General Electric Company; William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor; Sidney Hillman, vice-president of the Congress of Industrial Organizations; Dr. Mordecai Johnson, president of Howard University; Dr. Charles H. Judd, formerly head of the Department of Education of the University of Chicago; Agnes Samuelson of Des Moines, formerly president of the National Education Association; Thomas F. Neblett, former president of the National Student Federation of America; and Glenn Cunningham, famous athlete of the University of Kansas.

It is difficult to imagine Communistic activities being tolerated by such a group. I have personally met every state director and many members of their staffs. The same can be said of them. Subcommittees of the National Advisory Committee meet frequently. The whole committee meets at least once a year, when it confers with the President.

Hundreds of individuals and organized groups interested in American youth meet with members of the National Advisory Committee every year. These individuals and groups represent many varieties of opinion. Among the groups with whom the committee has conferred is the American Youth Congress, accused by Mr. Farwell Carson in the Liberty article of being Communistic. It is the writer's personal opinion that this organization is not Communistic. However, if it were, we feel it would still be entitled to a hearing by the National Advisory Committee, although we would not be influenced by its doctrines.

Fundamental in the creed of our American democracy is the right of petition. We have no intention of violating that right. Our attitude is perhaps best illustrated by the following statement made by Father Edward Moore and endorsed by the National Advisory Committee:

"I feel definitely that if we hold ourselves aloof we are stultifying and sacrificing our own opportunity to be helpful. . . . For if we are really in contact with these people we will accomplish a great deal more than if we set ourselves up on heights and refuse to listen to any idea or contribution they have. I think our experience has been that if we let them see we are receptive and sympathetic we will find they are in turn responsive, and then, when we have suggestions to make, we will find them a great deal more receptive sometimes to brakes that we might wish to put on their activities than they would be if we set ourselves apart."

The state and local advisory committees, numbering some three thousand, are also made up of representatives of industry, labor, youth, social workers, and educators. These committees assume a great deal of responsibility for seeing that the local needs of youth are taken care of according to the best interests of the youth themselves and the individual communities. It should be apparent from this rough outline that the NYA must represent a cross section of democratic American opinion.

Let us assume for the purpose of argument that some individual or group should attempt to exert subversive influence in the federal administration of NYA. To be successful, he would have to capture thousands of autonomous community NYA organizations. If we have any faith in the American people, we know this to be impossible.

Mr. Carson says: "Before the NYA accepts the endorsement of a teacher, it should look into his background; it should certainly examine carefully the character of any student who is recommended by a member of any radical organization." I am sure that Mr. Carson has not thoroughly considered the implications of his dictum that NYA should pass on each student who is to be enrolled for NYA work. Mr. Hitler might do it that way but Uncle Sam does not. The selection is left entirely to the communities and the local educational institutions.

In most cases the selections are made by committees of teachers appointed by the local educational authorities. NYA is quite satisfied to leave to them, without federal interference, the choice of those needy youngsters who are to be aided by their government. That does not mean that the federal government will permit NYA to be used for purposes for which it was not intended.

Forty per cent of the 200,000-odd students who receive NYA aid come from families with incomes of less than $500 a year. A certain Midwestern college enrolled in NYA a group of students many of whom came from families with incomes of from $5,000 to $20,000 a year. In this case the central administration of NYA intervened promptly and the entire enrollment was canceled. The college made a new selection in accordance with regulations, which are that the youth, to be eligible for NYA, must actually require financial aid to keep them in school or college.

Mr. Carson feels that the NYA would serve its purpose better if it included military training and mass athletics. The question of military training has come before the NYA for consideration in many forms. The NYA is primarily a work organization. It is a part of the civil branch of the federal government. From the time of George Washington, it has been a cardinal principle of the United States that there should be a sharp line drawn between civil and military activities. This matter was discussed at a regional meeting of the NYA held not so long ago in St. Paul, Minnesota. The writer personally discussed with representatives of local advisory committees from some ten neighboring states this very subject, and they unanimously, vigorously, and indignantly vetoed any form of militarization of the NYA.

Until recently, when he resigned, Mr. Bernarr Macfadden was a member of the National Advisory Committee. At one of our national meetings he proposed the extension of his Alabama plan of athletics to the NYA. His program was given a careful and friendly hearing. After presenting his point of view, unfortunately Mr. Macfadden, due to a previous engagement, had to leave the meeting, so that he was not present when his ideas were discussed. It was agreed unanimously by the Advisory Committee that, irrespective of the merits of the idea in general, it was not applicable to NYA. The NYA is essentially a work organization, and we felt that it should not branch out into the field of athletics.

However, it was also pointed out that among the most valuable work projects of the NYA is the building of recreational centers and athletic fields, and these are always open to any local groups who desire to utilize them for athletic training and contests such as Mr. Macfadden proposes. Mr. Macfadden's proposals were considered in a truly democratic way and, by the same democratic process, rejected. I fail to see any taint of Communism in this traditional method of procedure.

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 42

1—Jean Hersholt.
2—The Jefferson nickel.
3—The United States Coast Guard.
4—Overeating.
5—Because of the reflection of moisture in the air.
6—West. The Pacific entrance to the canal lies east of the Atlantic entrance.
7—In 1915.
8—Offset an advantage to the foreign producer of a bounty which his government gives for the export of the article.
9—The title of commodore is no longer used in the United States navy.
10—No, they will only fly one way.
11—Benedict Arnold's sale of the plans of West Point to the British.
12—Because he is a hybrid between a jackass and a mare and usually cannot reproduce.
13—The Sargasso Sea.
14—Recently hatched fish.
15—John L. Sullivan and Jake Kilrain.
16—Scissors.
17—St. Andrew.
18—Theodore Roosevelt.
19—Exile.
20— Raymond L. Ditmars

SO HELP ME—NOT A SINGLE FLEA!

It was "Old Home Week" for fleas on my hide till the Master got wise. "Say," he says, "do you know fleas can cause serious troubles?" "You should tell *me*," I says under my breath.

Well, he brings on a new powder — Sergeant's Improved SKIP-FLEA. We have a powdering session. "That'll get 'em," he mutters. And he's right — this SKIP-FLEA *really kills* — and soothes old itches too!

There's nothing like it — except the SKIP-FLEA SOAP that works the same way. Take a tip from me — look up SKIP-FLEA at a drug or pet store — and ask for the *free* new Sergeant's DOG BOOK, or write Sergeant's, Dept. GL-8, Richmond, Va.

Sergeant's

DOG MEDICINES

Wake up your liver bile

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 25c at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

FEET HURT?

QUICK RELIEF FOR TIRED, BURNING, TENDER, ITCHY, PERSPIRING FEET. SOFTENS CORNS AND CALLOUSES.
•AT ALL DRUGGISTS SINCE 1870•

JOHNSON'S FOOT SOAP

BORAX, IODINE AND BRAN

Hearts IN DANGER

Now they're at bay, trapped on the island!

BY WHITMAN CHAMBERS

ILLUSTRATED BY VINCENTINI

READING TIME ● 27 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

WHEN Bill Lowell, newspaperman, who is crossing the Gulf Stream in his yawl, the Black Hawk, with Mary Moore, a girl pilot, boards Stanford Loors' cruiser in answer to a distress signal, he scents a mystery. Loors, an ex-gambler, is on the boat with two girls. He says his captain has fallen overboard, but Bill and Mary suspect the man was pushed. One of the girls, Helen Fremont, tells Bill there is a secret passenger aboard, and both she and the other girl, Mimi, Loors' mistress, warn him to leave at once. But Bill's curiosity is aroused, and he not only consents to help Loors take his boat to the gambler's isolated island, Angelfish Cay, but accepts an invitation for him and Mary to stay there a few days.

On landing, he discovers that the guests in Loors' hurricane-proof lodge are all fugitives from justice—a half dozen of them, including a cop-killer and a crooked utilities tycoon. The secret passenger, another guest, has not yet appeared. Bill learns from Helen, who seems out of place in such company but won't say why she is there, that Loors *did* push the captain overboard because he knew too much.

Anxious to communicate with his newspaper, Bill is tempted to try to use Loors' illegally installed ship-to-shore telephone; but he knows he is being watched and that a false move may mean death for him and for Mary, whom he loves. He realizes that their only chance is to escape in the Black Hawk. Storm warnings have come through, and he knows that if Loors should want to do away with them, the storm would supply an explanation for their disappearance.

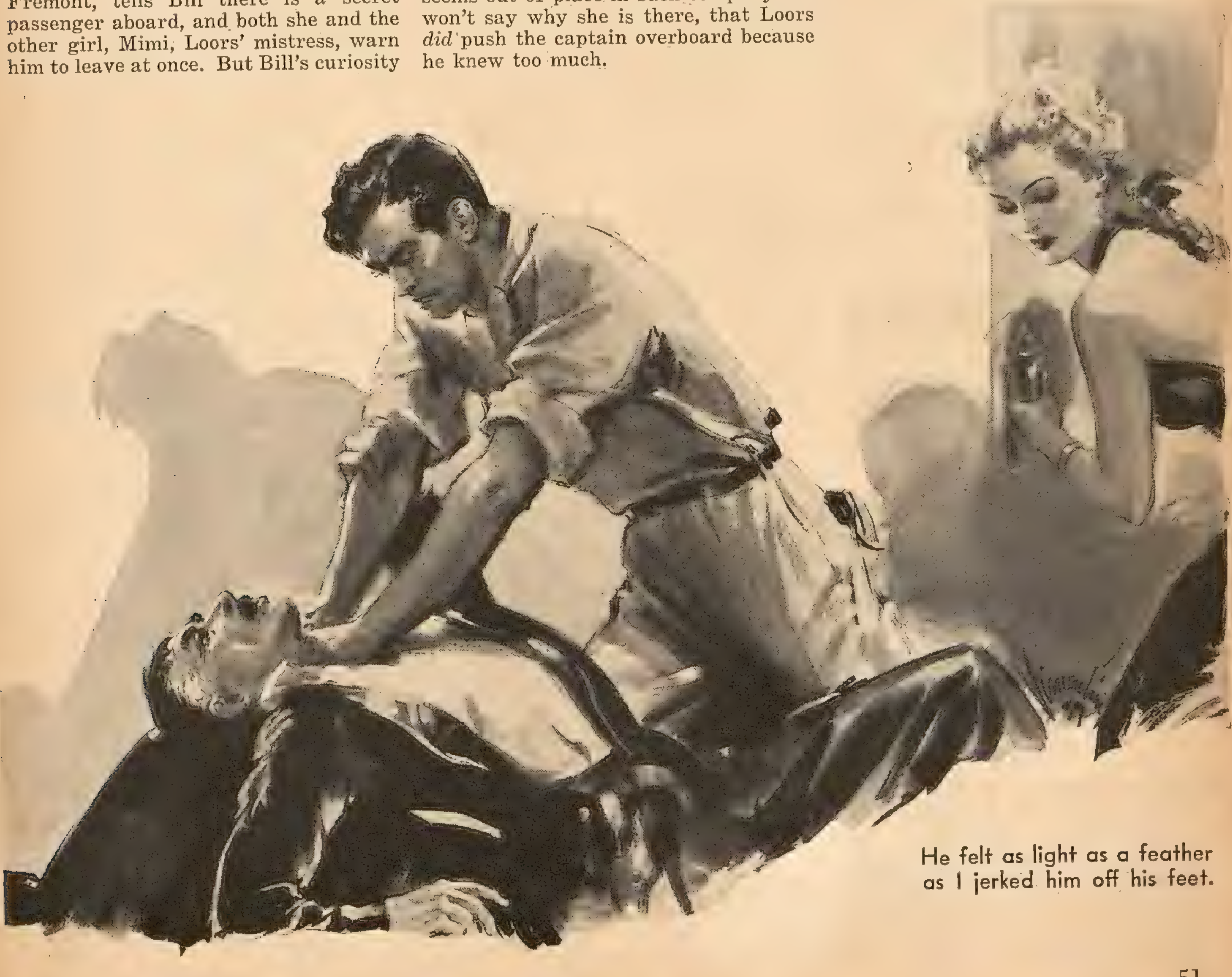
The motor of the yawl has been tampered with, but Mary manages to fix it without arousing the suspicion of the two armed thugs who guard the island. Their plans are set to steal away at night, taking Helen if she wants to go.

But when they get back to the lodge, Loors announces that a hurricane is headed their way and that he is having storm shutters put up and is going to seal them in for safety.

Bill goes indoors, feeling as though he were entering his own tomb.

PART SEVEN—BABY-KILLER

STANFORD LOORS escorted us into the lounge, saying, "You're just in time for lunch. But first I want you to meet one of my friends. He was in bed when we got in last night, and this morning he walked over to the ocean for a swim before we were up. Henry, come over here."



He felt as light as a feather as I jerked him off his feet.

Henry broke away from a group of Loors' "friends" and came over. I recognized him the instant I saw him, this tall rawboned rather stooped man of forty-five who in the last two months had become the nation's most bitterly hated criminal. His blond mustache and straw-colored hair had been dyed dark brown and the contrast with his pale watery blue eyes was startling.

"Mr. Lowell and Miss Moore—Henry Phillips," Loors introduced us.

Phillips held out his hand, and I had to nerve myself to shake it; for it had never before been my lot to touch such a loathsome thing as the hand which had choked the life out of little Tommy Kline.

BUT I knew Loors was watching me like a hawk, and I said, "Glad to know you, Mr. Phillips. How was the swimming?"

He blinked his watery eyes. "Swimming?"

"Mr. Loors was telling me you were swimming this morning."

"Oh, yes. It was fine."

"I'll have to try it tomorrow, if the storm is over by then." I think I was casual, but I couldn't be sure. With Loors watching me so closely, waiting for a sign that I identified Henry Phillips, I felt the cold sweat breaking out all over me. "Now, if you'll excuse us, Mr. Loors, Mary and I will clean up a bit before lunch."

In our room, Mary turned and faced me as I closed the door. "Bill, who was that guy?" she demanded.

"His name," I said heavily, "is Paul Ford."

"I thought so," she said through set lips. "He was the mysterious passenger on the Angelfish."

"Yes."

"But why the dyed hair?"

"Even these Bahamians see an occasional newspaper or magazine. And in the month since he was arrested Paul Ford has been well publicized."

"I get it." She took an unsteady breath, added bitterly: "And we helped him escape."

"Yes, we did, Mary."

"Huh! Well, go wash your face, and when you finish I'll have something to tell you—and it won't be good news, either."

I went into the bathroom.

There's no need to go into the details of the Ford case. Every one knows how he kidnaped little Tommy Kline, six-year-old son of a steel magnate, from a private beach near Lake Worth; how he strangled the boy and tossed him from an automobile on the Tamiami Trail; how he collected $200,000 ransom, and, identified by fingerprints on the ransom notes, was trapped by federal agents in a tourist camp in northern Florida.

We all remember the precautions the peace officers took to prevent Ford's being lynched, and some people hold to the view that those very precautions made possible his escape while being returned to jail after his preliminary hearing. It is known, certainly, that he had inside help; some one slipped him the two guns with which he shot his way to freedom, leaving three dead deputies behind him. Some one certainly provided the getaway car.

Who else but one of Loors' agents? Paul Ford was a rich prize. The $200,000 ransom had never been recovered and there wasn't a doubt in my mind but that the greater part of it had been brought to Angelfish Cay—with Mary's and my help.

When I came out of the bathroom I found Mary pacing the floor.

"See here, honey. Have you any idea the chance we're taking if we shove off in the face of a hurricane?"

"With your knowledge of the water, and boats, and hurricanes, we may have one chance in a hundred."

"Right. One in a hundred. And have you stopped to think what'll happen here if we don't get through?"

"Nothing. Business will go on as usual."

"That's it. And baby-killers will go on livin', and eatin', and havin' a good time, and maybe finally escapin' to South America. Maybe you begin to get my bad news."

I nodded slowly. "My dear, I'm afraid maybe I do."

"Before we leave this island—"

"I've got to use that ship-to-shore telephone and get word outside that the lodge on Angelfish Cay is where Paul Ford and the rest of these rats are hiding."

"That's what I mean, Bill. It'll add to the risk we're taking, and it may mean we won't get away at all. But if I have to die tonight, honey, I wouldn't die happy thinkin' that Paul Ford was goin' on livin'."

AND I had been smugly trying to tell myself that this little girl was beneath me, that she wasn't good enough, that I was a fool even to think about marrying her.

"That's an angle," I said unhappily, "that hadn't entered my head. Probably because I'm so busy thinking about my own worthless skin."

"But if you think I'm wrong, honey—if you want to—"

I kissed her protesting lips. I held her tightly in my arms. "Mary Moore, you're the noblest person in the whole world. I love you more every minute. I keep thinking that God was certainly kind when He led me to the Irish Star that morning. I don't care if I die tonight; the hours I've spent with you—"

"'Dear heart,'" she mocked.

"I tell you, I'm crazy about you, Mary."

"Really, don't you think Helen Fremont is more your type?" she countered, her eyes bright with devilment.

I shrugged, nettled, and stepped away from her. "Perhaps you're right. It wouldn't be hard to fall in love with Helen Fremont, at that. And if she has the money I think she has—well—"

"Then why don't you go out and get her?" Mary asked rather shortly. "My only dowry is the lousy thousand bucks Loors gave me for saving his stinking life—and the lives of Paul Ford and your two girl friends. What a night's work that was! I burn whenever I think of it. Well, do we eat or do we stand here arguing all day?"

"We eat. Come on."

I started toward the door, feeling pretty sore at her. Why did she have to rib me about Helen Fremont at a time like this? On the other hand, why couldn't I take a little ribbing without getting peeved? Was it because there was a modicum of truth in what she said?

"Before we go downstairs, Bill, I want to remind you again. We don't leave this island until you've put through that call."

"I agreed to that once. What more do you want?"

"I'd *like* to have you say you're sorry you're so cross and rude. But that would be too much to expect."

In that mood we went downstairs.

THE talk around the table, of course, was wholly of the impending hurricane. Loors did considerable bragging about his lodge, explaining to us that, thanks to the economic situation in the Bahamas and the resultant cheap labor, it had cost him less to build this massive structure of steel and concrete here on Angelfish than it would have cost to construct the cheapest kind of frame building in the States.

"Of course," he laughed, "I'm not saying I gypped any of my workmen, but I did notice that none of them got fat on their contracts."

I hope the thing blows down with the first gust! I thought bitterly. I said:

"The lodge may weather it all right, but how about your boats out there? And how about my yawl?"

"Your yawl and my boats are riding to half-ton mushrooms sunk deep in mud. My boatmen tell me that in a protected basin like this one those moorings would hold the Queen Mary."

Perhaps his boatmen were right, but I doubted it.

Every one at the table was on edge; every one, with the possible exception of Loors, was cross and short-tempered. And yet nobody showed the slightest apprehension. I soon realized why: Not one of these people, with the exception of Mary Moore and myself, had ever been through a hurricane. And really to acquire the proper respect for a hurricane, you have to experience one.

"Is any one here subject to claustrophobia?" Loors asked as we were being served mango sherbet.

"Not I," said M. Manford Yates. "Why, Stan?"

"We're boarding up all the windows this afternoon." I kept my eyes on my sherbet glass but I felt that Loors was watching me as he spoke. "By dark, long before the storm hits us, we'll be sealed up as tightly as a pack of cigarettes. I'm even boarding up the outside doors—all but the one in the servants' wing. So, if any of you want to stroll in the gardens, you'd better get in before dark."

"Who'd want to stroll in the gardens," Shorty Dolan-Howe demanded, "when there's a good crap game goin' on? How about havin' the table cleared off, Stan?"

"Lowell, would you care for some contract?" Yates-Gleason asked.

"If the stakes aren't too high," I said.

"Deering?"

"I'm willing," said the man who was until recently Judge Ballinger.

"Miss Fremont?"

"I'd like it very much."

The four of us adjourned to a bridge table in the lounge. I smiled at Mary Moore as I passed her. She smiled back, but her eyes were sultry.

Helen took one of the decks and riffled the cards with the precise mobile fingers of an inveterate card-player. "Shall we cut for partners?"

Judge Ballinger cut the seven of clubs, Yates cut the ten of diamonds. I picked up the five of hearts and Helen drew the deuce of clubs. We were, as it happened, correctly seated, and as I looked across the table at Helen I wondered if she hadn't wanted it just that way.

"What are we playing for?" I asked.

Judge Ballinger, looking very bored, replied: "We usually play for a dollar a point."

"I'm sorry," I said. "Ten cents is my limit."

"That's all right," Helen put in quickly. "I'm carrying a dollar ninety. Is that agreeable, gentlemen?"

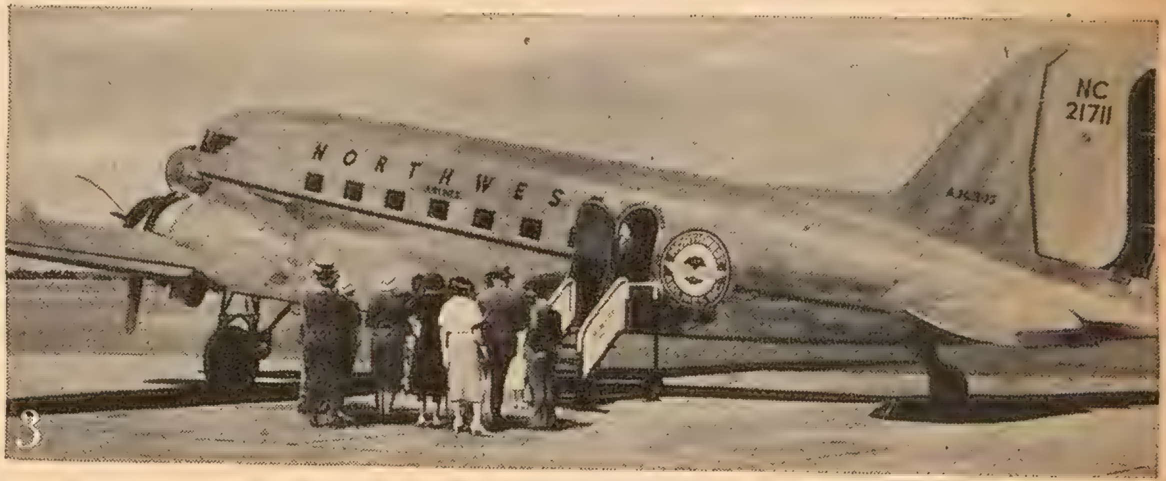
OUR opponents nodded and the game began. It was without question the wildest game I ever sat in. They should have called it poker bridge, not contract. The bidding on the part of Yates and Ballinger at least was not only unorthodox, it was insane. They seemed to have the idea that a good bluff, if you carried it far enough, had a greater quick-trick value than four aces. By the time the deal had gone around the table (we had bid and made four spades and set our opponents three times) I was wondering: How long has this been going on?

Once I realized the type of bidding we were up against, once I realized that these men got a kick out of scaring us off a game bid even though they took a thumping set, I settled down to the serious business of taking them to the cleaner's. And with the phenomenal cards Helen and I held it was a cinch, for the girl played steady, intelligent, really brilliant bridge.

In the dining alcove the big table had been cleared and covered with a green cloth. A crap game was in progress and, judging by the shouts that occasionally drifted out to us, it wasn't for peanuts either. I began to revise my original estimate of Loors' take. If he was as lucky and as crooked as most professional gamblers, he

Eve Arden, featured in the Universal picture, "The Forgotten Woman", is . . .

. . . pictured with Mal Freeburg, Eastern Division Superintendent of Northwest Airlines, trying on a new type of oxygen mask developed for high-speed stratosphere flying. For safe lubrication of its . . .



. . . first Douglas plane, Northwest Airlines uses Sinclair Pennsylvania Motor Oil. In fact, more than one-fourth of all the aircraft oil used by air lines in the United States is Sinclair Pennsylvania. Your . . .

. . . nearby Sinclair Dealer offers you the same quality motor oil. It lasts longer and protects your engine better. It saves you money. The next time you need oil ask for Sinclair Pennsylvania.

might be dragging down a couple of million a year.

Outside the sky was a dirty yellow and the air grew steadily warmer and muggier. The wind was slowly rising and, as nearly as I could tell by watching the threshing palm branches, was coming from a little north of east. This at three in the afternoon.

At four the electric lights were on, all the windows on the lower floor were boarded up, and the lodge, despite the big rooms and high ceilings, was like a steam bath. Yates and Ballinger were nervous and irritable. I don't think they minded losing—I suspected they were used to it when they played with Helen Fremont—and I don't think they felt the slightest apprehension.

Yates finally grumbled: " This is my last rubber. I'm not quitting because the cards are running against us, but I feel like a hound-dog with a two-year crop of fleas. Your deal, Miss Fremont."

Helen dealt, and for the first time her fingers were not too sure—I heard a slight, almost inaudible snap as she dealt my first seven cards. I wasn't surprised when I picked up my hand and saw that those first cards were four aces and three kings. She had been bottom-dealing.

We already had the first game on the rubber. We took the second with a grand slam in hearts, doubled and redoubled. With the 700 we got for the rubber, that single hand netted us 3,040 points!

Helen added the scores, passed the pad to Yates without comment. Yates looked at it, whistled softly.

" This wasn't our lucky day," he commented, rising. " I'll be back with the cash as soon as I can get Loors to open the safe."

Ballinger looked at the score pad, said, " *Wow!* " and followed Yates from the table.

I GLANCED at Helen. Her lips were grim, unsmiling. " You know," she asked, " that I was bottom-dealing? "

" Yes."

" Well, why not? " she demanded almost angrily. " You know how they got their money. And now you know how they're getting rid of it. Do you blame me? "

" I don't think I do."

" If you knew all the circumstances you wouldn't blame me at all. Loors taught me that trick, but I'm not working for Loors—not any longer."

I was looking at the score pad. " According to this, I've won $956."

" That's right. And I have won—let's see—"

I picked up the pencil. " At a dollar ninety a point you've won $18,164."

" It's enough. Are you sailing tonight? "

" If I can get away, yes."

" Will you take a passenger? "

" Do you understand the risk? "

" I asked you a question."

" The answer is yes."

Yates and Ballinger came back and paid over their money, and I found myself richer by nearly a thousand dollars. Our late opponents went into the crap game, and Helen rose, stuffing a roll of bills in her handbag.

" I'm counting on you, Bill."

" Don't count on me, Helen. Count on Mary Moore."

She went up the stairs to the balcony and disappeared down the hallway. I moved over to an easier chair, sat listening to the wind howling around the building. Only two things to do. Telephone New York and get out to the yawl. *Only* two!

AFTER a while Mary came running across the room and plopped herself in my lap.

" Guess what, honey! " she cried excitedly.

" You tell me."

" I cashed that check of Loors'."

" And dropped it in the crap game."

" *Dropped* it! I ran it to nearly five thousand dollars! Lookee! Lookee! "

She opened her hands and dropped two tight rolls of bills in her lap.

For the life of me, I couldn't work up any enthusiasm. Like the money I'd won myself, it was dirty money, blood money. But whose? A thousand different people might have contributed to our winnings. Ten thousand. Who knows?

" I was lucky myself," I said. " I won nearly a thousand dollars. And Helen Fremont won better than eighteen thousand."

A cloud seemed to come across her face at the mention of Helen Fremont. She gathered up her bills, straightened them out, said coolly: " Keep them for me, will you? Have you hit that telephone yet? "

I put the bills away in my hip pocket; with my own they made quite a bulge.

" I haven't had a chance." And then, because I wasn't in the mood to beat around the bush: " Helen is sailing with us tonight."

I felt her stiffen. She turned and looked at me hard. I wanted to say something, but there was nothing to say, nothing to apologize for, no excuses to make. If Helen wished to risk her life and I chose to take her with us, it was no one's affair but ours. If Mary misconstrued the situation, it was just too bad—I was too proud, and by this time too wrought up and nervous, to attempt any explanation.

Finally she got off my lap, ordered briskly: " Give me back a thousand of that dough I gave you."

I counted out a thousand, and handed it to her. " What are you going to do? "

" I'm going back to that crap game "—she flung the words in my face—" and get better acquainted with Frank Simmons."

With an independent toss of her head, she was gone.

I slumped deeper into my chair. I was burned at the whole world, and as much at myself as at Mary. I knew she hadn't meant that crack about getting acquainted with the Boy Wizard. She was hurt, I reasoned, and like any spirited young animal she struck back in the only way she knew at the person who had hurt her.

I wasn't worried about her—not very much. I was worried about the wind, about getting out of the lodge, about using the telephone without tipping off Loors. I was worried about a lot of things and—I finally admitted it—I was worried about Mary Moore.

Finally I got up and changed my seat to one that commanded a view of the crap game. Mary was standing beside Phil Gerrish. The handsome blond Boy Wizard was shaking the dice in his hand and Mary was yelling: " A hundred bucks he's wrong! "

I heard somebody growl: " We're all wrong, miss."

" Who wants this hundred? " Mary persisted.

" I'll fade you," Shorty Dolan said.

Gerrish, I gathered, threw a six and then a seven.

Mary shouted: " Craps! Pass over that century."

Gerrish turned to her. " You're jinxing me, Mary. Let's quit this game and try something else."

" Now wait, honey. I'm makin' money."

Honey!

" I'll give you more money than you've ever seen."

" Wait'll the dice come around to me again."

She doesn't mean it. She knows I'm watching. She's just getting back at me.

Suppose she does mean it? What would you expect of a little rapscallion you picked up off a dock?

WHEN I got up to stroll into the game, my hands were shaking so noticeably I shoved them in my pockets. I edged in beside Mary and reached for the roll of bills.

Judge Ballinger lost the dice trying to make a five. Joe Berger, the numbers racketeer, picked them up and made six straight passes. He was trying to make a nine for his seventh pass when a servant stepped into the room and announced: " Mr. Jonathan Cates is at the servants' entrance, sir. He wants to see you."

Loors frowned. " Cates! What the devil is he doing here? All right; show him in."

Jonathan Cates, the customs officer at Allen's Cay, was, I suspected, just some more bad news for me. Mary looked around, winked at me, leaned over and whispered:

" Don't let him bluff you, honey. He's out of his district."

" I'm not worrying about him, babe."

Her hand found mine under the table, gave it a reassuring squeeze. I felt like a new man.

The fat, moon-faced Cates waddled in. His soiled whites were dripping wet; his thin blond hair was matted with water.

" I say, Mr. Loors, I made it! " he beamed.

" Made what? " Loors growled.

" Made it here from Allen's Cay in three hours. Some going in a wind like this, what? I borrowed an outboard motor from one of the crawfish schooners—twenty-four-horsepower job. Told the skipper I just wanted to run around the harbor; but once I got under way I never stopped till I got here. Had an extra can of gas hidden in my dory."

"You have some business with me?" Loors asked coolly.

"Business? Certainly not! I'm spending the night with you, that's all. You've got the only safe place in the northern Bahamas, and soon as I heard over the radio that a hurricane was on the way I began to figure how I could get here. Then I thought of that outboard motor and—"

Loors jerked his head toward the wide doorway. "Tell the butler to give you some dry clothes."

"Say, it's so hot in here I'd just as soon keep these on. A crap game, what? How about lending me a few pounds, Mr. Loors?"

Loors jerked his head again toward the doorway. "The butler will give you some dry clothes and a place to sleep—in the servants' wing."

"In the—" Cates' jaw dropped and all the buoyancy seemed to go out of his pudgy figure.

"I said in the servants' wing, Cates," Loors snapped.

Cates turned and started to shuffle toward the door. And then he spotted me. He said sullenly:

"The radio operator at Green Turtle has a message for you. Passed it along by the captain of that crawfish boat. He says—"

Mary Moore broke in: "Look, Fat Stuff. Mr. Loors told you to go out with the servants. Will you scram?"

MARY had done her best but it wasn't enough. In some way the man knew enough, or suspected enough, to realize that his message might cause me embarrassment. He went on doggedly: "The message is that you're to radio your paper in New York—the Star, I think it was—for instructions. They want some kind of an article about the blight that has hit the sponge beds. And then there was something in it about a man by the name of Paul Ford. I didn't pay much attention because I didn't know I'd be seeing you again. Well—uh—"

He shuffled out of the room and left behind a dead and awful silence. Trying desperately to cover it, I remarked: "The way these Bahamians pass along radio messages is quaintly informal, what?"

It was a pretty sick effort.

"They're always doing that," Mary remarked. "There's about as much privacy in these islands as in a hothouse. Whose dice?"

No one spoke. The ominous silence was so thick you could cut it with a knife. My backbone felt like jelly as I glanced around the table at the grim, tight-lipped faces. Every one was looking at me except Loors. Loors was staring at the dice in his hand.

"I may be wrong, Loors," I said steadily, "but I think we can deal. Where can we be alone?"

Loors rolled the dice out on to the

The miracle of John MacMonus

FROM BAD.... Just look at his hair. Dry as a bone. Wild as a wolf... A morning of golf. The hot drying sun. No wonder!

TO WORSE.... After a swim, look at his hair. Matted. Coarse. Drier than ever. That's what water does to hair.

AND WORSE.... A game of tennis. Sweat. Dust. More sun. You've probably had the same experience. *But did you ever try Kreml?*

THEN PRESTO!.... Use Kreml and cheer! Gone is dryness, gumminess. Hair feels fine as silk. Looks lustrous. Gentle as a lamb to comb.

After every exposure to water, sun, wind, dust or sand—use Kreml.

This wonderful tonic-dressing replaces lost oils, leaves hair lustrous and easy to comb—the scalp feeling refreshed.

Removes dandruff scales. Checks excessive falling hair.

Women say Kreml puts hair in splendid condition for permanents—makes permanents look lovelier, last longer.

Ask for Kreml at drug stores and barber shops.

Kreml Shampoo is a splendid ally of Kreml Hair Tonic. Made with an 80% olive oil base, it cleanses hair and scalp thoroughly, leaves hair easy to manage.

KREML

Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau

REMOVES DANDRUFF SCALES—CHECKS EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR

NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

table, bent to see how they fell. Then, with a jerk of his head, he motioned me to follow him. He led the way and I trailed upstairs to his study, where he switched on the light, nodded me to a chair. I sat down and he closed the door.

Standing in front of it, his legs spread, his hands behind him, he said:

"You and your girl friend have done pretty well. You had me fooled, though some of my friends were suspicious of you from the first. If that blundering nitwit hadn't stumbled in here you might have got away with it. And now, before you speak your piece, just let me point out that you'd be very silly to try any rough stuff with me. The windows of this room are boarded up and you couldn't get out of here without stepping on to the balcony, where my friends downstairs would see you. Go ahead."

"Here's the deal," I began. "You are, at the present time, a resident of the Bahamas. So far as I know, you have committed no extraditable crime in bringing over and entertaining these so-called friends at your fishing lodge. As for Captain Archer, he probably needed killing—and you may not have shoved him overboard, anyway."

"Oh, I shoved him overboard, all right," Loors admitted. "Go on."

"Let me phone New York and put out this story. Let the British authorities round up these crooks and send them back where they belong. You can fight an extradition rap and beat it. You've got more money than you can ever spend. Why not take it and give up?"

LOORS' laugh sent cold chills down my spine. "You talk as though you had some cards and you haven't even a lousy pair of deuces! Let you phone New York! I think this weather has affected your brain."

"Don't worry, I've got cards," I retorted. "Where do you think I was heading when I ran into you the other night in the Stream?"

"Angelfish Cay, I suppose," Loors sneered.

"And if you think I wasn't, you're wet. And if you think nobody in the States suspects what you're running over here, you're due for a rude awakening. I'm scheduled to radio my paper tomorrow night from Green Turtle Cay. If they don't hear from me, you can bet your last dime hell will begin to pop over the Bahamas."

"How can they hear from you if you're lost in a hurricane?" Loors asked with a grim smile.

I had a few answers but not that one. Sweating like a horse, I reached for a cigarette. Loors said:

"Your bluff is a pretty sad one, Lowell. Long after you and your girl friend are gone, and your boat sunk without a trace, I'll be doing business right here at the same old stand. Now I'm going to have a talk with Shorty Dolan and Paul Ford."

Without taking his eyes off me, he reached back for the doorknob. At that instant the door started to swing open. It struck him on the shoulder, knocked him a little off balance. He half turned to catch himself. I saw Mimi at the door, realized that this was my last and only chance. Miracles *could* happen; Mimi *might* be for me.

I leaped from my chair. I didn't hit Loors. I caught him by the throat with both hands. He felt as light as a feather as I jerked him off his feet, dragged him to a chair, backed him over it. His eyes were popping; a very little air hissed between his teeth.

Mimi stepped into the room. For a breathless moment she stood still, watching us. Then she closed the door, said brightly: "Can I play?"

Loors was clawing at me, kicking ineffectually. Every few seconds I slacked off on his throat long enough for him to get a little air but not long enough for him to yell.

"If you want to play, Mimi, go to the medicine cabinet and get me a roll of adhesive tape."

"Just like the movies, huh? More darned fun!"

"And if anybody downstairs sees you, for heaven's sake be casual."

"This is me being casual, darling."

SHE went out, and I settled to the business of keeping Loors quiet without killing him. I didn't make Mimi at all. She might, for some strange reason, be doing as I told her. Or she might—and this was far more likely—be sending the whole pack of jackals to the rescue of her lord and master. I couldn't do a thing but wait.

After what seemed ages, Mimi came into the study and closed the door.

"They're getting restless down there," she said grimly. "We'd better work fast."

She produced a roll of two-inch adhesive and stripped off a yard of it.

"We?" I said.

"I know the score better than you think, big boy. Helen has told me a few things and Stan has dropped a few more. I'm going with you."

"On the Black Hawk?"

"If we can get away."

She wound the tape tightly over Loors' lips, around his head, and over his lips again. Her technique was far from gentle. I let go his throat and caught his wrists.

"Why?" I asked.

"I've been fed up with him for a long time." She tore off another long strip of tape and began to wind it around Loors' wrists. "Do you think I enjoy getting slapped around?"

"You seemed to the other night."

"Guess again. I've hated his guts for months; but when a girl is feathering her nest she's got to take what's dished out to her. And then, when he brings in this baby-killer, that was the pay-off."

"You knew who he was bringing over, didn't you?"

"I never heard of Paul Ford until Helen wised me awhile ago. I don't read the newspapers, and crime is one subject that's taboo around our festive board."

"But why move into my play? Why stick your neck out when you know the odds are all against us?"

"Because if I hadn't moved in, darling, your goose was cooked," she said simply. "Shall I tape his ankles?"

"Yes."

I picked Loors off the chair and laid him down on his face—I was tired of looking at his glaring, venomous eyes. He had stopped struggling now, and Mimi went to work on his ankles.

"When you finish that," I told her, "roll him over and tape his hands to his belt so he can't get that gag off. I've got a job of work."

I stepped to the ship-to-shore telephone and pulled it out from the wall. Finding a double wire leading down through the floor, I tugged on it until it broke—and hoped it was the connection to the warning buzzers Loors had planted around the house.

Then I picked up the headphones and switched on the set. Mimi said, rising from the thoroughly trussed Loors: "You're crazy, but I'm for you."

"Then do something to stall off those men downstairs."

She went out, closing the door. I never found out what she said to the men downstairs. I was too busy putting through my call to the Star even to think about it.

I TOLD the story in not more than two hundred words. And did I talk fast! I didn't dare take time to go into the circumstances under which I was phoning, but Harvey got the idea. "I'll phone Washington immediately," he said crisply. "Good luck, fellow!"

As I switched off the set and tossed the earphones aside, Mimi flung open the door. She raced across the room to Loors' desk, dragged open the top drawer, and came up with a .38 Colt automatic. She ran over and pressed it into my hand.

"Shorty Dolan and the baby-killer," Mimi told me in a husky whisper, "are coming up the stairs."

Above the racket of the wind, howling like a thousand devils, I heard the hurried tread of heavy feet on the stairs. The gun felt cool as my sweating fingers closed around the butt.

Will Bill be a match for the killers coming upstairs? Can he save the three women who trust him? Next week comes the tense rapid-fire finale of a vivid drama of murder, love, and mystery, and the end of a strange breath-taking adventure.

✰ THE BOOK OF THE WEEK ✰

BY OLIVER SWIFT

★★★★ CONCEIVED IN LIBERTY by Howard Fast. Simon & Schuster.

A *must* for Americans. A vigorous and beautiful novel, by a favorite Liberty contributor, that gives us the *real* Valley Forge, its rich courage, its despair, its immutable patriotism, and high fine hope.

A former Yankee pitcher tells some stories of baseball's most disastrous possibility

THE HOMICIDE BALL

BY WAITE HOYT

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 23 SECONDS

IT was an exceptionally dark day in Cleveland that summer afternoon in 1920. The Washington Senators were playing the Indians, with Walter Johnson, the "Big Train," tossing them up for the Senators.

Now, Johnson was strictly a speedball pitcher—he had no curve to speak of, and every ball he threw was so fast the players prayed it wouldn't come too close to them.

Little Ray Chapman, peppery Indian shortstop, one of the fastest men in the league and a good hitter, came to bat in a late inning. It was difficult enough to sight Johnson's fast one on a clear day, but it was impossible to see it that afternoon.

Two strikes were quickly called on Chapman, and as Johnson got set for the third pitch Chappie walked away from the plate to the bench. Billy Evans, umpiring behind the plate, yelled: "Hey, Chapman, wait a minute! You have another strike coming."

"You can have the other strike," Chappie shouted. "I don't want it. It's too dark up there."

Life is full of proverbial little ironies. On August 17, 1920, not long after the above incident, Ray Chapman waited for a third strike.

Thirty thousand tense fans were in the stands of the Polo Grounds that important, fateful afternoon. It was a late inning in the game between the pennant-bound Indians and the high-riding New York Yankees. (The Yankee Stadium was still under construction.)

Carl Mays, the Yankee submarine-ball master, famed for his semi-underhand delivery, "close" pitching, and an unpredictable temper, was pitching to Chapman. Mays was weakening, showing all the signs of blowing up—pawing angrily, desperately, in the pitcher's box.

As Chappie strode to the plate, the score was tied, two were out, and a runner rested on third. That runner meant the deciding tally in the game.

Chappie, as always, crouched over the plate. He was a tough batter to pitch to, this little shortstop, especially in the pinches, and this was definitely a pinch. The count reached two and one, Mays hurling nervously, carefully. The next ball might decide the game.

Mays wound up, and with all the strength in his right arm unleashed. High and inside came the ball.

There is no describing the sound that greeted the ears of the thirty thousand onlookers. It was not the clear, sharp ring of a bat meeting the ball. It was a sickening thud that froze the spectators to their seats. High and inside—the ball struck Chapman on the left temple and bounded weirdly toward Mays. The unsuspecting Mays fielded it, thinking all along that bat had met ball, and then threw out to Pipp at first.

The stricken Chappie, staggering like a drunk, headed mechanically for first. He rounded the bag and started for second, where he crumpled in a pathetic senseless heap. He died the following morning.

Chapman's death was the first in the major-league records chalked up to the most feared ball in baseball—the bean ball (a baseball expression for any pitch thrown close to a batter's head. It does not signify premeditation.)

The news struck the baseball world like a war scare. Owners, managers, and players took up arms against Mays. I know of three clubs, the Indians, Tigers, and Red Sox (where I was a rookie of nineteen at the time), which voluntarily drew up petitions for his disbarment. Mays, of course, was accused of premeditating the act. I knew Carl—I roomed with him when I came to the Yanks in 1921—and know that he didn't throw at Chapman's head purposefully. True, Mays was noted for using "dusters," and condemned for it by the players he faced, but in my opinion the fatal delivery was the result of wildness brought on by nervous excitement.

"Any batter who can't stand up there and take it," said Dizzy Dean not long ago, "is a sissy."

Dean had been called down by the league for throwing at batters' heads when he made the statement. His "dusters" had caused a near riot in St. Louis when the Cardinals were playing the Giants. I doubt if Dizzy sincerely meant what he said.

The bean ball is a destructive weapon when it connects. There is a penalty against it, but there is no means of preventing a batter from getting hit.

Annually some four hundred players in both leagues are hit by pitched balls. How many of these are hit by dusters? Very few, in my opinion. It is the wild, uncontrolled ball that is the most dangerous. A duster, or bean ball, is thrown calmly and carefully, with intent to scare; never, as far as I know, to hit or maim.

I've heard pitchers boast of their ability to "knock the batter down." They argue that the duster is a fair and honest pitch; that it's the batter's own fault if he is hit. I know also of managers who have fined hurlers because they wouldn't throw at the batter.

Having been a pitcher for close to twenty years in the big time, I know how difficult it is to pitch to a batter who crowds the plate. Often have I had the desire to throw one really close to his head to get him away from there, and I don't deny pitching closer to the plate crowders than I did to others. But I can safely say for myself and for the majority of pitchers that I never let fly a ball with malice aforethought.

It is easy enough for a pitcher to say that a batter ought to know enough to duck a pitch aimed at him, but there are some pitches that one can't duck, especially the uncontrolled ones. And there are some balls that come up toward the plate at a batter as big as a melon, but the batter just can't get out of the way. It may sound strange, but batters are often electrified by pitches and just can't move. The case of Mickey Cochrane on May 15, 1937, is a vivid example.

"Black Mike" was skulled by Bump Hadley that day at the Yankee Stadium. The dramatic shot of near tragedy occurred in the fifth inning of the game between the Yanks and Tigers, with the score tied at one all. Mickey had tied the count with a home run off one of Hadley's "sailers" in the third, and two men were down in the fifth when Cochrane took his next turn at bat. The count reached three and one, and the next pitch came high, fast, and inside, seemingly the identical ball Cochrane had teed off on previously.

This ball was different, however. It came toward Mickey, a left-handed hitter.

Mickey tried to duck, but he seemed paralyzed, hypnotized. The ball fractured Cochrane's skull and for days the popular Tiger leader battled for his life.

Hadley was immediately exonerated.

"It just sailed," he cried. "I don't know why. It just did."

A sailer, in the language of baseball, is a fast ball that changes its course without any cause other than its terrific speed or some possible imperfection in the cover which sends it suddenly off on a freak course. No pitcher blessed with a sailer knows how, why, or when and which way the ball will break on certain pitches.

There was a reaction to the Cochrane incident similar to that in Chapman's case, except that all the pent-up fury was not aimed at Hadley but at the bean ball. One writer went far in his condemnation of what can be called a "homicide ball." He wrote:

"The accident at the Stadium yesterday cannot be blamed on Bump Hadley. He pitched as carefully as he could and it was just Cochrane's ill luck not to dodge that sailer in the fifth inning. But there is one thing the mishap should accomplish. It should develop greater care in pitching. The issue is squarely up to Presidents Frick and Harridge to arouse the players and umpires to the dangers of careless pitching habits."

Premeditated dusting is dying out with the league heads getting sterner and more threatening, but, as one writer summed up Simmons' accidental beaning by Mungo recently, "It's the irresistible object meeting the immovable force."

Fast ball pitchers with not too much control are the most dangerous people on a ball field. On a dark day, crowding the plate against them is equivalent to committing suicide. Bob Feller, who is the current speed boy in the American League, hit Hank Leiber in an exhibition game last year. Leiber didn't know what hit him, and his eyes were bad for some time afterward. The careers of both Lou Gehrig and Jimmy Foxx were almost nipped in the bud by bean balls.

Even umpires are afraid of wild pitches, and there was one arbiter who, after having several balls whizz by his head, called time, and on one of the clearest days imaginable called the game on account of darkness.

HOW many games has a pitcher won through throwing murder at a batter's head? There's no way of telling, but I know that no pitcher ever won any appreciable number of games through its use. I won 240 games without it.

There's a difference between pitching "in tight" to a batter to disturb his stance and shooting at his head. A good pitcher, with good control, can send a ball as close as he wants to without touching the batter. After all, it's nearly a foot from the top of the chest to the temple, which is adequate zoning for any pitcher worthy of the name.

But using a batter's head or temple as a target to test the guy's intestinal fortitude deserves severe penalties.

And I don't know if the use of helmets by batters is exactly the solution. Skeeter Newsome of the Athletics is using one now, but it is my opinion that to stop the evil you must remove the cause. There is no reason why players should have to wear helmets —few would wear them anyway. Baseball is not war, and no pitcher with any grain of sense in his top piece should ever resort to a bean ball to scare a batter away from the plate.

If a pitcher must do something to keep batters from crowding or hogging the plate, why not throw at his feet? It's less likely to lead to injury and has proven just as effective.

There is no penalty too great to be used against a pitcher who uses a bean ball or gets too careless with his pitches. Any game worth playing is worth winning, has long been the prevailing premise of major-league baseball. Competition is its very lifeblood. But winning at the cost of injury—perhaps fatal—is far too great a price to pay for victory.

THE END

For Hot SUNBURN
Cooling MENTHOLATUM
Link them together in your mind!

JUST as you think of water to put out a fire, think of Mentholatum to relieve sunburn. This gentle ointment quickly cools and soothes hot, flaming, sunburned skin. It soon changes misery into comfort. Mentholatum is equally effective for prickly heat and chafing. Jars or tubes, 30c.

SCOTCHED!

Jack and Jill went up the hill
To have some Scotch and soda
Jack drank his fill
'Twas oke with Jill
For CHASERS killed the oda.

CHASERS really kill breath from alcohol, tobacco and onions permanently—they don't just cover it up for the moment. And they *leave no odor of their own*. Not a confection, but an effective practical means of eliminating unpleasant breath completely. 5 tablets for 5¢ at most bars, restaurants, cigar and drug stores. Chasers Inc., New York City.

SEND US YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS on a penny post card and we'll explain how you can earn several dollars every week in your spare time.
MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC.
Sub. Agency Mgr. 205 E. 42nd St., N.Y.C.

The New, Quick-Kill BORATED PULVEX FLEA POWDER

Your dog would tell you that killing his fleas "ain't enough"; he wants you to lessen his scratching, too. That's what the new, borated Pulvex does! First, it kills the torturing fleas. Then it helps soothe after-itching due to scratching. It lessens scratching even more by keeping new fleas off for several days, giving his sensitive hide a chance to normalize. ● Kills 100% faster than the old Pulvex. None revive to reinfest. Kills dog ticks and lice too. For your dog's quicker, greater comfort, de-flea him with the new Pulvex.

At pet, drug, dept. stores, 50c.

Kills the Fleas Quick

..helps SOOTHE Irritations Due to Scratching

AMAZING... UNBELIEVABLE· but TRUE

A SPOT OF PULVEX WILL KILL THE FLEAS ON YOUR DOG

MAKES YOUR DOG so much more COMFORTABLE

PULVEX 6-USE DOG SOAP kills fleas, oils, tones, deodorizes, grooms, cleans, 50c. Pulvex Flea Soap, 25c.

$2,000 CASH PRIZE CONTEST

FUNNY FILL-INS

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

YOU STILL CAN ENTER AND WIN "EASY MONEY"

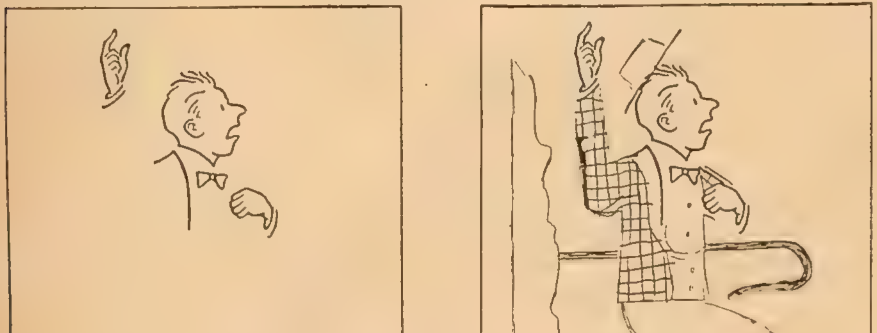
LIBERTY invites every one to try the Funny Fill-Ins game. If you have already succumbed to its promise of fun and remuneration, you know exactly what to do about the Fill-In in the lower right corner. If you have not entered the game in the first four weeks, by all means get a pencil now and get in line for some of the cash prize money. Read the brief Rules carefully and then fill in the missing lines of the sketch according to your own ideas of humor and amusement. Do not seek artistic effect. The amateur has a better chance of success, perhaps, than the gifted artist. Any one, young or old, may win a prize. It is the fun of the result that counts, not the artistic merit. Be sure you understand that all Fill-Ins are to be saved until the end of the contest and submitted as a unit.

LATE-ENTRY OFFER

If you require the first four Funny Fill-Ins to bring your entry up to date, send to the address in Rule 3, enclosing ten cents in stamps to cover cost of handling and mailing. When you receive them you can draw in the lines at your leisure and your entry will be even with the field. Save all Fill-Ins until the end of the game.

TO HELP YOU START

As an example of the possibilities of this game, Liberty publishes an illustration below. Perhaps you will use this for practice before working on Funny Fill-In No. 5. Possibly you will make tracings of the Fill-In and complete them in various ways before selecting your final version. No matter how you proceed, please remember that artistic talent is not necessary at all. The fun's the thing!



Copyright, 1939, by Charles E. Ray.

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks, ending in the issue dated September 30, Liberty will publish a Funny Fill-In.

2. Clip out each Funny Fill-In as it appears and draw in the missing parts of the face, body, and costume, making whatever additions you choose. Make each picture as funny or amusing as you can, using your own ideas about what will give the desired effect. A soft black pencil is recommended.

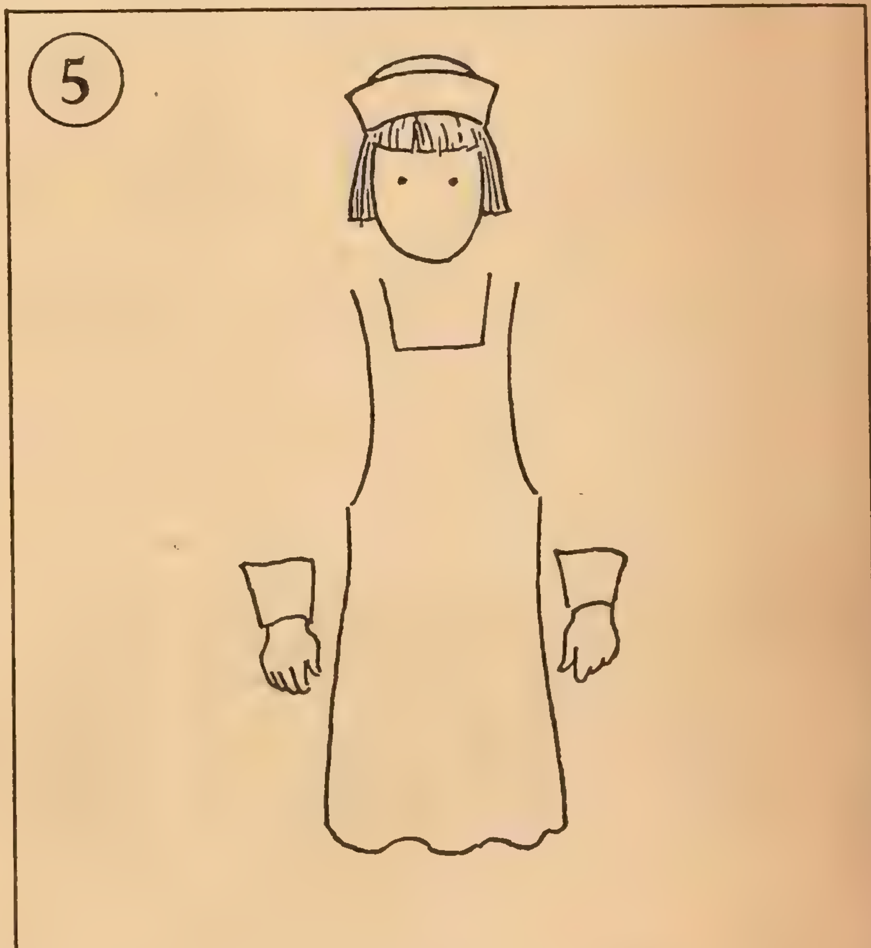
3. Send no entries until your set of ten completed Funny Fill-Ins is assembled. Then send them in as a unit. Address your entry to Funny Fill-Ins Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

4. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

5. Entries will be judged on the basis of amusingness, originality, and neatness. On that basis the entry rating highest will be awarded a First Prize of $500. In the order of their excellence other entries will receive the following awards: Second Prize, $200; Third Prize, $100; Twenty Prizes, each $10; 200 Prizes, each $5; a total of $2,000. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

6. No entries will be returned, nor can we enter into correspondence relative to any entry.

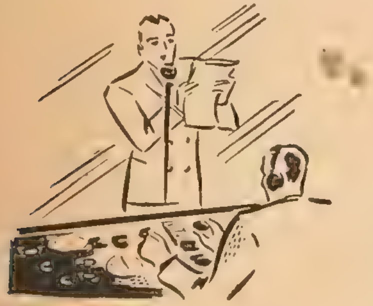
7. All entries must be postmarked on or before midnight Wednesday, October 4, 1939, the closing date of this contest.



DID FATHER COX ERR IN HIS PREMISES?

INDIANAPOLIS, IND. — The account of the Rev. Ignatius W. Cox, in I Saw a People Rising from the Dead (June 24 Liberty), of how the co-operative movement rejuvenated the people of Nova Scotia was quite interesting. It is, however, very evident that the success of organizing these people in desperate straits to help themselves has so enthused Father Cox as to err in his premises.

He concludes that "if every parish and every labor union were to start a credit union and a co-operative store, we would be on our way out of the depression."



It would seem very evident, though, that there were two organizations that served as the principal media for assisting these people to a respectable living.

One was credit unions, which Father Cox advocates all labor unions forming. Hundreds of both large and small business concerns of every class have assisted their employees to organize these.

These credit unions are supplying a service that has come into need with the changed conditions of our industrialized nation.

The commercial bank, even with the savings department, cannot give the wage earner the small personalized service on finances which he needs. As Father Cox inferred, the members of the credit union constitute to a certain extent the collection department. Therefore these organizations are not supplanting or more than faintly encroaching on any established business.

The other medium of uplift was the marketing organization formed by the lobster fishermen.

This is nothing new. It was done by the California fruit-growers years ago.

Such an organization constitutes a definite type of co-operative usually referred to as producers' co-operative. Its primary purpose is to obtain better profits for the individual producer through more or less monopolistic control of the marketing of a certain commodity, standardizing grades, promoting increased markets, etc. The advocated formation of co-operative stores is quite a different angle.

What do such stores accomplish? They make a slight saving to the consumer of goods and eliminate the individual merchant and completely eradicate the profit motive from merchandising.

This principle directly attacks the leading institution in American life—that of free competition and individual initiative.

So long as there is free competition there will be no profiteering; for just as soon as any venture becomes highly profitable others quickly enter into the activity and sell a little cheaper.

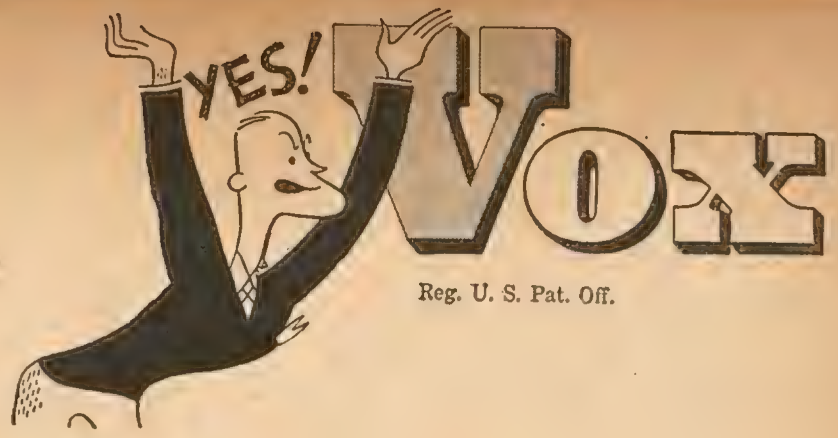
How many merchants have become wealthy, except through diligent effort and application? Should not such effort be rewarded? Why is one salesman paid more than another? Because he makes more money for his employer. Why do a merchant and his salesmen try to please the consumer customer by giving special service and attention? To sell more goods and thereby obtain more profit for themselves.

Who takes the risk in introducing a new or improved commodity by "stocking" it before the market is established? The merchant.

And yet you would deny this person (firm or corporation) a reasonable profit. You would put him out of business to save the consumer up to possibly 5 per cent on purchases.

You would attack the very fundamentals on which this country is built.

It therefore seems that in any way to assist the consumer co-operative movement is to further an overthrow of the system of business and government under which we have become the greatest nation on earth and for which the Macfadden publications have very definitely been the champions.—*E. C. Bardwell.*



Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

SENATOR McKELLAR TAKES PRIDE IN JUDGE KELLEY

WASHINGTON, D. C.—It was with pride and great pleasure that I read the article in your magazine by Judge Camille Kelley of Memphis, entitled Mixing Politics with Social Service. (July 1 Liberty.) The judge handled this in a splendid way and I am sure her presentation was enlightening to many and encouraging to even more.

Judge Kelley is a personal friend of mine and a most worth-while citizen of my state. We are proud of her and of the work she is doing. I thank you for giving her an opportunity to write an article for your magazine.—*Kenneth McKellar* [*U. S. Senator from Tennessee*].

AMBROSE TELLS ANOTHER

ON THE ROAD, U. S. A.—Our Big Bill paws the highway map. His finger traces an imaginary line. "I own this property here," he says, "so move the new route to cross my land. The condemnation should bring me $100,000."

"There may be a squawk," say the Highway Commissioners. "This makes the road wander an entire mile from a straight line and adds $500,000 to the cost of construction."

"I didn't ask for advice," bullies our Big Bill. "Do as I say!"

Two days later Old Doc studies the proposed new route. He doesn't like the "swing-around." There was no traffic problem. Why couldn't the road go straight to Hanatown? A surveyor in the Highway Department tells him why. Big Bill is out to make a "killing."

Old Doc sees that the extended route would pass over the old abandoned canal. He goes on to Washington. But the War Department has no jurisdiction unless the stream is navigable.

Old Doc explains all this to a mass meeting of citizens. So the old canal is flooded. Boating gets to be a new diversion for the young folks. Then Old Doc persuades the farming interests to float their produce to the railroad depot at Camdale. Presto chango, the old canal takes on new life. Agitation for a new inland waterway arouses the Legislature. And the War Department steps into the picture. The Highway Commission is ordered not to cross the canal.

"Isn't it funny," grins old Doc, "that so many of our right of ways are not the ways of right?"—*Ambrose.*

DEAF MORE THAN FORTY YEARS

OLEAN, N. Y.—Please tell that Robbins guy (July 8 Liberty), so happy over his plugged ears, he can have mine too. I've been deaf for over forty years, and find but one advantage: Sweetie has to sit close to make me hear her. I'll soon be eighty.—*George L. Kerr.*

MOON FACE NEVER AT TOP

GAINESVILLE, TEX.—Never, in my opinion, since currency was first used, would a nickel buy as much as it will buy today if invested in a copy of Liberty. From Liberty we get almost everything, and Mr. Macfadden's editorials have but few equals.

Recently I have been trying to find a reason why the man with a moon face never reaches anywhere near the top of his chosen line of endeavor. Not one has been President, a member of the Supreme Court, an outstanding criminal, or a great preacher.

Can you offer an explanation?—*Owen Saunders.*

YOUR DATE WRONG!

MIAMI, FLA.—On page 48 of July 8 Liberty a caption says Johnson was knocked out by Willard April 5, 1915. Wrong! It was July 5, 1915.

If your date is right I will pay double for a year's subscription to Liberty. If mine is right, how about a year's subscription free? — *Russell A. Williams.*

[Sorry, but all of our reference books say that Johnson was knocked out by Jesse Willard on April 5, 1915. Where did you get your date?—VOX POP EDITOR.]

WHAT DID MR. RAY WANT?

WALTHAM, MASS.—I opened up Liberty today and found Mr. John Ray's nice little slam at Grace Perkins' Twilight Cheats (July 15 Vox Pop).

What did he want it to do—end up like a fairy story? Or is he just a little boy grown up?

That was a fast moving true-to-life story, and we hope Miss Perkins has it in the back of her head for a sequel later. Mr. Editor, will you ask her to do just that?

Liberty is swell from cover to cover, and I don't mean maybe.—*Pauline King.*

WHO PAYS FOR GOVERNMENT BONDS?

PHILADELPHIA, PA. — Ten years ago I received 4 or 4½ per cent for the use of my $100. Today I get 2 or 2½ per cent. My income on hard-earned dollars has been halved. And you can multiply me by millions of Americans.

Why?

First and foremost, the federal government has to pay out billions of dollars more than it collects in taxes, and must print government bonds to expand its credit. Now, because business and financial institutions won't or can't invest their money in private enterprise, they must take government bonds if they want anything on their capital. And *anything* means low rate of interest. (In September, I understand, the Treasury will bring out an issue of five-year notes which will bear an interest rate of three quarters of 1 per cent!)

Naturally, banks and insurance companies are constrained to invest in these government bonds at minimum interest, which, in turn, is relayed to their depositors and clients. It follows that, whether you are buying a government bond or not, you are paying for it in reduced interest on your savings. You figure it out.

I would like Mr. Macfadden to hammer the truth out of government bonds in some of his hit-'em-hard editorials. For they are the real octopus choking the life out of 130,000,000 Americans.—*Andrew Jackson III.*

HIS 15-WORD PLATFORM

CHARLESTON, W. VA.—Depending on Mr. Roosevelt's decision of a third term, I may become a candidate for President myself, and should I make that decision my platform will be brief.

Raise the poor to a standard and not force the rich down to a level.

I shall then set forth my method of doing this.

If another has a better platform, I will gladly forgo my aspirations and support him. —*H. C. Allen.*

PRISONER AND JOB

CHICAGO, ILL.—You have a letter, Prisoner Wants a Job, in June 24 Vox Pop.

We are always ready and willing to help those worthy of it, and believe the man will make good should he come into our organization. We have already contacted him. A good salesman has unlimited fields and opportunities with us.

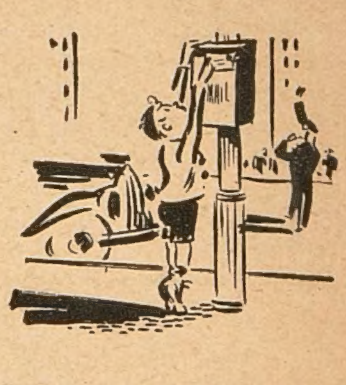
This is not advertising on your part, Mr. Editor, but a real duty which we ourselves are willing to perform at all times.

We operate two plants doing printing of all kinds.—*Charles Kolarik, Jr.*

ARE YOU A EUESSIAN?

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—On several occasions I have suggested to you that a name be selected for us, our country, and particularly our language; but until L. E. Deason, D. D. S., was recognized (July 8 Vox Pop) you seem to have ignored the issue.

As America is really the name of South America, being mistakingly named by a German geographer, and as the natives resent our use of the name, I suggest that we become citizens of Euessay and, as Euessians, speak Euessaic. This will not only please our southern neighbors but will also please us.

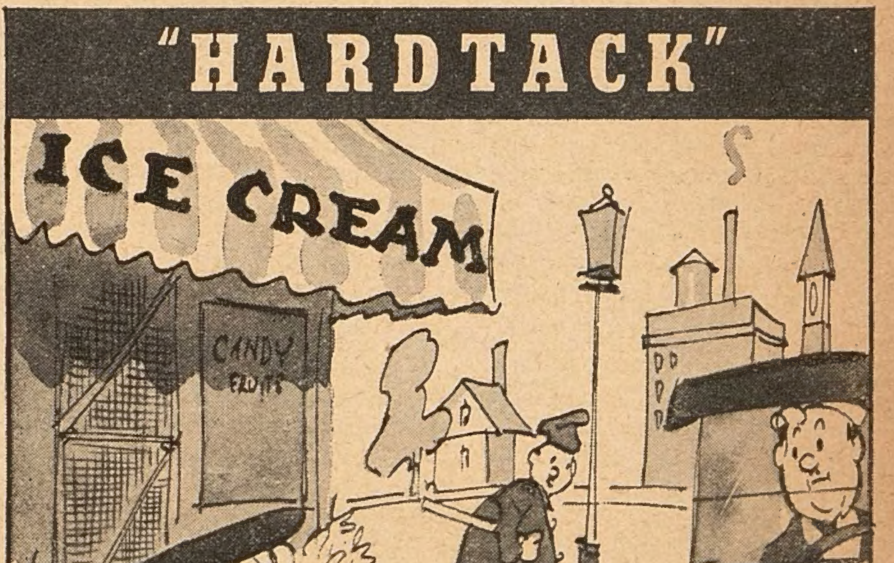


We certainly do not want anything that belongs to another nation and I trust you will give the matter some publicity.—*Nelson Hemman.*

AGAINST CARD GAMES

BROOKLYN, N. Y. — Don't you think that some of your readers might not be interested in card games of any kind? A famous Hungarian Premier once said to Emperor Francis Joseph: "People who cannot exchange ideas exchange cards."

Think it over; it might give you an idea! — *Frank Brenner.*



"He didn't have change, pop, so I took it out in cones."

Again—We Give Both Sides

FULTON OURSLER
©George Maillard Kesslere

GOOD AMERICANS in Hawaii were indignant when they read in Liberty some weeks ago the article by Rear Admiral Yates Stirling under the title question, Can We Trust Hawaii? The Admiral answered the question with a conclusive *no*. Soon after the issue containing the article went on sale, we began to receive protests from rich and poor. From this outburst of disagreement with Admiral Stirling and his conclusions we have selected two articles which we consider typical and they will appear on facing pages next week under the title Hawaii Strikes Back.

One is by Lawrence M. Judd, former Governor of Hawaii, and the other by Samuel Wilder King, congressional delegate from the Territory. It is a pleasure to present this opposing point of view. As readers of Liberty know, that is our consistent policy. In recent issues we have published articles taking strong exception to statements previously published. These included the article by Charles W. Taussig in which he denied that the National Youth Administration was Communistic, and the one by George Britt answering Father Coughlin in the debate about anti-Semitism. Such is our fixed policy, which we shall continue to follow in the future.

AND, SPEAKING OF THE FUTURE, we recommend the next issue of Liberty with enthusiasm. The table of contents will include How Uncle Sam Smashed the Nazi Spy Ring, the beginning of a new series of inside true detective stories by Special Assistant U. S. Attorney General John F. Dailey, Jr.; The Challenge to World Peace, by Mahatma Gandhi; Racketeering at the World's Fair, an exposé of labor conditions that every American should know about; China's Heartbreak Trail, by Carl Crow, who was there to see it built; two excellent short stories: Forsaking All Others, by Josephine Bentham, and Ambulance at Dawn, by Steve Fisher. John Erskine starts a new series about Casanova, and Margaret E. Sangster and Whitman Chambers continue their thrilling serials with generous installments.

GLEANINGS: Here is one young man who certainly deserves a job. His name is Robert Gilka. He read an article in Liberty called Do Our Young People Really Want Jobs? by Frederick L. Collins. Robert is a photographer and his great ambition is to become a newspaper cameraman. What does the fellow do after reading the Collins article but go ahead and print a four-page newspaper of his own. It contains in handsome halftone reproductions some of the best action photographs we have ever seen in any magazine or newspaper. These include action pictures of athletes—high hurdles, football scrimmages, the finish of a two-mile race, together with candid photographic shots of celebrities. The leading article in this amazing sheet is a request for a job under a four-column headline: Photographer Launches Job Drive; Youth Endeavors to Reach Editors with Tabloid. Another column describes his photographic equipment. An editorial quotes Mr. Collins and explains the young man's very practical plan to find himself a job. All is topped off by an impressive editorial box of personal references. This boy is good and he deserves a job. His self-portrait, which ornaments the front page, shows a good-looking young man who is going to get there. Here's wishing him well. . . . Out in Los Angeles, on the Times, there flourishes a column written by a genial and likable man named Lee Shippey. Writes Mr. Shippey: "I am a little distressed by the fact that my friends Louise Long and Ethel Doherty have a series in Liberty about some people named Tate, under the title of American Family. I feel it will be bad for them rather than for me, as my book, The Great American Family, has been doing very well for a year and a half and has now been made into a play which has excellent chances of going to New York in the fall. Would it be possible to run a note somewhere in Liberty, explaining the accident and absolving your magazine from any intention to use a name to which I had established a prior right?" Well, here is the note; and of course Miss Long and Miss Doherty are not in any way to blame; we gave the generic title to their series of short stories here in the office. Mr. Shippey may be sure that we share the admiration of so many thousands of others for his book. Incidentally, Mr. Shippey's opus was recommended by the Book of the Month Club and was selected by the Mark Twain Society as an outstanding contribution to American humor. I know exactly how Mr. Shippey feels, for I have recently gone through the same experience. Some years ago I wrote a novel called Behold This Dreamer. The book is still in print and has a steady sale; and the play which was made from the novel, and in which Glenn Hunter starred, is still being performed. That, I thought, gave me a prior right to a title still actively in use. And yet Mr. Walter de la Mare is using the same title for an anthology of verse this year, and his representatives have refused to substitute another title, although they were asked to. There are plenty of good titles in the world, and one of them we should like to bestow on Lee Shippey. He is a gentleman and a scholar, and all that goes with it. . . . From Fred J. Ford, the prisoner whose letter we published asking for a job, comes this cheering word: "The publication of my letter in Vox Pop asking for a job was a great success. I am sure of a choice of five jobs, and possibly six, since another good one came in last night from Chicago." Mr. Ford has written a rather interesting letter of his experiences in this little adventure which have some meaning for society, and we hope to find a place for it in Vox Pop before long. . . . From W. A. James, advertising and merchandising manager of the Hudson Motor Car Company, comes a further note about bicycles and boys: "You may be interested in knowing that out of an activity of this kind in Cleveland was developed a series of traffic rules for bicycle riders. That got me wondering regarding the number of cities which may have established rules of this kind. It seems to me that defined routes for bicycle riders, with streets properly marked, should go a long way in cutting down accidents. At any rate, a query of this kind on the back page some day might start something." Well, here's the query: How many cities have developed special routes for bicycle riders?

WE HAVE RECEIVED a lot of letters about our Husband Also Writes Club, but the most unusual comes from Arthur J. Larson of Portland, Oregon. He applies for membership in the H. A. W. Club, claiming that for ten years he has written things concerning automobiles, tires, gas, parking tickets and alibis, vacation trips, schools, education, dances, golf, night clubs, evening dresses, etc. You guessed it! He writes the checks!

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty

for Liberals with Common Sense

■

CONTENTS FOR AUGUST 26, 1939

■

EDITORIAL

Regimentation of Labor—Maybe? Bernarr Macfadden 4

SHORT STORIES

The Wicked Song Bird Elizabeth Frazer 12
The Weight of Evidence—Liberty's Short Short....Georges Surdez 18
Open That Door Elisabeth Sanxay Holding 43

SERIALS

Death Looks for Cinderella—Part III...Margaret E. Sangster 29
Hearts in Danger—Part VII Whitman Chambers 51

ARTICLES

Death Over China......Carl Crow 7
Lord Lothian Comes to Washington René Kraus 10
32 Years' Bad Luck and Now-- Howard Sharpe 16
Rasputin's Watch..George Zimmer 19
Rackets in the Courts Samuel S. Leibowitz 21
Have You Heard This One? Harry Hershfield 38
We Are Still *Not* Prepared General Robert Lee Bullard 41
The NYA Answers Communism Charges....Charles W. Taussig 49
The Homicide Ball....Waite Hoyt 57

FEATURES

To the Ladies by Princess Alexandra Kropotkin, 26; Crossword Puzzle, 28; Movie Reviews by Beverly Hills, 39; Twenty Questions, 42; $2,000 Funny Fill-In Contest, 59; Vox Pop, 60.

The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY R. C. KAUFFMANN

GET IN THE SWING AND CHEER- OLD DRUM IS KING THIS YEAR!

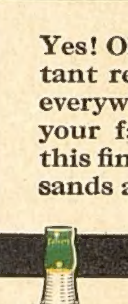
To Buddy Rich goes this month's honorary miniature Gold Drum Award. His scintillating rhythm style of drumming is an outstanding feature of Artie Shaw's nationally famous swing band.

ITS FLAVOR'S HARD TO TIE- ITS SMOOTHNESS-ACES HIGH!

Join the thousands of thrifty buyers who are enjoying mellower, more delicious drinks with Old Drum. For Old Drum is truly a *quality* whiskey . . . made from selected ingredients and skillfully blended for your enjoyment.

ITS BOUQUET BRINGS DELIGHT ITS LOW PRICE, TOO, IS RIGHT!

Yes! Old Drum's low price is an important reason for its growing popularity everywhere. Buy a bottle and try it in your favorite drink. Your first sip of this fine whiskey will tell you why thousands agree: "You can't beat it!"


OLD DRUM
BRAND
GIN

TRY OLD DRUM DISTILLED DRY GIN
. . . for a marvelous Martini, a smoother Orange Blossom or Bronx!

OLD DRUM
BRAND
Blended Whiskey
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY THE CALVERT DISTILLING CO. BALTIMORE, MD.
A CALVERT PRODUCT
FULL PINT

FOR FLAVOR, QUALITY AND PRICE, YOU CAN'T BEAT IT!
OLD DRUM
WHISKEY
YOU CANT BEAT IT!

OLD DRUM

BRAND · *Blended Whiskey*

Old Drum Brand BLENDED WHISKEY—*90 Proof—75% Grain Neutral Spirits. Old Drum Brand Distilled Dry Gin —Distilled from 100% Grain Neutral Spirits—85 Proof. Copr. 1939 Calvert Distillers Corp., N. Y. C.*

Drink Coca-Cola Delicious and Refreshing

The pause that refreshes

COPYRIGHT 1939, THE COCA-COLA COMPANY

The need to pause for refreshment comes to everyone...whether in the heat of a busy day or the cool of a calm evening Ice-cold Coca-Cola is for such a moment . . . to add its refreshing life and sparkle to your relaxation.

THE DRINK EVERYBODY KNOWS...
SO COOL...SO COOLING...
WHEREVER YOU ARE